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**"The Kennel
Murder Case"**

by **S.S. VAN DINE**

November



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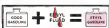
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YOU ARE ALWAYS getting the right motor fuel for your car when you stop at the pump that bears this Ethyl emblem. You're sure of value for your gasoline money when you buy Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City. Ethyl fluid contains lead.

She—PAYS \$2 FOR LUNCH

You may eat the most expensive foods—but since soft, modern foods give no stimulation to the gums, "pink tooth brush" is often the result.



He—GRABS A BITE ON THE RUN

Even old-fashioned home cooking cannot give gums any stimulation. That's why gums grow soft and tender, why "pink" appears on your brush.



Nobody is safe from "Pink Tooth Brush"

WHETHER you're a banker's wife or a working man—whether your food is prepared by a French chef or cooked on the gas range—one thing is certain:

The food you eat nowadays gives little or no stimulation to your gums. And that is why, rich and poor, men and women, young and old, are afflicted with soft gums that tend to bleed.

For, under this diet of soft, modern foods, your gums, like idle muscles, become flabby and touchy.

When "pink" first appears upon your

tooth brush, do not be needlessly alarmed. It doesn't mean that you have pyorrhea. But it does mean that you should immediately pay definite attention to your gums.

For gums that are tender—gums that bleed—can easily open the door to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the rarer pyorrhea.

Yet there's a simple, inexpensive way to prevent—and to stop—"pink tooth brush." Get a tube of Ipana. This modern tooth paste will keep your teeth brilliantly white and thoroughly clean.

Then—each time you clean your teeth—put a little more Ipana on your tooth brush or your finger-tip, and rub it into those inactive, weak-walled, tender gums of yours.

There's ziratol in Ipana—and this splendid toning agent, with the daily massage, speeds up the circulation, firms the walls, gives you back the hard, healthy gums of childhood.

Start in today with Ipana and massage—and you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush."

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

*A Good Tooth Paste, like a
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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H. P. BURTON
Editor

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Cosmopolitan

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Contents for
NOVEMBER, 1932



Is it still valid?

*Is it inferior or superior
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Ought it to be changed?

These questions will be discussed in a powerful and brilliant series of articles by

**IDA
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*One thing she didn't
have to wait to own*

She lives in a modest home—she has no corps of servants—no costly rugs or furnishings. But she has one thing as fine as the richest woman in the world can own—her Hoover Electric Cleaner. Yet she bought it for its economy and paid only \$4⁵⁰ down.

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*The Editor Announces for next Month's **Cosmopolitan:***



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Several years ago, a famous editor urged Harold Bell Wright to write the adventures and experiences that led him from his homeless and friendless boyhood to the distinguished position he now holds. As typical as Lincoln's life was in his day, Harold Bell Wright's life is in the

present. Painter, ironworker, Jack-of-all-trades, preacher and author—he has a message especially important in these times.

"Life," says Harold Bell Wright, "does not come all in one piece, like a cheese; it resembles, more, link sausages—a series of events all in one string." In next month's *Cosmopolitan* he begins to tell his three sons this interesting series of events and how they have affected his thinking and conduct.

You will find his story one you will want to read aloud to your family, under the reading lamp.

In the same issue will be found many important stories, novels, and features by writers who meet *Cosmopolitan's* new standards of greatness. Read them in December *Cosmopolitan*, on sale November 10th.

"They must have added more pieces to that orchestra"



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THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET



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Every purchase or investment must be considered in the light of the *family benefit*.

No parent will deny the fact that *education* is a *family matter* of prime importance.

For parents, like Janus, must look two ways at once. They see the difficulties of the present but they see far more clearly the future days when their sons and daughters will step into their proper places as educated, cultured men and women.

Thrift—necessary and estimable today—must, like every other human motive, be wisely directed. But sometimes lack of courage hides under the cloak of thrift. Real thrift means *wise* spending.

It recognizes the necessity of providing the best education at the proper time.

Today most schools are cooperating with parents in adjusting expenses to income. Means of financing tuition over the school years are being developed.

Parents who know the great benefits of intelligent and adequate preparatory education will make any necessary savings in other ways to keep their children in good schools.

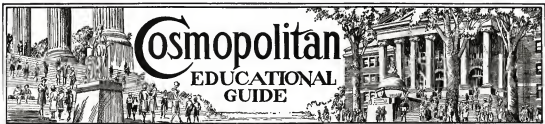
Money invested in education is money well spent for the good of the *family*—today *and* tomorrow.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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HOWARD: I'm game . . . and I'll start right now, with one of your Spuds.

FINALE

HOWARD: I'm reporting back, Mr. Committee. At first, the menthol taste was quite strong. But it soon disappeared and I got a grand, cool, clean taste. And then I discovered greater enjoyment of good tobacco. Sure, that's it . . . Mouth-happiness.

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WHITMAN'S SAMPLER PROGRAM
8:45 P. M. (E. S. T.)
WED.—N. B. C. Red Network
THUR.—Columbia Broadcasting System

Whitman's SAMPLER

*... always sure of a
heartly welcome*

Let Whitman's Sampler be your ambassador. Let it carry *your* message. And what a delightful (and expressive) messenger. Graciously and thoughtfully it carries hundreds of thousands of messages every year—of thanks—of congratulation—of regrets. How much easier—and more charming than a note—or an unwanted gift!

Everybody loves Whitman's Sampler,

for its rich variety of favorites satisfies most delightfully the natural hunger for good candy. And—don't forget—that book, bridge game or radio program will be far more enjoyable with the companionship of the Sampler.

Have the Sampler on hand when guests call—or during the week-end at home and—why not see your nearby Whitman dealer today?



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

*Since 1842 the
finest in candy*

\$1—\$1.25—\$1.50—\$2 the pound

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COSMOPOLITAN ALMANACK

for November

1932 Anno Domini

November hath 30 Days

Being BISSEXTILE or LEAP YEAR and the 157th Year of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

- 1—Tu.—**All Souls' Day.** Benvenuto Cellini born, 1500. Republican newspapers whistle in dark, 1932.
2—We.—**All Souls' Day.** Marie Antoinette, who permitted French to eat cake, born, 1755. J. K. Polk, 11th Pres. U. S., born, 1795. W. G. Harding, 29th Pres. U. S., born, 1865. North and South Dakota admitted, 1889.
3—Th.—V. Stefánsson born, 1879.
4—Fr.—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, composer of quickstep to altar, died, 1847. Rodin born, 1840. Will Rogers born, 1879.
5—Sa.—**Guy Fawkes Day.** Will Hays born, 1879. Will Rogers jokes Will Hays, 1879.

45 **Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity** Length of Day, to h. 15 m.

- 6—Su.—I. J. Paderewski born, 1860. Democratic papers whistle in dark, 1932.
7—Mo.—Marcenas, first and last [Alas!] person to give a poet a farm, died, 8 B.C.
8—Tu.—**Election Day.** Montana admitted, 1889. Republican and Democratic leaders confident of outcome, and express faith in courage, integrity, intelligence, common sense, and sweetness of American people, 1932.
9—We.—Turgenev born, 1818. Marie Dressler born, 1873. 14,828 editorials headed "A Great Victory" and 13,719 editorials headed "Now for 1936," 1932. Prosperity begins, 1932.
10—Th.—Martin Luther born, 1483. Mohammed born, 570. Wm. Hogarth born, 1697.
11—Fr.—**Armistice Day.** Maude Adams born, 1873. Washington admitted, 1889.
12—Sa.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton born, 1815.

46 **Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity** Length of Day, to h.

- 13—Su.—R. L. Stevenson born, 1850. 12,000 Sunday newspapers contain articles showing difference between popular and electoral vote, 1932.
14—Mo.—Robert Fulton born, 1765.
15—Tu.—Wm. Pitt born, 1708. Editor COSMOPOLITAN ALMANACK born, 1881!!!
16—We.—N. Y. Evening Post first issued, 1801. George S. Kaufman born, 1889.
17—Th.—Suez Canal opened, 1869. Tom Taggart born, 1856. Prosperity begins, 1932.
18—Fr.—Daguerre, inventor of daguerreotype process, forerunner of photography, born, 1789. Galli-Curci born, 1839. Look out for snow.
19—Sa.—James A. Garfield, 20th Pres. U. S., born, 1831. Anthony Adams, thus far a good and healthy boy, born, 1926, as parent cheers.

47 **Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity** Length of Day, 9 h. 45 m.

- 20—Su.—Selma Lagerlöf born, 1858. Kenesaw Mountain Landis born, 1866.
21—Mo.—North Carolina ratified Constitution, 1789. Hetty Green born, 1835.
22—Tu.—**St. Cecilia.** George Eliot born, 1819.
23—We.—Franklin Pierce, 14th Pres. U. S., born, 1804. Prosperity begins, 1932.
24—Th.—**Thanksgiving Day.** Spinoza born, 1632. Snow flurries for a white Thanksgiving.

- 25—Fr.—Andrew Carnegie born, 1837. Ethelbert Nevin born, 1862.
26—Sa.—Wm. Cowper born, 1731. Look out for turkey hash.

48 **First Sunday in Advent** Length of Day, 9 h. 34 min.



- 27—Su.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! No-body important was born this day.
28—Mo.—Anton Rubinstein born, 1829.
29—Tu.—Wendell Phillips born, 1811. Louisa May Alcott born, 1832. Centenary celebration, 1932.
30—We.—Sir Philip Sidney born, 1554. Jonathan Swift born, 1667. Mark Twain born, 1835. Prosperity begins, 1932. Time to worry about Christmas shopping.

by
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
(F P A)

November fact
And versification
Done with tact
And illustration.
The fact and rhyme by me
were felled,
And the pictures drawn

by
OLD JOHN HELD
(J R)



SAGITTARIUS

November's Signs, Portents, Etc.

NOVEMBER's sign is Sagittarius:
It means that you are multifarious.

The Topos in November's birthstone—
Sometimes a sorrow-stone, some-
times a mirth-stone.

The Chrysanthemum's the flower for
November,
Which has no rhyme that I remember.



THE EXCELLENT MONARCH

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the
land,
He was a goodly guy;
He bought his stocks when they were
low,
And sold when they were high.

OUR PRESIDENTS

November and March lead in birth-
days; nine Presidents were born in
these months *** No President was
born in either May or June ***
Twenty-one Presidents were lawyers;
three, soldiers.

\$14,000,000,000,000

*The whole world does not own enough gold
America's tax bill for 1932—biggest*

To pay it, every citizen must donate
to the government one day's pay out
of every four during the entire year



HISTORY teaches that nations, ancient and modern, have been crushed by mounting governmental expenditures and taxation. No nation ever attempted to carry a tax burden equaling the total imposed upon the American people.

We have to work one whole day out of every four working days to meet our appalling tax bill. Next to unemployment, taxation—direct and indirect—constitutes the gravest problem confronting the United States. Until taxpayers become more thoroughly aroused, politicians are little likely to curtail their extravagant spending of your money and mine.

The magnitude, the gravity, the urgency of the tax peril may be driven home by the presentation here of the following ugly but startling facts:

You, I and other American citizens are compelled to earn and pay over to Federal, state, county and municipal tax levies:

\$26,636 every moment, from January 1 to December 31, Sundays and holidays included.
\$5,611,379 every hour of a forty-eight-hour work week.

\$44,471,794 every business day of the year.
\$399,320,769 every week.
\$1,166,666,666 every month.

The staggering total is fourteen thousand millions—fourteen billions a year. This sum is so stupendous that the human mind cannot easily encompass it, cannot grasp its magnitude.

It is essential, however, that the ordinary

taxpayer, in order to understand the gravity of the tax menace and to realize the imperative necessity for demanding drastic retrenchment by tax levers, should get firmly and clearly into his mind adequate conception of how gigantic a sum, how gigantic a levy, how gigantic a bill fourteen billions a year actually is.

The following measurements may prove helpful, illuminating, impressive:

The whole world does not own enough gold to pay America's tax bill for one year.

If every dollar of gold in the United States were tendered in payment of taxes, the bill would not be one-third settled.

If all the paper currency in circulation throughout the country were added to all the gold, we would still owe the tax collectors as much more again—and more.

If all the gold mines in the world shipped every ounce of their production, it would take thirty-four years to meet America's tax charges for twelve months.

If five-dollar gold pieces were piled on one another, it would take a stack eleven thousand times the height

*to pay this amount—
in world history*

of the highest building in the world (the Empire State) to equal the 1932 tax bill. If one-dollar bills were used, they would, laid end to end, stretch fifty-three times around the world, or they could reach the moon five and one-half times.

Put the entire United States Army in one scale and balance their weight in gold, would that equal twelve months' taxes? No. You would have to add another whole army and half of a third army to match the tax gold.

If, by some miracle, America could collect every dollar of debt owed us by foreign governments, it would keep our voracious army of tax-eaters going only six months.

All the gold in the Bank of England, for a century the synonym for colossal wealth, would pay American taxpayers' obligations for less than twelve days.

If all the 1,315,334,428 shares of railway, industrial, public utility, mining, oil, food, mercantile and other stocks traded in on the New York Stock Exchange could be sold at the prices current at this writing, they would liquidate our 1932 tax bill, but with no tremendous percentage left over.

The total value of America's entire agricultural production, both crops and live stock, even in the boom year of 1929 would fall two thousand million dollars short of this year's crop of taxes.

The total salaries and wages being paid this year by two hundred thousand manufacturing establishments to some eight million

by
B. C. FORBES

Drawings by F. G. Cooper

executives and employees will not match the nation's tax claims.

This year's taxes could pay off every farm mortgage in the land, with enough left over to donate almost a thousand dollars to each of six million farmers.

How far short, do you think, would the total profits earned by American corporations last year fall of meeting the year's tax obligations? The profits would have to be multiplied by ten, and even then wouldn't quite square the account!

Tax money could employ, at the fifteen-dollar-a-week rate paid by relief agencies, no fewer than 17,948,717 men for a whole year.

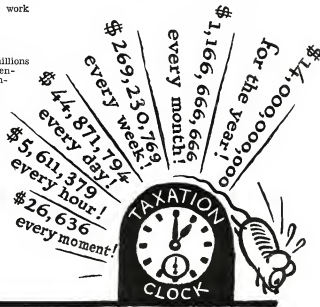
One year's taxes could pay the salary (Cont. on page 166)

Stack of \$5 gold pieces, America's tax bill for one year.

This circle represents the Earth. This line is 100 miles thick, or about 420 times the height of the Empire State Bldg. Calling the building would reach into Macy's store, 1 block west. The gold stack would reach into California, twenty-six hundred miles west!



The "Hickory-dickory-dock" of the citizen and taxpayer in the United States.



36 Panama Canals could be built with one year's U. S. tax receipts!



The K Van Dine Murder Case

Here begins a thrilling and guess-proof mystery . . .

by S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The 'Canary' Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case," "The Scarab Murder Case," etc.

. . . and the best novel yet written by the creator of Philo Vance, most colorful detective in fiction since Sherlock Holmes

IT WAS exactly three months after the startling termination of the Scarab murder case that Philo Vance was drawn into the subtlest and the most perplexing of all the criminal problems that came his way during the four years of John F.-X. Markham's incumbency as district attorney of New York County.

Indeed, so mystifying was this case, so apparently inexplicable were its conflicting elements, that the police were for adding it to their list of unsolved murder mysteries. And they would have been justified; for rarely in the annals of modern crime has there been a case that seemed to reverse so completely the rational laws by which humanity lives and reasons. On the surface it smacked of strange and terrifying magic, of witch doctors and miracle workers; and every line of investigation ran into a blank wall.

Vance for years had been a breeder of Scottish terriers. His kennels were in New Jersey, an hour's ride from New York, and he spent much of his time there studying pedigrees, breeding for certain characteristics which he believed essential to the ideal terrier, and watching the results of his theories. Sometimes I think he manifested a greater enthusiasm for his dogs than for any other recreative phase of his life; and the only time I have seen evidences of a thrill in his eyes comparable to that when he had unearthed and acquired a magnificent Célanne water-color or discovered a rare piece of Chinese ceremonial jade in a mass of opaque modern reutilizations, was when one of his dogs went up to Winners.

I mention this fact—idiosyncrasy, if you prefer—because it so happened that Vance's ability to look at a certain stray Scottish terrier and recognize its bloodlines and show qualities, was what led him to one phase of the truth in this remarkable case.

That which led Vance to another important phase of the truth was his knowledge of Chinese ceramics. He possessed, in his home on East Thirty-eighth Street, a small but remarkable collection of Chinese antiquities—museum pieces he had acquired in his extensive travels—and had written various articles for Oriental and art journals on Sung and Ming monochrome porcelains. Scotties and Chinese ceramics! A truly unusual

combination. And yet, without a knowledge of these two antipodal interests, the mysterious murder of Archer Coe, in his old brownstone house in West Seventy-first Street, would have remained a closed book for all time.

It was shortly after half past eight on the morning of October eleventh that Vance's doorbell rang; and Currie, his old English valet and major-domo, ushered Markham into the library. I was temporarily installed in Vance's apartment at the time, as there was much legal and financial work to be done. I had long been Vance's legal adviser and monetary steward, and his affairs kept me fairly busy.

On this particular autumn morning I had risen at seven and was busily engaged with a mass of canceled checks and bank statements when Markham arrived.

"Go ahead with your chores, Van Dine," he said, with a perfunctory nod. "I'll root out the scybarite myself."

He disappeared into Vance's bedroom, which was just off the library, and I heard him call Vance a bit peremptorily.

"A murder, I presume," Vance complained. "Nothing less than gore would have led your footsteps to my boudoir at this ungodly hour."

"Not a murder," Markham began.

"Oh, I say! What time might it be, then?"

"Eight forty-five," Markham told him.

"So early—and not a murder?" (I could hear Vance's feet hit the floor.) "You interest me strangely . . . Your wedding morn, perhaps."

"Archer Coe has committed suicide," Markham announced.

"My word!" Vance was now moving about. "That's even stranger than a murder. I crave elucidation." Markham revisited the library, followed by Vance clad in sandals and an elaborate mandarin robe. Vance rang for Currie and ordered Turkish coffee, at the same time settling himself in a large Queen Anne chair and lighting one of his favorite Régie cigarettes.

Markham did not sit down. He stood near the mantelpiece, regarding his host with narrowed, inquisitive eyes. "What did you mean, Vance," he asked, "by Coe's suicide being stranger than murder?"



Which of these suspects knew the secret of Archer Coe's death?

"Nothing esoteric, old thing,"

Vance drawled languidly. "Simply

that there would be nothing particularly remarkable in anyone's pushing

old Archer into the Beyond. He's been inviting violence all his life.

Not a sweet and love-inspiring chap, don't y'know. But there's something deuced remarkable in the fact

that he should push himself over the border. He's not the suicidal type—far too egocentric."

"I think you're right. And that idea was probably in

the back of my head when I told the butler to hold everything till I got there."

Currie entered with the coffee, and Vance sipped the black, cloudy liquid for a moment. At length he said:

"Do tell me more. Why should you be notified at all?"

Illustrations by
E. M. Jackson

And what did the butler pour into your ear over the phone? And why are you here curtailing my slumbers? Why everything? Why anything? Just why? Can't you see me bursting with uncontrollable curiosity? And Vance yawned and closed his eyes.

"I'm on my way to Coe's house," Markham was annoyed at the obvious. "Thought maybe you'd like to—what's your favorite word?—toddle along."

"Toddle," Vance repeated. "Quite. But why toddle blind? Do be magnanimous and enlighten me. The corpse won't run away, even if we are a bit latish."

Markham shrugged. "Very well," he acquiesced. "Shortly after eight, this morning Coe's butler—the obsequious Gamble—phoned me at my home. He was in a state of nerves, and his voice was husky with fear. He informed me that Archer Coe had shot himself, and asked me if I would come to the house at once. My first instinct was to tell him to notify the police; but for some reason I checked myself and asked him why he had called me. He said that Mr. Raymond Wrede had so advised him—"

"Ah!"

"It seems he had first called Wrede—who, as you know, is an intimate family friend—and that Wrede had immediately come to the house."

"And Wrede said, 'Get Mr. Markham.'" Vance drew deep on his cigaret. "Something dodging about in the recesses of Wrede's brain, too, no doubt . . . Well, any more?"

"Only that the body was bolted in Coe's bedroom."

"Bolted on the inside?"

"Exactly."

"Amazing!"

"Gamble brought up Coe's breakfast at eight as usual, but received no answer to his knocking."

"So he peeped through the keyhole—yes, yes, butlers always do. Some day, Markham, I shall, in a moment of leisure, invent a keyhole that can't be seen through by butlers. Have you ever stopped to think how much of the world's disturbance is caused by butlers being able to see through keyholes?"

"No, Vance, I never have," returned Markham wearily. "My brain is inadequate—I'll leave that speculation to you. . . . Nevertheless, because of your dalliance in the matter of inventing opaque keyholes, Gamble saw Coe seated in his armchair, a revolver in his hand and a bullet wound in his right temple."

"But what about Brisbane Coe? Why did Gamble call Wrede when Archer's brother was in the house?"

"Brisbane Coe is in Chicago."

"Ah! Most convenient. . . . So when Wrede arrived he advised Gamble to phone direct to you, knowing that you knew Coe. And you, knowing that I had visited Coe on various occasions, thought you'd pick me up and make it a concave of acquaintances."

"Do you want to come?" demanded Markham.

"Oh, by all means," Vance replied dutifully. "But really, you know, I can't go in these togs." He rose and started toward the bedroom.

"I'll hop into appropriate integuments." As he reached the door he

stopped. "And I'll tell you why your invitation enthralls me. I had an appointment with Archer Coe for three this afternoon to look at a pair of peach-bloom vases fourteen inches high which he had recently acquired. And Markham, a collector who has just acquired a pair of peach-bloom vases of that size doesn't commit suicide the next day."

With that remark, Vance disappeared, and Markham stood, his hands behind him, looking at the bedroom door with a deep frown.

A few mins later Vance emerged, dressed for the street. "Awfully thoughtful of you, and all that, to pick me up," he said, smiling jauntily at Markham. "There's something positively fascinating about the possibilities of this affair. And by the way, Markham, might be convenient to have the pugnacious sergeant" on hand."

"So it might," agreed Markham dryly. "Thanks for the suggestion. But I've already notified him."

Vance's eyebrows went up whimsically. "Oh, pardon! . . . Well, it's close our way hence."

WENT ENTERED Markham's car, which was waiting outside, and were driven rapidly up Madison Avenue. We cut through Central Park to the West Side, and turning into Seventy-first Street, drew up at Number 92.

The Coe house was an old brownstone mansion of double frontage occupying two city lots. It was uniform with the other residences in the block, with the exception that most of the houses were single structures with only a twenty-foot frontage. The basements were three or four feet below the street level and opened on a sunken, paved alleyway. Flights of stone stairs wide white stone balustrades led to the first floors, each house being entered through a vestibule.

As we ascended the steps of the Coe house the door was opened for us, and the flushed face of Gamble looked out at us cringingly.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Markham." His voice reeked of oily subservience. "It's very terrible, sir."

"Vance referred to Sgt. Ernest Neath, of the homicide Bureau, who had been in charge of various cases in which Vance had figured.

Rarely in the annals of modern crime had there been a case that seemed to reverse so completely the rational laws by which humanity reasons. Every line of investigation ran into a blank wall.



friend of the Coe family, and particularly of Miss Lake, Archer Coe's niece. He was a studious man in his late thirties, slightly gray, with an ascetic, calm face of the chevaline type. He was mildly interested in Oriental ceramics—probably as a result of his long association with Coe—though his particular fancy was ancient oil lamps.

As he greeted us this morning, there was a look of boredom on bewilderment in his wide-set gray eyes. He bowed formally to Markham, whom he knew slightly; he needed perfunctorily to me; and extended his hand to Vance. Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he turned toward the man behind him, and made a brief presentation.

"Signor Grassi. . . . Mr. Grassi has been a house guest of Mr. Coe's for several days. He represents an Italian museum of Oriental antiquities at Milan."

Grassi bowed very low, but said nothing. He was considerably shorter than Wrede, slim, immaculately dressed, with shiny black hair brushed straight back from his forehead, and a complexion whose unusual pallor was accentuated by large, luminous eyes. His features were regular, and his lips full and shapely. His manicured hands moved with an almost feline grace.

Markham wasted no time on ceremony. He turned abruptly to Gamble. "Just what is the situation?"

"Only what I told you on the telephone, sir." The man was patently frightened. "When I saw the master through the keyhole I knew he was dead—it was quite unnerving, sir—and my first impulse was to break in the door. But I thought it best to seek advice before taking such a responsibility. And as Mr. Brisbane Coe was in Chicago, I phoned Mr. Wrede, who was good enough to come over, and after looking at the master he suggested that I call you, sir."

"It was obvious," Wrede took up the story—"that poor Coe was dead, and I thought it best to leave everything intact for the authorities. I didn't want to insist on having the door broken in."

Vance was watching the man closely. "But what harm could that have done?" he asked mildly. "Since the door was bolted on the inside, suicide was rather plainly indicated—oh, what?"

"P"ERHAPS you are right, Mr. Vance." Wrede appeared ill at ease. "But somehow my instinct told me that it might be best—"

"Quite—quite." Vance cut in his cigaret case. "You, too, were skeptical—despite the appearances."

Wrede gave a start, and stared fixedly at Vance.

"Coe," Vance continued, "wasn't exactly the suicidal type." He lighted a cigaret. "My own feeling is you acted wisely."

"Comely!" Markham turned toward the stairs and made a peremptory gesture to Gamble. "Let us follow."

The butler turned and mounted the stairs. Markham, Vance and I followed, but Wrede and Grassi remained below. At the head of the stairs Gamble fumbled along the wall and pressed an electric switch-button. A light flooded the upper hallway. Directly ahead of us was a wide door, ivory-colored, with a knob of translucent

Markham came forward, tried the knob and shook it. Then he knelt down and looked through the keyhole. When he rose his

"I learned later that Grassi claimed some family connection with the famous doctor who, with Bantam, discovered the roentgen rays. Ronald Ross and proved that the Anopheles—a genus of mosquito—is the only insect that carries the malarial transmission of this disease."



"Who besides yourself," asked Markham sternly, "would

face was grim. "It looks as if our suspicions were unfounded," he said in a low voice. "Coe is sitting in his chair, a black hole in his right temple, and his hand is still clutching a revolver. The electric lights are on . . . Look, Vance."

Vance was gazing at an etching on the wall. "I'll take your word for it, Markham," he drawled. "Really,



y'know, it doesn't sound like a pretty sight. And I'll see it infinitely better when we've forced an entry." At this moment the front doorbell rang violently, and Gamble hastened down the stairs. As he drew the door back, Sergeant Ernest Heath and Detective Hennessey burst into the lower hallway.

"This way, sergeant!" Markham called. Heath and Hennessey came noisily up the stairs. "Good morning, sir." The sergeant waved a friendly hand to Markham. Then he cocked his eye at Vance. "I mighta known you'd be here. The world's champion trouble-shooter!" He grinned good-naturedly, and there was genuine affection in his tone.



have any reason to murder your uncle?" "Several people would prefer him dead to alive," said Miss Lake.

"Come, sergeant," Markham ordered. "There's a dead man in this room, and the door's bolted on the inside. Break it open."

Heath, without a word, hurled himself against the crisscross of the door just above the knob, but without result.

"Give me a hand, Hennessey," he said. The two men threw their combined weight against the door. There was a sound of tearing wood as the bolt's screws were loosened.

During the process of battering in the door, Wade and Grassi mounted the stairs, followed by Gamble, and stood directly behind Markham and Vance.

Two more terrific thrusts by Heath and Hennessey, and the heavy door swung inward, revealing the death chamber.

THE DEAD MAN

(Thursday, October 11, 9:15 A. M.)

The room, which was at the extreme rear of the house, was long and narrow, with windows on two sides. There was a bay window opposite the door, and a wide double window at the left, facing east. The dark green shades were all drawn, excluding the daylight. But the room was brilliantly lighted by an enormous crystal chandelier in the center of the ceiling.

The Kennel Murder Case

At the rear of the room stood a canopied bed, which, I noticed, had not been slept in. The bedroom, like the drawing-room, contained far too much furniture. On the right was a large embayed bookcase filled with octavo and quarto volumes, and facing the door was a mahogany kidney-shaped desk covered with books, pamphlets and papers. To the left of this desk, in the east wall, was a large fireplace with an Empire mantel of bronze and Venetian marble, supported by two ugly caryatids. Gas logs were in the grate. About the walls hung at least a dozen Chinese scroll paintings.

THESE DETAILS of the room, however, protruded themselves upon us later. What first focused our attention was the inert body of Archer Coe, with its quiet pallid face and the black grisly spot on the right temple. The body was slumped down in a velvet-upholstered armchair beside the desk and directly beneath the crystal chandelier. The head seemed to lie almost on the left shoulder, as if the impact of the bullet had forced it into an unnatural angle.

There was an expression of peace on the thin aquiline features of the dead man; and his eyes were closed as though in sleep. His right hand—the one nearest the fireplace—lay on the end of the desk clutching a carved, ivory-inlaid revolver of fairly large caliber. His left hand hung at his side over the tufted arm of the chair.

There was a straight Windsor chair behind the desk, and I could not help wondering why Coe had selected the armchair at the side of the desk, facing the door. Was it because he had considered it more comfortable for his last resting place in this life? The answer to this passing speculation of mine did not come for many hours; and when it did come, as a result of Vance's deductions, it constituted one of the vital links in the evidential chain of this strange and perplexing case.

Coe's body was clothed in a green silk-wool dressing gown which came nearly to his ankles; but on his feet, which were extended straight in front of him, was a pair of high, heavy street shoes, laced and tied. Again a question flashed through my mind: Why did Coe not wear bedroom slippers with his dressing gown? The answer to this question also was to prove a vital point in the solution of the tragedy.

Vance went immediately to the body, touched the dead man's hand, and bent forward over the wound in the forehead. Then he walked back to the door with its hanging bolt, scrutinized it for a moment, ran his eye around the heavy oak framework and lintel, and turned slowly back to the room. A frown wrinkled his brow. Very deliberately he reached in his pocket and took out another cigaret. When he had lighted it, he strolled to the west wall of the room and stood gazing at a faded ninth-century Chinese painting of Uchushma.*

In the meantime the rest of us had pressed round the body of Coe, and stood inspecting it in silence. Wrede and Grassi seemed appalled in the actual presence of death. Wrede spoke to Markham.

"I trust I did right in advising Gamble to call you before breaking in the door."

"Your decision has worked out perfectly," Vance said, without turning from the painting.

Markham swung about. "What do you mean by that, Vance?"

"Merely that if the door had been broken in, and the room overrun with solicitous friends, and the body handled for signs of life, and all the locked-in evidence probably destroyed, we would have a deuced difficult time arrivin' at any sensible solution of what really went on here last night."

"Well, it's pretty plain to me what went on here last night," it was Heath who projected himself, a bit belligerently into the talk. "This guy locked himself in and blew his brains out. And even you, Mr. Vance, can't make anything original outa that."

"Tut, tut, sergeant," Vance replied pleasantly. "It's

not I who am going to spoil your simple and beautiful theory."

"No?" Heath was still belligerent. "Then who is?"

"The corpse."

Before Heath could reply, Markham, who had been watching Vance closely, turned quickly to Wrede and Grassi.

"I will ask you gentlemen to wait downstairs . . . Hennessey, please go to the drawing-room and see that these gentlemen do not leave it until I give them permission."

Wrede showed his resentment at Markham's peremptory manner; but Grassi, with a polite smile, merely bowed; and the two, followed by Hennessey, passed out of the room and down the stairs.

"And you," said Markham to Gamble, "wait at the front door and bring Doctor Doremus, the medical examiner, here the moment he arrives."

Gamble shot a haunted look at the body, and went out.

Markham closed the door, and then wheeled about, facing Vance, who now stood behind Coe's desk gazing down moodily at the dead man's hand clutching the revolver. "What's the meaning of all these mysterious innuendoes?" he demanded testily.

"Not innuendoes, Markham," Vance returned quietly, keeping his eyes on Coe's hand. "Merely speculations. I'm rather interested in certain aspects of this fascinating crime."

"Crime?" Markham gave a mirthless smile. "It was all very well for us to theorize before we got here, but facts are all that count. And the facts here seem pretty clean-cut. That door was bolted on the inside; there's no other means of entrance or exit to this room; Coe is sitting here with the revolver in his hand, and a hole in his right temple. There are no signs of a struggle; the windows and shades are down, and the lights burning. How in heaven's name could it have been anything but suicide?"

"I'M SURE I don't know," Vance shrugged wearily. "But it wasn't suicide—really, don't you know." He frowned. "Y'see, Markham, it should have been suicide—and it wasn't. There's something diabolical—and humorous—about this case. Humorous in a grim, satirical sense. Positively amazin'."

"But the facts," protested Markham.

"Oh, your facts are quite correct. As you lawyers say, they're irresistible. But you have overlooked additional facts."

"For instance?"

"Regard yon bedroom slippers," Vance pointed to the foot of the bed where a pair of soft red Mephisto slippers were neatly arranged. "And then regard these heavy blucher boots which the corpse is wearing. And yet he has on his dressing gown, and is sitting in his easy-chair. A bit incongruous, what? Why did the hedonistic and luxury-loving Coe not change his footwear

Scotties by Marguerite Kirmse



* Uchushma was "the Killer of Demons." Many pictures of him are in existence. Perhaps the best is in the British Museum.



Behind this door a murder had been committed so inexplicable in its conflicting elements that the police were for adding it to their list of unsolved mysteries.

to something more relaxing for this great moment in his life?

"And note that haste was not a factor. His robe—an execrable color, by the by—is neatly buttoned; and the girdle is tied in an admirable bowknot. We can hardly assume that he suddenly decided on suicide halfway through his changing from street clothes to negligee. And yet, Markham, something must have stopped him—something must have compelled him to sit down, stretch his legs out and close his eyes before he had finished making himself sartorially comfortable."

"Your reasoning is not altogether convincing," Markham countered. "A man might conceivably wear heavy shoes with a dressing gown."

"Perhaps," Vance nodded. "I shan't be narrow-minded in these matters. But assuming Coe is a suicide, why should he have chosen this chair facing the door? A man bent on doing a workmanlike job of shooting himself would instinctively sit up straight, where he could perhaps brace his arms and steady his hand. If he were going to sit by the desk at all, he would, I think, have chosen the straight (Continued on page 119)

One-Arm Sutton SOLDIER OF FORTUNE OF TODAY



by

Major-General

FRANK SUTTON, M. C.

THE TALE of my adventures begins prosaically enough. I was nineteen, two years out of Eton and taking an engineering course at the University College in London. I lived at Acton and caught the eight-ten to Paddington every morning.

Even then the idea of becoming one of that army of season ticket holders terrified me. Thousands of them exactly alike—top hat, well-brushed clothes, umbrella to protect the topper and galoshes to protect the boots, the Daily Mail, a knotted handkerchief protruding from the breast pocket as a reminder to bring home a reel of cotton thread—and there you have him.

On the nine-ten he was a professional man—lawyer, doctor, architect, engineer. On the ten-ten he was a bloated, pompous, self-satisfied man of affairs, whose topper outshone all the other toppers, and who read the Times. He grew fatter and wheezier until, driven to the station in a fine carriage, the most successful of him caught the eleven-ten.

This was the ultimate achievement toward which my companions on the eight-ten were striving. I could not share their enthusiasm. The prospect of spending a

lifetime to achieve this filled me with loathing. For me then, as now, the real business of life lay beyond the familiar horizon, down strange seas and across nameless mysterious mountains.

So, at twenty, I was already subcontracting on the borders of Paraguay, constructing a line through swamps and forests, sweating, learning the way of the sons of Martha. It is a hard way and not always fair, but it is well to learn it early and to learn it well.

In Paraguay I learned Spanish from the workmen—a mongrel Spanish, liberally endowed with potent and picturesque curses, but it was to come to my stead many years later—and, of all places in the world, in Vladivostok at the very start of my adventures with the Russkies.

In the meantime there was the war.

When hell broke loose in Belgium I was in the Argentine building bridges. I was not a soldier any more than were hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen who at once dropped whatever they were doing and flocked to England from all corners of the

The S. S. Venezuela leaving San Francisco on the first leg of General Sutton's trek to the Siberian goldfields.

Edison-Lentz



Go West, Young Man—or East. It doesn't matter, so long as you GO!

Such is the creed of One-Arm Sutton, the modern world's most famous soldier of fortune.

Here, for the first time, he tells the truth about his astounding adventures, how he won three fortunes and has made himself one of the powers of the Orient



Amur Oblast

Principal square in Blagoveshchensk, Amur Province, Soviet Russia.

The author at the close of the World War.

globe. Soldiering just then seemed the right, the inevitable thing to do. It continued to seem that until in the first days after the armistice I hurried to my headquarters in London and discovered, to my intense disappointment, that I was the four hundred and ninety-fifth in the list for discharge.

A little red-haired vixen kept the records. I took her aside.

"See here," I said, "I'll give you the best hat in London if you will make a mistake and put me among the first twenty on the list."

"A Bond Street hat?" she asked.

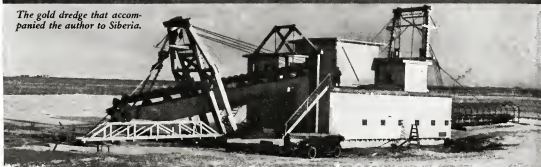
"Bond Street or Whitechapel, it's all the same to me. Only get me among the lucky first twenty."

She did. And she sent me a bill for an eight-gulnea Bond Street hat, a pretty one, I'll wager. She was a pretty girl.

This was not much of a price to pay for a stenographic error, and in three days I was out, wearing a bowler hat and spats and carrying a cane.

Well, there I was. A citizen with a walking stick. Bridge-builder or merchant, adventurer or tramp—time would tell. I had my own

The gold dredge that accompanied the author to Siberia.





Unloading crates



Workmen unloading a piano from an Amur River barge.

Who One-Arm Sutton Is

CAPTAIN FRANK SUTTON of the British Army came out of the war with the Military Cross for bravery in the Gallipoli campaign, where he lost his right arm. With the debonair courage of the English gentleman-adventurer, he then became a soldier of fortune.

First, he dived for gold in Siberia. He then went to China, where his knowledge of munition-making won him the job of constructing trench-mortar factories. That led to his appointment as military adviser to the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, then war lord of Manchuria, who made him a General in the Chinese Army at a \$75,000-a-year salary. By reorganizing Chang Tso-lin's artillery, he greatly aided the latter's historic victory over General Wu Pei-fu and capture of Peking in 1924.

General Sutton is said to have made a fortune of \$14,000,000 since the war. He once won \$250,000 in the Shanghai Sweepstakes. He recently returned to North China, where Chinese and Japanese troops have been engaged on the border of Jehol Province.

The accompanying story of his early adventures in the Far East, filled with hardships and peril, written by General Sutton himself, is heart-taking stuff—a thrilling record of one of the few soldiers of fortune in the modern world.

particular problem—I was minus my right hand.

That had come about in Gallipoli, where the Turks were throwing hand grenades into our trenches. The things were about the size of cricket balls and set with eight- or ten-second fuses. It took them three or four seconds to get over to us and I was able to catch them and pitch them back again to explode in the Turks' trench. All but one—the last one. It came over high, and fell sputtering and fizzing into the sand at my feet. I stooped to pick it up, saw that it was too late—eight seconds is only a split fraction of infinity—and pushed it as far into the sand as I could. There was a dull explosion. I felt my arm jerk as if it had been struck by a blow. I was thrown back across the shell hole, half blinded, my eyes and mouth full of sand.

And right on the heels of that came my biggest

experience of the war. A big Turk, a regular whale of a Turk, jumped into the shell hole and came across at me with a fixed bayonet. I tried to get my revolver out of its holster but couldn't and for the life of me didn't know why. The Turk dived at my stomach. I got it in the leg by turning the point down. Then I saw my hand, or what was left of it, a few pink sinews like string, and a spout of red. Odd what thoughts crop up in the mind at such a moment—I remembered in a flash what old Jimmy Braid had said to me one day: "Laddie, ye'd make a braw guid

golfer, if ye did na use your right hand so muckle." I remembered this, clear and sure, even as I closed with my Turk. We had a rough-and-tumble all over the floor of the hole, with ring-side advice from a

Blagoyeshcheusk with the river frozen from bank to bank.





"Andrewsky"
1921.

Andrew, the author's right-hand man for many years.

wounded Tommy who had shared it with me. This was a full-sized, two-hundred-pound Turk. I got him down; then he had me by the throat. He had fierce, sinewy, purposeful hands. I can feel his fingers on my wind-pipe, to this day and hour, pressing in and in, pressing the blessed air and life out of me.

Then it was that the Tommy took a hand. Reaching down, he picked up a big rock and heaved it at the Turk. It hit me! Half strangled as I was, this blow nearly did for me, and the Turk got the top position. I groped about on the ground with my left hand, thinking to retrieve the rock, and touched instead the sharp



The six-inch Sutton trench mortar developed by the author during the World War.

curved knife of a Gurkha, abandoned there, and now a very useful and unexpected weapon. With my last strength I stuck the knife into the Turk's throat. He roared. His blood spilled over me. I had him.

Slowly—I shall never forget how slowly—he relaxed. His fingers fell away from my windpipe, one by one. He jerked his head up and down to escape the insinuating blade. Then quietly, with a certain dignity and leisure, he rolled off me and lay on his back in the sand.

The Tommy set up a cheer.

I believe he thought that he had helped me. At any rate, he fixed a tourniquet on my arm. He was grinning.

"Right 'and—too bad!" Yes, too bad. I was destined to miss that hand in years to come, but never as I missed it then.

The future was not so gloomy, after all. I promised myself that no man should ever hear me complain of my loss, and that I would learn to shoot with my left hand, that I would play golf with it and that I would learn to sign my name.

After all, I was still alive. And not so much could be said for the Turk.

This is how I came to lose my right arm, and why, ever since, I have been called "One-Arm" Sutton.

Now that the war was over, I had enough money to settle down at home and live the quiet, uneventful life of a country gentleman: a little shooting, a little fishing, some tennis and, for excitement, the secretaryship of a local golf club. But the idea did not appeal to me. I was delighted when (Continued on page 160)



A scene on the Amur at Blago when Whites and Reds were at death grips.

Running Gallery

A brilliant short story by FAITH BALDWIN

Honesty's Policy

BEFORE the St. Regis Roof closed for the season Bill Tracy threw a party. Gathering the clan together was not as simple as it sounded, for most of his little playmates were in Maine or on the Island or retrenching in Europe or something, and with the market doing the rumpus Bill had to be in town week days. Nevertheless, he managed to collect four birds of passage: two men marking time at the Harvard Club, and two girls, the Lorrimer twins, who were in town to do their Christmas shopping early. Or so they said.

Bill was a large, florid young man, with all the grace of an elephant, and a modicum of the elephant's alleged memory. He was excessively conventional even when drunk. Not that he was drunk on the night of his party; he was merely mellow, and being mellow, gravely courteous and wholly concerned with the welfare of his guests. The fact that they were short one girl troubled him intensely and it was with considerable relief that he saw across the room one Mrs. Ballister Pennington, an acquaintance of his mother's, completely surrounded by the scenery necks and pearls, crisp shirt bosoms and paunches of her family circle, plus one unidentified and exaggeratedly pretty girl.

Bill stared and beamed. The girl was absurdly beautiful. She had everything. She was also excessively bored. He could see that. She not only looked bored.

she acted it. The distance separating them could not disguise from him her remarkable ennui. She yawned; she idgited. What she needed, reflected Bill, was a presensible man to guide her about the floor.

With ponderous gravity Bill addressed one of the Lorrimer twins, the one with the dimple in her knee, or so he thought. "Elsie," asked Bill, "do my eyes deceive me or is that Mrs. Pennington across the room?"

Elsie disconcerted him by informing him that she was Grace. "Not that it matters," she said.

Bill apologized. Only, he told her, by the intervention of Providence, a high wind or the donning of a

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman—but, also and alas, she could not use it to tell a lie!

"Honesty!" exclaimed Kit. She nodded. "I came," she said, "to see if—if what I think is true. It doesn't matter to me what people think or say."



Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

bathing suit could he tell those red-headed miracles apart.

Grace waved his explanation aside. "Yes, that's Penny," she said, in reply to his question.

"Who's the girl with her?" Bill demanded.

Grace looked; Elsie looked; four absolutely similar eyes regarded. They spoke in unison. "Never saw her before," they said.

The other two men looked also. "Holy jumping catfish," said one, not very tactfully. "Is she a mermaid?"

Grace looked away. She remarked casually, "It seems to me that I heard that old Penny Dreadful had a niece or a godchild or something on her hands."

"Now," stated Bill, "is the time for all good men to

come to the aid of the party." He rose and made his way across the room. Mrs. Ballister Pennington greeted him with the relief of a shipwrecked mariner beholding the Manhattan in the offing.

"Bill, you dear boy!" she gurgled.

Bill accepted the greetings of the Pennington connections. He was presented to the girl who looked at him without interest. "My niece," said Mrs. Pennington, "Miss Ross—Mr. Tracy."

Bill beamed some more. He asked presently, "Care to dance, Miss Ross?"

"Not particularly," responded Miss Ross in a clear, pleasant voice, but as Bill's face expressed immediate shock and concern, she amended the brutality of her

reply by saying indifferently, "But I shall, if you think it would amuse you."

She rose. She was not too tall, but she was tall enough. She was beautifully put together with a sweet economy of flesh. She had the darkest hair that Bill had ever seen and the bluest eyes. She danced superbly. And a little while thereafter Bill returned to his own table and his party with the look of a man who has encountered a king cobra, a brass band and a Prohibition agent in his private apartments.

"Well, did you find out who she is?" asked Grace—or Elsie—Lorrimer.

"**AND NOW!**" Bill's rubicund countenance was two shades off cerise. He sat down heavily. "Go on and dance," he implored his guests, "and let me sit here, kind friends, and think things over."

They were curious. Who was she? What did she say? What on earth was the matter with him? Bill shook his head like a shaggy dog emerging from a sudden plunge over Niagara Falls.

"I'm speechless," he said and proceeded to talk for ten minutes. They listened, aghast.

Never, announced Bill Tracy, in all his life had he

remembered. "Why, that," he said on a subdued shriek, "must be Honesty Ross!"

"Honesty!" repeated Bill, appalled.

The twins leaned their round elbows on the table. "Honesty!" they cried, and went into gales of merriment.

"Sure; that's the girl. She's Penny's brother's kid. Don't you remember? Of course you don't," said Milton, from the vantage point of twenty-five years. "It was long before your time. The brother was Ross, Red Ross. He had half the Ross money, of course. He married someone, I forget who, but there was a lot of bullyhoo at the time. She ran away with a coachman or a chauffeur or a soda jerker or what not, leaving the kid. Ross took her and disappeared. I don't know where he went, Canada or France or Brooklyn or some place. I remember hearing of it; it was the scandal of the day. Anyway, Ross has been dead a year or two, and apparently Penny has taken the girl to her ample bosom."

"Viper," said Bill solemnly. "Penny will regret it." "Suppose," suggested Milton, a hardy youth, "you take me over and let me do my little tango? I'll bet she'll be sweetness and light when I roll into view."

"How much?" asked Bill cautiously.

"Done, in these hard times. Excuse me," said Bill

The Tracy party watched the departure of the disagreeable Miss Ross. Bill was muttering as in delirium. "Well," asked the twin nearest him, "what's on the old mind?" "It's a plot," he murmured darkly.



met such a woman. He'd said, "I'm afraid I dance badly." He always said it. He had so much money he could afford to admit it. He had replied coolly, "Very." Of course, Bill went on to explain, "I thought it was just a line, a new one. You know, the kind you laugh off. I was mistaken."

"I asked her how long she had been in town. She told me, to the hour and minute. She's been visiting Penny up in the Adirondacks or somewhere. She said it was her first visit to New York, and she didn't like it very much. Why? I asked her, wondering if she would mention the sky line. The people, she said. After a while she asked me why I didn't diet or exercise or something. She said men of my build were subject to apoplexy early in life. You wouldn't be bad-looking, she told me, if you lost about forty pounds and stopped eating and drinking. What the hell does she think I am, a camel?" asked Bill plaintively.

They were all laughing. Suddenly, Milton Dodd

to the remainder of his guests, "while I escort the Christian martyr into the lions' den."

He returned to the table alone, and grinning. "How did it go?" asked the red-headed sister act.

Bill shook his head. "Not so worse," he reported grudgingly. "When Milt asked her to dance she looked him over and said, 'Well, I don't mind—much.'"

Shortly thereafter Milton returned to the table. He did not reply to the storm of questions which greeted him. He merely put his hand in his pocket and produced a twenty-dollar bill. This he kissed delicately, and then presented it on an ash tray to his host. "You win," he said. "That's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life, and the most disagreeable."

Bill grinned. He said: "Something must be done about this." He was silent, sunk in thought. Then he spoke. "Who," he asked the assembled cronies—"who is the most unpleasant man we know?"

There was a chorus. "Kit Carson," they said.

Bill nodded thoughtfully. "Christopher Carson," he admitted; "Harvard, my class. As good-looking as she is, in his way. Far too much money. Hates women. Abhors 'em. Rarest man in eighteen counties. Where is he now, does anybody know?"

Grace—or Elsie—Lorrimer sighed. "He's in Southampton," she admitted; "we saw him there. He's the most devastating human being. Elsie and I took him by turns. It didn't work, although it usually does. He couldn't see us single for dust, let alone double. He flecks by himself."

"**H**E HAS a house and a butler who used to be a jockey and a chauffeur who used to be a palooka. He drives two cars, a speed boat and a tri-motored plane. He shoots a seventy at golf and won the last tennis tournament. He's a knock-out. Or would be, if he were human."

"That's funny," observed Bill sagely. "A man can be as damned disagreeable as he pleases, provided his late lamented family left him millions and he looks like Clark Gable, and the girls still fall for him. But no woman can get away with it. Any man in his senses prefers an orchid to a cactus, or even a humble daisy."

The Pennington party was leaving. The Tracy party regarded its departure. Only one girl in fifty million could walk just that way. This was the one. Her carriage was perfect without being Pateau opening. And she was so well dressed that even the Lorrimer twins couldn't have told you what she wore.

Bill was muttering as in delirium, and writing things on a menu. "Well," asked the twin nearest him, "what's on the old mind?"

"It's a plot," murmured Bill darkly—"a couple of acres, to be quite accurate. That hunting shack of sorts, on the Peconic, which I wangled out of my old man last year. All of the (Continued on page 127)

Live Decoy



"Here comes Jens! First time I ever saw him in a hurry," said Peter. The caretaker

OLD JEFF HARBINGER crouched in the duck-blind at a sound which began as a muted whistling and swelled to a thrilling crescendo that seemed to fill earth and sky. His cheeks were reddened, his lips blue under the lash of a chill nor-easter which swept across the bay, whipping the tops from the waves and swirling through the dead-gray sedge that was like an undulating field of grain. Tiny wrinkles at the corners of his eyes became more pronounced as he squinted into the leaden murk overhead. "They're comin' in!" he warned. "You get two shots, Peter, before I turn powder. Now, if those blamed decoys will only talk!"

The decoys obliged. Among the wooden blocks a dozen live birds were tethered in the shooting pond that had been gouged out of the salt marsh. One brown old hen, a garrulous dowager, cocked an understanding eye aloft as the wild mallards, fresh from an Albertan slough far to the north, stooped suggestively.

"Hahnk—hahnk!" she invited loudly. A feathered gossip, that old hen. These skyey newcomers, obeying the migrating impulse to hurry southward before the march of borean legions, should bear news that would be as food and drink to a home-body who lived a wing-clipped life in this reedy pool. "Come down and feed!" urged the old hen. "Lots of grain here. Come down and get acquainted!"

Her invitation was seconded noisily by other hens among the decoys. Even the big drakes, stirred at sight of that magnificent pilgrimage through space, added their soft whisperings. With a discerning eye for such things, they had already made out many handsome young females, more desirable companions than these fat, dumpyish sirens of the home pond.

There was nothing traitorous in the summons of the decoys; it was more than they could comprehend that their pleas, if heeded, meant probable death for some of their swift-winging brethren. The decoys were merely lonely, socially inclined.

But the wild flock was ruled by a gun-wise old female with a suspicious nature set against a background of tragic memories and, after that involuntary clip at sight of the tame birds in the pond, she planned along as before, and the others obeyed as though tied to her by invisible bonds. Yet one wavered a moment later, by

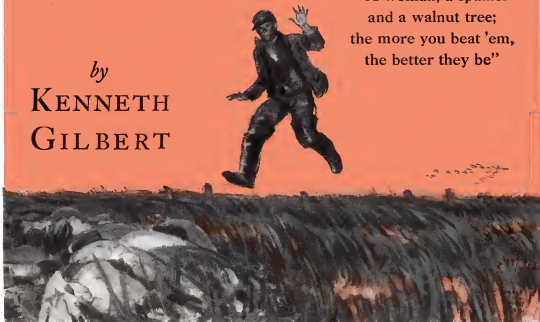
"Jorian's spaniel, Killarney Dick," old Jeff



What happened to a hunter who believed:

"A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree; the more you beat 'em, the better they be"

by
KENNETH
GILBERT



appeared disturbed. "They say—come quack!" he panted.

Illustrations by Harold von Schmidt

that was her mate, a sleek young drake who flew at her left wing-tip.

He was hungry and, although flock discipline was strong within him, the calm water and contented decoys appealed mightily. Of guns he knew little or nothing. Besides, he was a bit jealous of his mate and her arrogant dominance of this big flight. Some day, he would lead them! Perhaps he could do so now, if he tried.

Of a sudden he broke formation, dipped sharply and went volplaning toward the pool, but banked to swing in a narrowing loop. From above came a worried "hahnk!" a warning which he ignored utterly. Whereupon his mate retaliated by holding the flock sternly to its course, determined that the ways of a foolish spouse should not be her ways, having no high regard for the mentality of any drake she had ever known.

As he swung over the pond, he skidded in mid-air, wings fanning, until he appeared like a huge kingbird

poised above a beetle half hidden in a flower. There was pomp and panoply in the evanescent sheen of his plumage, the white-ringed neck, the glossy green head, the shadings of purple and Prussian-blue, the magenta breast and orange-red legs, already dangling in anticipation of alighting. Abruptly, then, lightning stabbed upward from what appeared to be a big grass-hummuck; there was an ominous, whining sound all about him, and on the heels of it a bitter, snapping report. The drake, unhurt, though terrified, leaped skyward with a startled yelp.

Again came the flash, and one leg dangled limply, although the other was drawn tightly against his body as though in pain. But he had wheeled and was now going down—wind at a speed of perhaps a hundred miles an hour, his pinions buzzing like the wings of a bee. Away from this death trap and contritely eager to rejoin the flock, in three seconds he was no more than

a vanishing dot down the length of the marsh.

Peter Strain's lips moved soundlessly as he ejected the empty shell cases, and blew through the twin barrels like a good black-powder man. There was bewilderment in his wrinkled face, and disgust and irritation. Old Jeff saw this, and chuckled with the security of long friendship.

"To hit is history, to miss is mystery," he quoted oracularly.

"You're Conf. on p. 135"

announced. "The only eyewitness of that tragedy down in the marsh!"



Big Game! Big Thrills!



Evling Galleries

The big three of the jungle sladang, African elephant and tiger.

AT LEAST a million Americans sometime in their lives have hunted big game, deer and upward. At least a million more hunt deer and lion, and even elephant, vicariously, under the reading lamp. Yet so far as I know, no one has ever tried to grade big game, as books, football players, movies and almost everything else is graded every year.

I have read several articles contrasting the man-killing prowess of certain animals, but never one in which all big game was compared for its trophy value. In other words, what beast of all the world's wild zoo should have the place of honor in the sportsman's trophy room?

Of course no one can answer this question positively. Every hunter of wide experience has his own ideas. Yet if a hundred widely traveled sportsmen would each make a list in order of preference of the big-game trophies of the world, certain species would stand close to the top in every case. There would be many striking differences, but far more significant resemblances. I propose to



A Letter to the Author about this Article by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Dear Mr. Marshall:

I read your article with much interest. As you say, it is impossible for anyone to make up a list that will not find critics. To my way of thinking, so much depends on the method of hunting. Personally, of the dangerous game I prefer elephant shooting, though I know of no finer sport than riding after lions on horseback, the way I did with Father in 1909. On the other hand, if you run down a lion in a motor car, and shoot it from the car, it certainly is not a high form of sportsmanship. And again, nothing could be more silly or conventional than a viceregal tiger shoot, or one of the type held by many of the maharajas in India. I am thinking of one Indian in particular who has built little cement towers into which he and his friends ascend. Closing the entrance, they station themselves on top and shoot the tiger as it is driven by below.

I entirely agree with what you say about sladang, but I think your friend *Joe* *offer* deserves a higher rating than you have given him. I also think the isine or bonteng deserves a higher mark.

As you justly say, in ranking game, you must mark them from a number of different standards. In the first place, there is the game from which you may expect personal attack, such as lion or tiger or elephant; then there is the game which calls for personal skill and proves and endures, such as the mountain sheep and the ibex and the markhor, and lastly, there is the game worthy of notice because of its extreme rarity and its inaccessibility.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT



Presenting a new "Who's Zoo"... and why... among the "big shots," showing how to get the greatest kick per bullet

by EDISON MARSHALL

Big-Game Hunter and author of "The Deputy at Snow Mountain"

make such a list, and invite the jeers and cheers of my fellow hunters.

It will be a cold-blooded proposition. I shall forget the thrills of special voltage induced by certain favorite skulls and skins in my trophy room. For instance, I shall try not to be swayed by the gorgeous fact that the first grizzly I ever saw charged me straight across a shallow pond of water, so that in the midst of his mighty splashing he loomed like some fabulous amphibian. One's judgment might easily be warped by such glorious happenings; but I shall take the animals as they come, under ordinary conditions of hunting.

In the first place, my list will be confined to the densens of the three great Happy Hunting Grounds of the world—our own West and North Africa and southern Asia. To these three great wildernesses most big-game hunters who can afford the time and money ultimately vend their prey. All three are of easy access—all have the necessary institutions, such as guides, outfitters and gun-permits. White men have hunted in all these regions for from fifty to two hundred and fifty years.

I shall not include certain rare but sporty animals from other remote corners of the world—for instance, from the valley of the Amazon and Tibet. In the first place, I have never seen these countries. In the second place, they are not regular hunting grounds. Only a Roosevelt, largely speaking, gets to Tibet; the trip is beyond the dreams of most sportsmen. Therefore my list will not be honored by *Ovis* pol. I have not the slightest doubt that this magnificent sheep is one of the three or four finest big-game (Continued on page 132)



The lion and the Kadak bear are among the first five in Mr. Marshall's ranking. After them come the Asiatic elephant, the Cape buffalo, the rhino and the giant moose.

by CHARLES G. NORRIS

The Crackleware Jar



"COULD ANYONE possibly have foreseen this!" Helen Maitland sat down on the steps of her home and gazed at her luggage in the driveway, where the hackman who had driven her from the station had placed it almost an hour before. "Maggie has gone to her cousin's and she won't be home tonight!"

It was all right for Maggie to visit her cousin when she wanted to. Mrs. Maitland had no objections to the house being left alone for one night, now and then, while the family was away at the seashore. It was annoying, however, for Maggie to have selected this particular day. Maggie had taken the key and the house was firmly shut. Helen had satisfied herself of this after a dozen despairing circuits of it, and a long unprofitable contemplation of its windows, all of them too high above the ground for her to reach.

It was six o'clock now and there was no place from which to telephone, unless she went over to the Masses'. But that family was away and probably the house closed! To the village was three and a half miles and there was her heavy suitcase and her

hand bag with its precious contents. She held the bag closer to her as she thought of her father's trust.

"If only Mary Masset were home!" she sighed. The Maitland house was one of the oldest landmarks in West Stoneham. It was like the Maitland family itself. There had always been a Maitland prominent in the affairs of the village. Helen's grandfather had been its doctor and banker, and her father was its leading attorney, although little law business was ever transacted in the offices on Main Street behind the finely lettered gold sign of "Maitland & Kilborne."

Thomas Maitland had inherited his father's interest in the affairs of West Stoneham, together with his money and the old homestead on the Peninsula Road. The homestead was a lovely rambling estate with wide stretches of waving grasses and thickly leaved and heavily limbed old trees. It possessed a natural wildness in pleasing contrast with Anthony Masset's fine estate, a half mile down the road, with its close-clipped lawns and landscape effects.



The faint rattle of the front door

—whoever was behind the closet door had been spying upon her.



Yes, it might happen to any girl when the family's away

Her home had always seemed too remote and isolated to Helen. She had often felt lonely in it, but never had the sense of loneliness been so borne in upon her as now. There was nothing else to do except walk back to the village! There was "The Anchorage," Mrs. Crabtree's boarding house down by the water, and, of course, she was sure to find the Kilbornes at home. She could go to either place, only the thought of spending the night at the Crabtree boarding house with twenty thousand dollars in bonds and bank notes in her possession, did not appeal to her, and the Kilbornes—Mr. Kilborne was her father's partner—lived on the other side of town.

"It's ridiculous!" she thought, rising. "I know every inch of the road. But I was a fool not to have done exactly as I was told."

Her father had asked her to go to the bank the next morning for the ten one-thousand-dollar bonds and to cash the check he had given her for the balance. He needed the money, he had confided to her, as a deposit in a business transaction where the security must be furnished in the form of cash or its equivalent. Helen knew the matter was of importance. Mr. Maitland was interested in a big deal in the city; it was keeping him in town during this hot summer, allowing him to spend only week-ends at the seashore. He had found it

inconvenient to go himself to West Stoneham, Mrs. Maitland had injured her ankle while bathing, and Harvey—Helen's older brother—was on a fishing excursion.

THE MATTER had developed suddenly; Helen had come up from the shore unexpectedly that day and he had decided to send her for the funds. He had impressed on her the necessity of meeting him in the city before twelve o'clock the day following; the money had to be deposited by noon. He had told her to stay all night at the house, report to the bank promptly at ten o'clock the next morning, present his check to old Murphy, the cashier, get the bonds from the safe-deposit box, and catch the ten-forty train back to the city. This would bring her into town at quarter of twelve, and he would be waiting for her at the station with a taxicab; there would be sufficient time, if this program were carried out, to deposit the money before the required hour.

But Helen had thought she could improve on this plan; she could go to the bank as soon as she reached West Stoneham, get the bonds and money and catch an earlier train in the morning, telephoning her father upon arriving.

She had carried out the idea with a feeling of pride



below reached Helen, and then silence. She sank to her knees and slipped gently to the floor.

Circumstances made the situation awkward. The ordinary resources of a girl familiar with her own home town were not available to her, for she virtually had not lived in West Stoneham for four years. Winter months had been spent at college, and during vacations, the Maitlands went to the seashore. She could not think of more than a dozen families she knew, and, of these, only a few were likely to be available for the summer. Mary Masset, the independent, single-handed daughter of the Maitlands' wealthy neighbor, Helen had learned to know at college.

"There's nothing for it but for you to do your own housebreaking," he said good-humoredly. "Climb on my shoulder, break a glass and see if you can reach the lock through the broken pane."

From the porch railing, she obtained a perch on his shoulder,

"Someone may have seen you getting it at the bank."

"Great! But I say, Miss Maitland, could I wash up a bit? I'm all grimy from tennis."

She directed him to a bathroom upstairs and began preparations for a meal. He rejoined her presently and in a few minutes the kettle was boiling, steam escaped from

Vincent Masset was urging the girl to take the same early train with him in the morning, when there was a brisk ringing of the telephone. They looked at each other. "I thought no one knew you were here—" he began.

not! Mr. Masset's son, Vincent."

McInland Barclay

Helen found herself clinging to the side of the house, gazing nervously at the man below. "What a lot of money!" Vincent exclaimed. In the scramble to reach the window sill, her hand bag had fallen to the ground.

by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Love

A story for every man
who thinks his wife
does not "understand"

Illustration by
Henry
Raleigh

AT LAST FATE, he told himself, had been benevolent. He hated to think of that word, benevolent, together with the death of his wife, Laura; but, it happened, there was a greater consideration than either Laura or himself: Celina Dellay was the most important thing in his world. He had felt that way about Celina, John Crate realized, for six years. For six years they had been wholly delivered to each other. Now, suddenly, Laura was dead. They were free. This, it seemed to John, was the first time he had actually realized that amazing, and stirring, fact; and an irrepressible feeling of joy momentarily possessed him. He brought it as quickly as possible to an end. It was not—only a week after Laura's funeral—dignified. It would have hurt Celina to know it.

After all, John thought defensively, Celina was his entire life, his sole responsibility. Love had seen to that. Love! One out of many things Celina had brought him was the habit of reading, of thought not connected with immediate and practical necessities; and he had read a great deal about love. Not, however, in novels and stories, but in more serious volumes—scientific, physical and social studies of the great passion.

John Crate thought of it, really, of the emotion Celina created in him, as a grand passion. They were among the very few people alive, the few who had ever lived, who knew what love was. Love was not an emotion for limited, for safe minds and ordinary beings, John was certain of that. It could exist only in women like Celina; in a devotion like his.

He was standing on the narrow stone terrace at the back of his long stone house where the lawn descended sharply to a gully filled with trees and threaded by a stream. It was spring, at the end of April, and he could see the dark masses of violets, the glint of

running water, in a beginning twilight. The sky was tenderly green. A musical and eager chorus of frogs sounded from a lower meadow. That, too, John reflected, the sound of the frogs, was the voice of love. Desire. It was the most powerful, the only universal impulse in life. It was life. The forms and requirements of society and religion, the domestic conventions of marriage, were nothing compared with it.

John sat in a comfortable chair of black painted iron and orange canvas—Laura had bought new furniture for the terrace the day, almost, before she had gone to the hospital—and lighted a cigar. It was still an hour before dinner; Abigail, his daughter, would be absent; and he decided not to dress for such a solitary and purely thoughtful occasion. His present situation, John Crate recognized, was far from easy: he must

preserve an admirable balance, privately as well as in public, between a decent regret for Laura's death and an acknowledgment of what Celina Dellay meant to him. It was doubly fortunate now that Luke Dellay, too, was dead. There was nothing to keep him from marrying Celina at the first possible instant. They would be quietly married by a civil ceremony in the fall and go, probably, to the West Indies.

He had gone to Cuba with Laura, but that had been largely a failure. Laura, it turned out, did not like Havana; strange places and people made her uncomfortable; and then she had been sick. She had not complained—Laura almost never complained, John realized—she had been silently wretched, at most a little humorous. Now it would be different. God, how different it would now be!

John returned to the consideration of love. He was appalled by its power and beauty, by its courage. Celina's courage. But at the same time, they had been fortunate in escaping all undignified surprise or exposure. No more, at worst, than speculation. What luck! For one thing, it had seemed to support Laura's confidence in him; it had, in a way, rewarded Laura.

That phrase troubled him and, mentally, he changed it—the absence of any discovery had kept Laura's pride intact. Yes, that was it; it had not been necessary to hurt her. He would have done that, too, John Crate saw; he would have sacrificed his wife and daughter, all that he was and hoped to be, for Celina. This was love. But, luckily, fate had spared and saved him from that and from a great deal else. The trouble with society, John told himself, and (Continued on page 92)

Celina Dellay was the most important thing in John Crate's world. He had felt that way about Celina, he realized, for six years.

Political Graybeards AND Youth

Gene Tunney, entering the political arena from the fistic arena, says:

"At no period has there been so ripe a time for young people to break into the political picture. The bosses are tottering. Fantastic government extravagance and corruption is their platform. Without imagination, they have no conception of what our new future is going to be like . . . Now is the time, boys and girls—let's go!"

IS THIS economic depression that we are experiencing merely a lull in industrial growth, a momentary drawing in of the fly for a longer cast and greater prosperity, or is it a signal of the dawn of a new epoch?

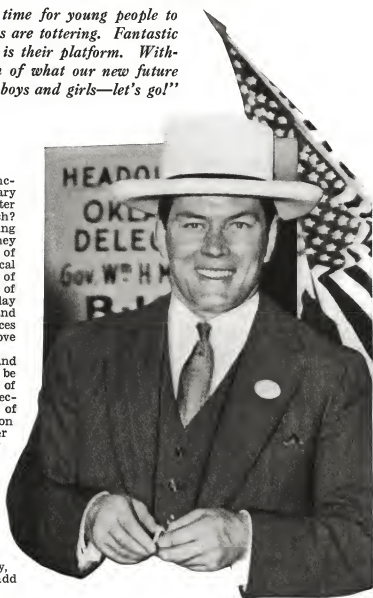
That seems to be the question that is bothering bankers, politicians, industrialists and economists. They feel something momentous is developing in the way of economic changes; that a superabundance of technical appliances, mechanical equipment and machinery of every description is causing an unimagined surplus of products and commodities which, left to the free play of economic laws, will constantly decrease in price, and any attempts toward government stabilization of prices under the existing fundamental conditions will prove but temporary correctives.

The administration and its followers in economic and political thought believe, according to what can be gleaned from published expressions, that this period of bank failures, industrial operating losses and unprecedented unemployment is but a temporary phase of our economic development that is putting business on a sounder basis, from which it will spring to greater production and profits the moment the depressing pressure, due to world conditions, eases.

To be sure, the administration is staking not only its political reputation on this diagnosis and prognosis, but the taxpayers' money through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, as well as the very credit of the United States government. If one observes the situation as an ordinary taxpaying layman, it is difficult to visualize what the results of an inaccuracy in judgment on the part of the administration would be like; and, unfortunately, the administration prophecies of the past do not add to one's optimism.

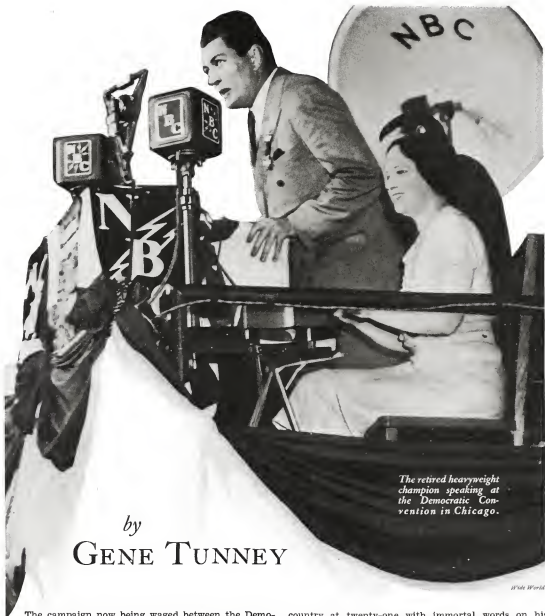
If there is to be a change—and it seems to many that a definite change of some sort will take place in any case—then this is the opportune time for the younger people to step forth and take an active interest in their government. To all appearances a change has already started.

That the future holds a new picture for us is almost certain. This new tapestry that is being woven under our very eyes calls loudly to the younger generation to have a hand in the designing.



Krystone

The opportunity for great adventure is abroad. Youth with its indomitable spirit and energy must seize it. The graybeards will continue to discourage as they have in the past, and proudly point to their achievements. The graft and corruption of public office and bench are part of these achievements, as are Prohibition, public-utility steals and the "merchandising" of worthless securities among the unprotected.



The retired heavyweight champion speaking at the Democratic Convention in Chicago.

by
GENE TUNNEY

The campaign now being waged between the Democratic and Republican parties is a most unusual one. It involves important issues of government that should interest voters and near-voters of both parties. The appalling lack of interest among the younger groups, particularly the college students, is a disheartening sign, and thought by many Europeans to be a reflection on our American culture. Since every adult has the legal right and the social responsibility to vote under our democratic system of government, it does seem almost criminal not to stress the importance of this privilege and responsibility in our schools and colleges.

The record of political leadership and thinking from the beginning of history is studded with the names of youthful patriots of all nations. In the history of our own revolution and the struggle for national existence and constitutional government that followed, we find the names of such men as Alexander Hamilton, aide to General Washington at twenty and Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two; Nathan Hale, dying for his

country at twenty-one with immortal words on his lips; Patrick Henry, the youthful and fiery Virginian, in his twenties exclaiming, "Cesar had his Brutus . . ."; Charles Pinckney, leader at the Constitutional Convention in his twenties, and governor of his state at thirty. Philip Freneau, the poet of the revolution, Edward Livingston, Albert Gallatin and numerous others distinguished themselves as first-rate political thinkers and leaders before their thirties.

The French Revolution and its aftermath gave distinction to many youths, the most famous of whom was the young Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte. One could go on endlessly enumerating names of youths from Akhenaton to Lindbergh in every sphere of life who have fought for and given ideas of progress to mankind.

Why the American youth of the present day should not be expected to take over their share of the responsibility of government is more than can be readily understood. The youth of other nations take an active interest in their governments; (Continued on page 150)

Wide World



The Narrow Corner

*A great and absorbing story of man's need of love
and woman's need of fulfillment, on an
enchanted isle in the tropic seas*

In the First Installment:

IT WAS AT TAKANA in the Malay Archipelago that Doctor Saunders, an old-timer in the Far East, first saw the fugitive known as Fred Blake. The young man had come ashore from a pearling lugger with the skipper, a Captain Nichols, but he did not give the impression of being a sailor, and after the doctor had taken passage on their little boat, it transpired that Nichols knew nothing about his companion except that he was lucky at cards. They had met on board, the skipper having got his berth in Sydney from "a big bully of a chap" who had something to do with politics. His theory was that Fred Blake, ostensibly an invalid on a cruise for his health, had committed a murder, and that powerful influences had arranged his disappearance.

Curious, Doctor Saunders looked for a clue to the mystery when the lugger touched at Kanda, a forgotten isle in the Kanda Sea. The news from Sydney mentioned the suicide of a woman who had been suspected of murdering her husband, but it seemed unlikely that Fred could have had anything to do with her.

But the boy had a tragic beauty. On their second day in Kanda a likable young Dane named Erik Christensen took the three visitors to the plantation of Frith, an Englishman who lived here with his daughter, Louise, and his father-in-law, Swan, and when they were introduced to the daughter—an extremely pretty girl, incredibly blond—her eyes rested on the good-looking young man as though she were a little surprised.

WHEN THE OTHERS came in they found Erik sitting alone with Swan. The old man was telling an interminable story of some adventure he had had in New Guinea.

"Where's Louise?" asked Frith.

"I've been helping her set the table. She's been doing something in the kitchen, and now she's gone to change."

They sat down and had another drink, talking desultory as people do when they don't know one another.

Doctor Saunders could not quite place Frith. He spoke like an educated man. Though fat and gross, shabbily dressed and in want of a shave, he gave the impression of being accustomed to the society of decent people. Doctor Saunders wondered how he had found his way to that distant island. He got up from his chair and wandered about the room.

A number of framed photographs hung on the wall over a long bookcase. He was surprised to find that they were of rowing eights of a Cambridge college, among which, though only by the name underneath, G. P. Frith, he recognized his host; others were groups of native boys, at Perak in the Malay States and at Kuching in Sarawak, with a much younger Frith sitting in the middle. It looked as though after being at Cambridge he had come to the East as a schoolmaster.

The bookcase was untidily stacked with books, and these Doctor Saunders glanced at with idle curiosity. There were the books that Frith had used at Cambridge, a good many novels and a few volumes of poetry. But what surprised the doctor most was to see two shelves filled with books on Indian religion and Indian philosophy. There were translations of the Rig-Veda and of certain of the Upanishads. It was an unusual collection of books to find in the house of a planter in the Far East, and Doctor Saunders asked himself what sort of man they suggested. He was turning the leaves of a book by one Seinivasa Tyengar called "Outlines of Indian Philosophy," when Frith limped up to him and glanced at the volume.

"Interesting. Those Hindus, they're marvelous; they have a natural instinct for philosophy. They make all our philosophers look cheap and obvious. Of course Brahma is the only religion that a reasonable man can accept without misgivings."



by W. SOMERSET
MAUGHAM

*The world-famous author of
"Of Human Bondage"
and "Miss Thompson"*

"I told her I was crazy about her," related Blake. "And I was, too. She's a peach. I took her down to the ketch and showed her over it. I kissed her there."

Illustrations by Ralph Pallen Coleman

The doctor gave him a sidelong glance. With his red, round face and that long yellow tooth hanging loose, his baldish head, he had none of the look of a man with spiritual leanings. It was surprising to hear him talk in this strain.

Frith gave a little sigh.

"I've been spending the last four years doing a metrical translation of the 'Lusind.' Caméens, you know. I should like to read you one or two cantos. It's the last of the great epics. I have nothing. This estate belongs to old Swan. My translation of it shall be my daughter's dowry. But that is not all," he added; "money

isn't very important. I want her to be proud of me." Doctor Saunders was silent. It seemed to him fantastic that this man should expect to get money and fame by translating a Portuguese poem that not a hundred people had any wish to read.

"It is strange how things happen," Frith continued, his face heavy and serious. "It's hard for me to believe that it is only by accident that I have undertaken this task. You know of course that Caméens, a soldier of fortune as well as a poet, came to this island, and he must often have watched the sea from the fort as I have watched it."

"Why should I have come here? I was a schoolmaster. When I left Cambridge I had an opportunity to come to the East and I jumped at it. But the routine of school-work was too much for me. I was in the Malay States, and then I thought I'd try Borneo. At last I resigned."

"Short therefore is man's life, and narrow is the

corner wherein he dwells" — *Marcus Aurelius' Meditations*

"For some time I was in an office in Calcutta. Then I started a bookshop in Singapore. But it didn't pay. I ran a hotel in Bali, but I couldn't make both ends meet. At last I drifted down here. It's strange that my wife should have been called Catherine, because that was the name of the only woman Camouflages loved. It was for her he wrote his perfect lyrics. . . . Ah, here's Louise now," he added. "That looks as if supper was nearly ready."

Doctor Saunders turned to look at the girl. She was wearing a sarong of green silk in which was woven an elaborate pattern in gold thread. It had a sleek and glowing splendor. It fitted her slim body like a sheath. Her bosom and her legs were bare. She wore high-heeled green shoes and they added to her graceful stature. That ashy-blond hair of hers was done high on her head, but very simply, and the sober brilliance of the green-and-gold sarong enhanced its astonishing fairness. Her beauty took the breath away.

"What's the meaning of this fancy dress?" asked Frith, with a smile.

"Erik gave me this sarong the other day. I thought it would be a good opportunity to wear it." She gave the Dane a friendly smile that thanked him again.

"It's an old one," said Frith. "It must have cost you a small fortune, Christensen. You'll spoil the child." "I got it for a bad debt. I couldn't resist it. I know Louise likes green."

A Malay servant brought in a great bowl of soup and set it down on the table.

From his place beside Frith, the doctor's eyes rested on Louise, who sat at the end of the table between the two young men. Fred, as a rule tongue-tied, was talking nineteen to the dozen. He had lost the slight awkwardness of expression that his features bore in repose and looked frank and boyish. Doctor Saunders, smiling, saw how taking was his charm. Erik, with a kindly smile on his pleasantly ugly face, sat watching Fred.

When dinner was finished Louise went up to old Swan and put her hand on his shoulder. "Now, grandpa, you must go to bed."

"Not before I've had me tot of rum, Louise."

"Well, drink it up quick." She poured him out the considerable amount he wanted. "Put a tune on the phonograph, Erik," she said.

The Dane did as he was bid. "Can you dance, Fred?" "Can't you?"

"No." Fred rose and, looking at Louise, outlined a gesture of invitation. She smiled. He took her hand and put his arm round her waist. They began to dance. Doctor Saunders, standing with Erik beside the phonograph, saw to his surprise that Fred was an exquisite dancer. He had unimaginable grace. He made the foot-trot they danced a thing of the most delicate beauty.

"You're a pretty good dancer, young fellow," said the doctor, when the record came to an end.

"It's the only thing I can do," answered the boy, with a smile.

Louise looked down at the floor with a serious expression on her face. Suddenly she seemed to rouse herself. "I must go and put grandfather to bed."

She went over to the old man and coaxed him into coming with her. He took her arm and toddled out of the room beside her.

"What about a game of bridge?" said Frith. "Do you gentlemen play?"

"I do," said the skipper. "I don't know about the doctor and Fred."

"I'll make up a four," said Doctor Saunders.

"Christensen plays a very good game."

"I don't play," said Fred.

"That's all right," said Frith. "We can manage without you."

Erik brought forward a bridge table, its green baize patched and worn, and Frith produced two packs of greasy cards. Fred stood beside the phonograph and

with little movements kept time to an inaudible tune. When Louise came back he asked:

"Shall I put on another record?"

"No; they'll have a fit. Dad and Erik take their bridge seriously. Let's go outside."

The living room of the bungalow opened on a veranda, and they stepped out. Beyond the little garden they saw in the starlight the towering kamari trees and below them, thick and dark, the massy verdure of the nutmegs. At the bottom of the steps, on one side, grew a large bush and it was alight with fireflies. The two stood side by side for a while looking at the night. Then Fred took the girl's hand and led her down the steps.

"Don't you play bridge?" she asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Why aren't you playing, then?"

"I didn't want to."

It was very dark under the nutmeg trees. Fireflies hovered across the path with a sort of swaying movement. They walked a little without saying a word. Then he stopped and took her gently in his arms and kissed her on the mouth. She did not start. She did not stiffen with surprise or modesty; she made no instinctive movement of withdrawal. She was soft in his arms, but not weak; yielding, but yielding with a sort of tender willfulness.

"You are lovely," he said.

"You're awfully good-looking," she answered.

He kissed her again. He kissed her eyelids. "Kiss me," he whispered.

She smiled. She took his face in her two hands and pressed her lips to his. Then she sighed. "We must go in." She took his hand, and side by side they walked back slowly to the house.

"I love you," he whispered.

She did not answer, but tightly pressed his hand. As they entered the room again Erik looked up and smiled at Louise.

"Been down to the pool?"

"No, it was too dark."

She sat down and, taking up an illustrated Dutch paper, began to look at the pictures. Then, putting it down, she let her gaze rest on Fred, staring at him thoughtfully. She got up. "I shall go to bed," she said.

She came when all good night. Fred sat down behind the doctor and watched them play. Presently, having finished a rubber, they stopped. The old car had come back for them and the four men piled in. When they reached the town it drew up to put the doctor and Erik down at the hotel, and then drove on to the harbor with the others.

"Are you sleepy?" asked Erik.

"No, it's early yet," replied the doctor.

"Come over to my place and have a nightcap."

"All right."

The doctor accompanied Erik along the deserted street. People went to bed early at Kanda and there was not a soul about. It was not more than two hundred yards to the Dane's house. The door was unlocked, and Erik, opening it, walked in ahead to light the lamp. The doctor threw himself in the most comfortable of the chairs and waited while Erik fetched glasses, ice, whisky and soda.

Erik poured out a drink for his guest and a drink for himself.

"What about Mrs. Frith?" asked the doctor. "Is she dead?"

"Yes, she died last year. Heart disease. She was a fine woman. The real Scandinavian type, tall and big and fair, like one of the goddesses in the Rhinegold. Old Swan used to say that when she was a girl she was better-looking than Louise."

"A very pretty young woman," said the doctor.

"She was like a mother to me. You can't imagine how kind she was. I used to spend all my spare time up there. She worshipped Frith. She thought he was wonderful. When Swan got (Continued on page 155)



In the moonlight Louise looked like a wraith. The silence was like a living thing that listened. She took a step or two and looked up and down the veranda. She wanted to see that no one was about.

Before—and After

Does a fat man always lose his humor when he loses his waistline? Does his mirth shrink with his girth?

by ISABEL LEIGHTON

YEARS AGO Paul Whiteman shared with the rest of his sex the secret desire to be all things to all women, but tipping the scales as he did at three hundred and fifteen pounds, his chances were slim if he was not.

More recently when love made a vase of the "King of Jazz" ambition took a more monogamous view. Heaven, in his revised estimate, was the place in which a man might be something to one woman, provided she was young and vivacious, tiny and sweet, and her name was Margaret Livingston. Margaret, no less smitten, was not insensible to the celebrated Whiteman charm. However, she had no intention of committing herself to the young man while wags were still describing him as the "Covered Wagon."

To the proposals of marriage that came with the dozens of roses he sent each day, she invariably made the same reply. "Reduce if you'd seduce, weigh in if you'd stay in, make the count or take the count!"

Fury in his heart and a diabolical scheme in his head, Paul Whiteman left for Chicago to consult a doctor and fulfill an engagement with his band. He would reduce. He'd turn himself into a 182 version of the Discus Thrower, but once he had become Adonis' only rival he would laugh in Margaret's face! He'd show her where she got off! At the seventeenth floor of the Biltmore Hotel,



A Typical Day's Diet

Breakfast
1 glass orange juice
1 piece whole-wheat toast ½ ball butter
1 cup coffee

Lunch
1 cup purée of tomato soup
2 large mushrooms, broiled 1 piece whole-wheat toast
1 lettuce and vegetable salad
French dressing

Dinner
1 helping baked ham 1 stewed whole apple
3 tsp. summer squash
8 stalks fresh asparagus cold, with mayonnaise
1 dish ice cream

Paul Whiteman before he took up dieting.

where they have got off together ever since. No sooner did he hit Chicago than he enlisted the Loop's most expert medical talent. The diagnosis he knew was a foregone conclusion. Sheer suicide, the doctor would tell him, for a man of his size to attempt to reduce. But no matter, he'd die a martyr to love. His death be on her head, if that was what she wanted.

With the beatific expression on his cherubic face of a man who has already put the world behind him, he awaited the verdict. "High blood pressure," the doctor told him, "and if you don't drop one hundred pounds of that weight, you'll be playing a harp instead of a fiddle."

Sounded almost as if Margaret had put him up to it. Well, it would be a long time before he'd give her the satisfaction of telling her she was right. At least as long as it took him to get to a long-distance telephone.

He was to have no medication, he reported grimly. All that was required of him was strict adherence to a diet, but a diet differing radically from the Hollywood, the tomato-and-egg or any of the starvation cures that in the past had very nearly done

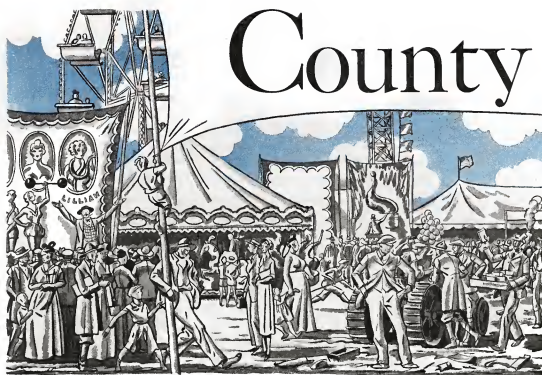
The story behind the story of how the King of Jazz took off a hundred pounds—and the diet by which he did it



for him. The regimen would be so varied, he had been promised, that it would work no hardship upon him. He was to be revitalized rather than de-vitalized. It was to be based upon feeding him the things that tickled his palate, but in non-fat-producing combinations.

There was to be nothing from waffles and honey to chocolate layer cake that was to be denied him, but he was to eat them when, how and as directed; (Cont. on p. 146)

The picture tells the story; Whiteman's huge waistline is no more.



Now, when the frost is on the pumpkin, arrives the greatest,

IT WAS never the mayor's proclamation, which no one read, or the building of booths or even the popping of firecrackers which set our final assurance on the fact that Keosauqua was to have a Day of Delight. It was the stately staggering of Mudcat Marvin and Old Hen Paynter down Main Street late in the morning of the day that our little town was Celebrating.

Keosauqua, an Iowa village, is not ordinarily tolerant of drunkards. On any common day Marshal Frank Johnson would have had Hen and Mudcat in jail in fifteen minutes. Even the fact that Hen and Mudcat drank legal beverages exclusively would not usually have counted in their favor, when with solemn faces and faltering footsteps they obeyed the common drunkards' curious urge to display themselves in public. Hen and Mudcat drank sweet spirits of niter, solidified alcohol, Jamaica ginger, lemon extract, a particularly nice vintage of horse liniment and Electric Bitters.

Old Hen, whose liquor broke down his system the other day and killed him at the age of ninety-six, had drunk so much Electric Bitters since he fought under Grant that his voltage was enormous, and a summer of thunderstorms in Iowa was commonly attributed to him. Mudcat finally fell off the Des Moines River bridge in 1918, and three weeks later his body was found through the fact that all the fish in a hundred yards of the stream were singing "Sweet Adeline."

Frank Johnson would no more have dared arrest Hen and Mudcat on a Keosauqua day of carnival, on Decoration Day, Old Settlers' Day, the Fourth of July, Opening Day of the County Fair, Christmas Day and the week prior thereto, New Year's Day, Thanksgiving Day, Election Day, or the last day of a revival meeting, than he would have dared arrest Mayor Manson's son for riding his bicycle on the sidewalks. The license of those feast days was more faultless than any legality, and it was sensed by Mudcat and Hen through the mystic and spiritual faculties which explain the perfect hexagon of

the honey cell, the intricate pattern of the spiderweb and the seeking of the moth, over hundreds of leagues, for its mate.

If Keosauqua was formally celebrating the Fourth of July, the misdeeds of the two town drunkards were tolerated, but if it was some other town's turn to hold the county celebration, they were not. The sense of the two for the communal feeling of whoopee was prescient and mechanically exact. My father said soberly that if Mudcat and Hen some Fourth of July had waked up in Shanghai, they would have been drunk or sober according to whether Keosauqua was celebrating or not.

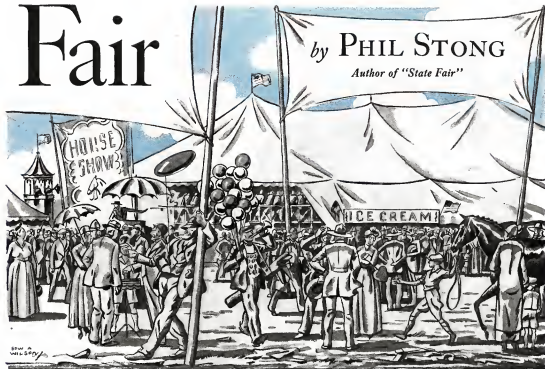
The reason that small towns seem so much duller and actually have so much more Fun than large ones is that the festival spirit pervades the whole social unit. There is a commonality of Fun—the mob of Le Bon and Everett Dean Martin sets itself at play



On Opening Day of val spirit pervades

County Fair

by PHIL STONG
Author of "State Fair"



the most typical, festival of all our American life

Drawings by Edward A. Wilson



the County Fair the festival the whole social unit.

with all the intensity and abandon which in some places devise and mold a successful and well-rounded lynching. In Keosauqua it permits the throwing of popcorn and the riding of merry-go-rounds by sedate matrons. There is many a sedate matron in the New York Social Register who has not ridden a merry-go-round in five years.

It is a mysterious fact that a given number of inhabitants in such an Iowa town always maintains an exactly proportioned number of drunkards. I am told that when Keosauqua had twelve hundred population, many years ago, it had three drunkards. Since Keosauqua has clung to nine hundred population now for a long time, I am certain that exactly two drunkards will assist in opening the County Fair this year.

The massed County Bands will be playing hideously and delightfully; the grand stand

will be jammed with 438 people; the Midway will be swirling with 462 more. At the end of the track, near the stables, the four suitors for the first race will be wheeling at the heels of four fine horses. The loud-speaker system will be squawking tentatively, as the veteran judges lure personal and indelicate remarks from uniformed persons who do not realize that they are standing before the microphone. Pop and chewing gum will be in demand in preparation for the dust of the races.

Just as the first race is about to start and the horses are wheeling down to the judges' stand, two drunken men—and I have no idea, since Hen and Mudcat are dead, who they are now—will climb the wire fences at the side of the track and march the length of the grand stand in solemn procession, under the illusion that they are on the road to the County Fair.

AT THE END of the grand stand they will be met by the city marshal—poor Frank Johnson is dead, too, so I don't know which Civil War veteran had the honor of being remonstrated with them. With all the confidence, all the hauteur that was once the grace of emperors, the two drunkards will sweep by the town's peace officer and stagger under the grand stand to sleep out the races. The contemporary Mudcat and Hen know their rights.

I shall thrill to that sight, and neither one of the gray hairs that age and care have brought me will prevent me from feeling that there is going to be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. The rest of the crowd and I will finish with the perfect assurance that now everything is All Set and All Right.

There are other symbols besides Mudcat and Hen which will set the seal upon a small town's holiday. Tights and spangles will do it. In the days of the one-ring circus, Campbell's Circus (Continued on page 106)

Fox fire



"I'm quitting here," volunteered the carnival girl. "I like this town."
"What a break for me," said the deputy sheriff with unusual boldness.

AS DEPUTY SHERIFF AKERS parked his car near the entrance to the fairgrounds, Policeman Sprague approached and said apologetically:

"Sorry to call you, Henry, but the chief is down sick and the Whipples are here."

"Drunk?"

"They belong to be. It's Saturday night."

"What they been up to?"

"Oh, they're just kind of rough and tumble, so far. Talkin' loud and cursin' some. Mebbe seen 'em two of us will call 'em down."

"Maybe!" From somewhere Akers produced a revolver and slipped it inside his pants band. He was a tall, quiet-spoken, competent young man. "And then again maybe not. Cad Whipple and I don't suck our lemonade through the same straw."

"This being the last night of the fair, the exhibition

buildings were crowded and the amusement features were getting a big play. From the far end of the sandy enclosure came the discordant racket of a merry-go-round and a miniature Ferris wheel; barkers shouted; hot-dog, candy and barbecue boosters advertised their wares. Sprague led the way in their direction.

On a banner arching the sawdust roadway was a sign reading:

TOM T. TOPKINS' MIDWAY CARNIVAL AND WORLD'S CONGRESS OF CURIOSITIES. THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

This mammoth attraction played small southern towns and county fairs during the winter season and it consisted of a street of brown tents housing a score or more of catchpenny attractions. There was a "Hall of Mirrors. Bring the Children and Laugh Yourself to Death."



Is it true that
Conscience
never fails to
get its man?

by
REX BEACH

Illustrations by Dan Content

"Kitty Carson's Cowgirl Rodeo, Exciting and Educational" and "Doctor Dill's Dog Circus—The Sensation of Europe." These were some of the principal features. In addition to them there were numerous lesser attractions, such as freaks, fortune tellers, rolling-ball games and sundry other dime-coaxing devices.

Akers discovered Cad Whipple and his two sons in the shooting gallery and with them a couple of sunburned youths from the lower end of the county. They were in an argument with the proprietor when the deputy sheriff idled up behind them and inquired, "What's the trouble?"

THE ELDER WHIPPLE whirled; his eyes leaped to the deputy's scabbard and thence to Sprague's neat white policeman's cap. "Hi, Henry! We're bein' swindled. This trapper is tryin' to take hide, hair an' taller."

"That's what fairs are for. And the money goes to a good cause," Akers said easily. "The county farm gets ten percent the last night."

"I leave it to the boys if—" Cad began but the deputy broke in:

"Pay him off, Cad, and let somebody else step up. You're stoppin' business. How much they owe you, fella?"

"Three-fifty, sheriff. Fourteen guns at a quarter apiece," said the proprietor.

"It's his job to keep track, Cad. I bet you can't finger up fourteen times two bits. I know I can't. Man, you've done broke all his pipes. What you-all want for three-fifty?"

Cad Whipple was a leathery Floridian, with a pair of small, overbroad eyes. There was a resentful gleam in them now as he reluctantly counted out his money.

Akers ran on, meanwhile, "Everything here is in fun; it's for the women and children. If you see anybody drinkin', warn 'em it's against the law and to look out for Ed and me or we'll run 'em in. So long, Cad! I'll be seein' you."

"Is he burnin' up!" said Officer Sprague a moment later. "Reckon they got their guns?"

"Cad knows better than that. He ain't hot to be arrested—not after that Ellers killer."

"Humph! I just wish I had a warrant to serve and he'd resist me."

"Sure! Me, too. Spread yourself out thin, Ed, and I'll do the same. We can't afford to have a row here."

Sprague strolled away and followed the Whipple gang into Kitty Carson's Cowgirl Rodeo, Exciting and Educational. Akers put in the next half-hour in that vicinity.

Near by, a barker with a zinc-lined larynx was advertising Prince Jimmy, the Royal Midget, the smallest human being in the world.

"He's only two feet four inches in height, but he's not a dwarf, not a child, not a monstrosity. He is symmetrical in form and feature, and a member of the Royal House of Brayvaria, in Europe. Step up and converse with the human doli, a real member of the Royal Blood. He'll answer any and every question and his charm will captivate you, one and all. Prince Jimmy. Hei'h, two feet four; weight, thirty-nine pounds. Think of it, ladies! You could almost carry him in your purse."

"He was born in Brayvaria in 1900, educated at King's College in Cambridge. He speaks four languages. At the age of twenty-one, due to this unhappily accident of birth, he relinquished his throne to a younger brother of normal size and became an object of scientific interest. Ten cents to see the Royal Midget, the man in miniature. Step forward and tell your children that you have been presented at Court. Only ten cents."

A number of dimes were passed to a girl in the ticket booth; the customers filed inside the tent and the barker followed them. He began his lecture upon the royal prodigy.

"Hot, isn't it?" said the girl in the booth.

Akers nodded. "Unusual for this time of year."

"That's the only kind of weather a carnival show ever gets." The girl was round and healthy and good to look at. Akers eyed her approvingly.

"You some kin to the prince?" he inquired.

"Who, me?" The girl laughed.

"How's business?"

"Same as always; terrible."

"Have you been with the show long?" asked Akers.



"Harve is dead and Sid is hurt," Frankie told

Akers. "They got into a fight. But that isn't all . . ."

"Quite a while. I joined it so I could get down here to Florida. I'm quitting here. Any jobs open?"

"What kind?"

"Oh, anything! I'm handy at nursing and—"

"Fired?"

"I am not. I'm quitting. I like this town."

The Prince Jimmy attraction operated on a brisk schedule—in theatrical parlance it ran on "a ten-minute spill." Inside the tent the lecturer raced through his patter with the swift precision of a phonograph.

"I said I'd see this state if it took a leg and—here I am." The ticket seller drew a breath of satisfaction.

"How come you to quit here?"

"A friend of mine told me about Pineridge. Party named Eilers. Ever know a party named Eilers around here?"

"Sure!" There was a flicker of interest in the deputy's eyes. "But he never told you about this place. He's dead."

"I know. Murdered! Who did it?"

"We was never right sure. He had a kid, didn't he? Is that the party told you about Pineridge?"

The girl nodded. "Right. His kid."

"It's a wonder he didn't do somethin' when his father was killed. There's some property."

"I guess it doesn't amount to much. It costs money to travel, and what could a kid do about a murder like that?"

Akers shrugged. "Not much, I reckon, but if I was him I'd sure look into it if I had to walk."

"Mister, it's a long hike from West Texas here."

"Or to any other place, I reckon," Akers agreed with a smile. He was a handsome young man; that smile of his was pleasant and the women of Pineridge liked him. So did the children; for that matter, "I'm afraid you'll find it to be a dull around a little town like this after bein' with a show and goin' everywhere. Nothin' to see here but movin' pictures."

"I love pictures, especially Westerns. I like the riding. I bet you lean to gang pictures."

"I do not, Lord! It must be dangerous livin' in a big city. I'd be scared to death."

"You?" The girl studied this broad-shouldered guardian of the peace and her gaze grew more friendly.

"What I like best is a hot love story," Akers said. "With plenty of beautiful women."

"You would! You're the type." The deputy sheriff

colored faintly; he looked embarrassed. "Married?"

He shook his head.

"Gee! What a break for the Pineridge girls!"

"And what a break for me, you quitten' the show here," he said with unusual boldness. "Am I the type for you to—to go to the movies with—say, tomorrow night?"

"Why not?"

Kitty Carson's Cowgirl Rodeo had ended and the audience was emerging. The Whipples and their two companions passed to the adjoining concession, where on a board counter stood a bucket of baseballs and a display of prizes. A canvas curtain was hung at a distance behind the counter and it was pierced by a hole through which protruded the round head of a grinning dorky.

"Three throws for a dime," droned the spieler. "Pit your skill against Dick the Dodger. His head is solid concrete and he dares you."

"Yassuh! Hit me hard!" yelled the Negro. He grimaced, stuck out his tongue; he jeered and capered. The members of the Whipple crowd bought balls;

then, without warning, they began simultaneously to

peelt them with all their strength at the human target.

The proprietor yelled a protest; the Negro shouted. He ducked and dodged but there was no evading that shower of whizzing projectiles. Two of them bounced from his skull with resounding cracks; they stunned him and brought blood.

Akers heard a wailing cry from the girl in the ticket booth and an indignant outburst from the spectators.

The Whipples were rocking with laughter when he strode up to them and said crisply:

"That'll do, boys. Time to go home."

Cad Whipple sobered. He glared at the limb of the law and inquired: "You runnin' this show, too? Any harm chuckin' baseballs at a nigger?"

"Look at him," Akers directed. "I dunno but you've killed the poor devil."

Smothered cries issued from the crowd; near-by members of the Tom T. Tompkins field forces approached on the run.

"He ast for it. Too many smart niggers around here. You can't hurt a nigger's head, nowow." This from Cad's companions. Whipple (Continued on page 112)

"What's the most fascinating city in the world?"

Cosmopolitan asked KATHLEEN NORRIS who replied:



"My San Francisco"

*Another trip in the Magic Carpet series,
in which many famous authors will
tell you of "My Favorite City"*



Mission Dolores

tleman of long ago who warned his son: "Never ask a man from what state he comes. If he's a Virginian, you'll know it. If he isn't, you'll shame him."

Perhaps it is a common human experience to go all through childhood in a state of complete admiration of one's native town. No doubt of my own city's supremacy ever crossed my mind in the first years I remember. San Francisco was mine; my own people had built it, had shared the fierce, simple, thrilling days of the gold rush with adventurers and horse thieves, Spanish rancheros and tonsured Franciscan priests, had watched

WE WHO were born in San Francisco, back in the dim primeval era known to the rising generation as "before the big fire," have a conviction that there is no other city in the world comparable with it. Our position is that of the Virginia gen-

tle prairie schooners coming in over the sierras, with "Hangtown or Bust" lettered on the canvas tops, and with wistful women and children looking down from the high, hooded front seats.

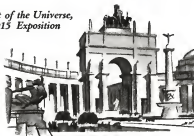
They had seen the merchant steamers at last reaching the Golden Gate, and had heard the boys in the unpaved, wooden-sidewalked streets shouting the news that a ship was in, and that silks and muslins, china and tinware, knives and ink and artificial flowers, rum and tobacco and ginger and rope and nails would presently be on sale. And they had joined the crowds hurrying down to the piers—those long, shabby wooden piers that my childhood remembers—the crowds of horse thieves and camp women, Spanish rancheros, Chinese mine laborers and laundrymen. And gentry, of course—ladies in hoops and scoop bonnets and shawls, leaning in delicate elegance upon the arm of the man of the house, who wore a bell silk hat and a skirted coat, and pointed with his cane at such merchandise as he fancied for his woman-kind.

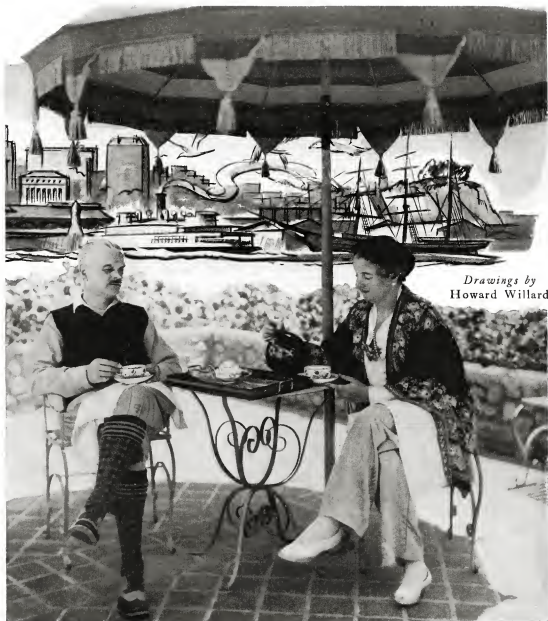
Wooden sidewalks; how the words say old San Francisco! Even in 1838, when I wrote my first date with a hollowed piece of chalk that, screwed down on its open end, formed the eights with dazzling accuracy—even in 1838 there were wooden sidewalks in all the quieter



Fishermen's wharf

*Court of the Universe,
1915 Exposition*





Drawings by
Howard Willard

Mrs. Norris with her author-husband, Charles G. Norris.

residential neighborhoods, and all the short streets ended in hills, and most of them were sand hills. Looking down from the fenced back garden that was our playground, we small children, like all San Francisco's children then, commanded all the bay, and the long sharp fringe of masts along the docks.

Ships came into our harbor then that will sail the seas no more; three-masters and four-masters with all sails set,



San Francisco's Chinatown

moving majestically through the shining Gate, anchoring against the blue waters off Alcatraz or Goat Island. Every morning the fishing fleet returned just as we were dressing, at our eastern nursery windows, and while we fumbled for buttons or struggled into starched Holland aprons, the brown sails flitted like water bugs along the ferry front, and the sun flashed silver on the haul that weighed down the boats.

In those days ours was a cosmopolitan world. We thought all children knew the bewildering range of personalities and nationalities that we knew; we could not have imagined an existence (Cont. on page 117)

Shadow Dance

A thrilling episode in the life

The lovely Mata Hari of the Civil War pledged herself body and soul to the service of her country—but does any country have the right to ask a woman to kill the man she loves?



When the little crowd on the hayrick platform parted, a far terror

WHEN VESPASIAN CHANCELLOR and Captain Jack Gaillard discover the identity of Gail Loveless—Federal Operator 13 playing the part of a musical laundress in the household of Jeb Stuart—they start in pursuit of the girl, who has fled in the night on Gaillard's horse. A raid is on and she cannot get through the lines, so, at dawn, attaching herself to Yellow Bob, Stuart's body servant, she pretends to be a stableboy in charge of two led horses, Stuart's favorites. She "borrows" the ragged clothes of a terrified Dutch boy and finally, after getting Bob drunk on applejack, hides in a hayrack while he talks with her pursuers in the barn below. Chancellor and Gaillard go away, but Lucille is convinced that Gaillard has seen her. She mounts Bob's nag and leading Stuart's two favorites, enters through the woods toward the Union lines. But ten minutes later, Chancellor, picking up the trail, gallops after her.

WORD OF General J. E. B. Stuart's Rebel cavalry raid into Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, had gone forth by Union scout, by courier, by "grapevine," by flag and fire. Mounted troopers from Logan's Twelfth Illinois horsemen warned General Kenley; Kenley's excited troopers relayed the information to Brooks with flashing torches telegraphing from hill to hill; Brooks, out of magnetic telegraphic communication, read the blazing news, and started his wet signal flags flapping under lowering skies until his last

relay station electrified Little Mac's signal officers into horrified comprehension.

At Mercersburg Federal Secret Service Operator 90 made contact with Operator 17, who instantly mounted her wiry black horse and started toward Hagerstown carrying to the Federal cavalry General, Averell, a white Cherokee rose with one paper petal. Federal Operator 90, disguised under the uniform of a private of South Carolina cavalry, deserted at Mercersburg in the fog, galloped to the Maryland border, and thence, south along the railroad, flagging and spurring toward army headquarters at Knoxville.

Operator 13, in ragged shirt and breeches, her face and body stained as brown as a colored boy's, her short, dark, curly hair in the wind, kicked the nervous, high-strung horse she had stolen from Yellow Bob into a dead run with her naked heels, whilst she hung desperately to the halters of the two other stolen horses, Lady Margrave and Skyhawk—favorite mounts of the great Confederate cavalryman, General J. E. B. Stuart.

And always on her heels thundered Death in the human shape of Vespasian Chancellor, Confederate chief of spies, determined to do this dangerous girl to death before she accomplished the destruction of Jeb Stuart and two thousand youthful riders who were

"OPERATOR 13"

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by Norman Price



command rang out: "Draw sabers!" The thin, whistling swish of steel whipped the silence like a wind . . .

circling a Union army of a hundred thousand men wild to get at them and tear them to pieces.

The wood-road was soft and moist and spongy; the forest seemed very still except when a wet wind stirred the autumn foliage and set painted maples dripping. Through it, with the rush of a great wind, tore three galloping horses, urged on to frantic flight by a Secret Service operator of the Union army who rode for her life, and who alternately shivered with fear and giggled hysterically when she realized that she had turned horse-thief, and was making off with two of the most celebrated and beautiful horses in the Confederacy.

She galloped due east. She could not help that, although Yellow Bob, the night before, had bragged that the cavalry were going to Gettysburg and then northward.

The dim wood-road seemed to parallel the Cashtown-Gettysburg highway. She hoped it might turn north, but it did not. Fortunately it remained a forest road where, at intervals, rows of walnut and oak logs were piled along the trail awaiting millward transportation.

The muggy, close air was saturated with the strong, aromatic odor of freshly cut walnut logs; now and then the girl had a swift glimpse of some deserted lumberman's sagging shack. She saw nobody; but her

deadly fear was that she might gallop headlong into a horse-raiding wing of Confederate cavalry, be recognized and seized along with her stolen horses. And then, the awful Shadow Dance at sunset.

Under her ragged shirt, strapped to her naked body, she carried her long, sharp knife in its velvet sheath. She carried, also, in the holster of Yellow Bob's saddle, a heavy dragon revolver, capped and loaded. She had had little to eat for a very long time, and her aim stomach seemed to snap against her spine at every stride of her horse and jerk of the led horses' halters.

Gail Loveless, in all her dramatic career as a member of Pauline Cushman's celebrated theatrical company, never had played so exciting a rôle in any theater as she was playing now; and never had experienced such thrilling and strangely alternating shocks of fear and of delight as this headlong gallop was giving her. To deceive and flout that preposterous yellow nigger, Bob! To fool an entire division of Confederate cavalry and vanish with the General's two favorite horses! To warn Little Mac and start a hundred thousand men in motion! As she rode, these delicious and triumphant thoughts streamed through her mind while the warm, wet wind rushed past her ears, intoxicating her.

And there was Captain Jack Gaillard, too! With his

handsome face all bandaged where she had struck him. Was he also a subject for thrilling fear and mirth? As she galloped, her flushed cheeks aglow, she thought of her desperate, swinging blow, and of the heavy revolver butt smashing down into his boyish face. No, that was neither funny nor thrilling. Had it been necessary, she would have killed this young man—so close had she beheld Death grinning at her in the starlight.

Galloping onward, now, but with no glow of victory in her pale, brown cheeks, she began to remember, also, that this same young man had seen her hiding from the hangman; and had let her go. Because he must have seen her; she was sure he had, by the expression in his eyes. And yet he had let her go.

Why?

Was it in sheer pity, knowing what her fate must have been? Spies do not pity each other to that extent. Yet he had said no word of his discovery to the chief of spies, as the lantern flashed along the hayloft flooring.

Why?

The color came back into her pallid, brown-dyed face.

WELL THEN, all the worse for this young man—if he could not command his baser passions. . . If he must succumb, first to his lust for a poor girl whom he believed to be a quadroon; and then surrender to his passion for a Yankee spy who had attempted to destroy the flower of his country's cavalry. Her heart had begun to beat as fast as the thudding of her horse's feet.

A miserable young man, to let that kind of passion or love, or whatever he dared call it, interfere with his oath of duty to his Confederate Government! She despised him. She was not grateful! Let this young man beware of her if ever again he interfered!

Then the swift memory of the Boyd garden, of their embrace—his lips on hers—shocked her and left her anguished with its burning sweetness. Breathless, a moment, then rigid under a welling rush of anger. Never before had a man aroused such wanton, such indescribable emotion in her virgin mind and body! Never had she imagined herself capable of such shameful response to a man's predatory arms and lips.

Scarcely conscious of what she was about, she checked her horse. God only could know how far she had galloped through the woods in the dim autumn twilight.

She walked her mount for a while to ease and breathe him, patting his wet neck, drawing Lady Margrave and Skylark up beside her and caressing the beautiful creatures—always with a nervous glance flung back over her shoulder lest pursuers already be closing in at heel. Lest the sunset shadow, cast by her own twitching, naked feet, should dance a ghastly shadow-dance under some Rebel gallows.

Suddenly, not far to the southward, a cavalry bugle rang out. White with terror, Operator 13 beat Yellow Bob's big hunter with fist and heel into a gallop once more, and rode for her very life, while the Confederate bugle echoes still vibrated in her startled ears.

Ten minutes behind her galloped the Confederate

chief of scouts, Vespasian Chancellor, determined to destroy her, horse and man rushing onward like some huge winged thing swooping through the trees. His lean face had the dark dignity of an eagle's bent on murder; his long gray cloak flew flapping behind him as he crouched forward in his saddle striving to penetrate the wood and gloom ahead with fiercely piercing eyes.

And two miles ahead of him Operator 13, in ragged shirt and breeches, kicked frantically at Yellow Bob's crazed horse, driving him into a dead run, as she hung on desperately to the halters of Lady Margrave and Skylark, galloping gallantly beside her.

It was still deep dusk in the woods. Spectral trees streamed away on either side like speeding phantoms in a dream; a wet wind drove fog into her face, blurring vision and soaking her to her stained brown skin. Now, ahead, a pale watery light flickered through the forest; the road led into a clearing, where it forked; and the girl pulled in her panting horse and looked around, bewildered in the sickly light of daybreak.

One branch of the rough trail curved out southward toward Stonehenge and Fayetteville; and she knew it must be crowded with gray-jacketed horsemen whose wide-winged flankers were sweeping the whole region to the very base of the mountains ahead. She must not ride through Black Gap; she realized that. Must not turn south at all. A gallows death lay that way.

The left-hand trail was rocky and bushy and led upward along a small stream—the headwaters of the Conewago—toward abandoned lumber camps and scattered shacks of mountaineers near Wolf Hill. Here lay her road to safety—by the grace of God—if, indeed, there were any way out of this Valley of Death for her.

FOR ANOTHER instant she sat on her hard-breathing hunter, listening fearfully in the forest silence; and heard, very far away to the southward, a vast and muffled trampling noise of trotting hoofs where, through the drizzling dawn, two thousand gray-jacketed riders and their captured horses were passing through Black Gap. She gave one last desperate glance behind her; heard nothing; then swung her horse up the rocky road along the brook, leading the other two horses knee-deep through wet laurel and rhododendron and out between cliffs; and came at last into a wide wood-road once more, where freshly felled trees lay fragrant in the ferns.

Two shoulders of rock almost closed this lumber-road, and she was obliged to dismount and lead the three horses through, single file. As she stood, a moment, to let them drink briefly at the brook, she caught the faint clink of a horseshoe on rock, and turning around, saw Vespasian Chancellor ride up to the forks of the road below, rein in, bend low in his saddle, and peer right and left for further trace of her horses' hoof-marks.

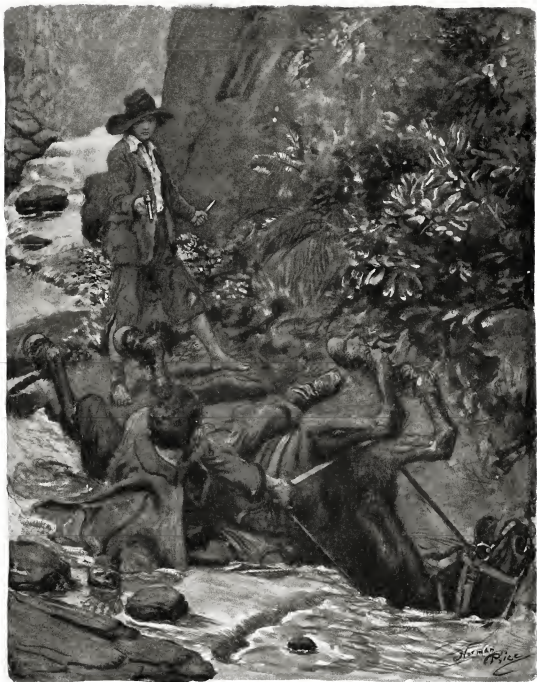
With the chill of death itself in her veins she tremblingly unbuckled the holster flap on Yellow Bob's saddle, pulled from it his heavy cavalry revolver; reloaded and reloaded it; tied the three horses; and, stooping,

crept back to where the hill's massive shoulders narrowed the pass and made of it a rocky gateway thick with ferns and laurel. Into this green, wet ambush she crawled.

She never had killed anybody or any living creature; never had seen anybody die except on the stage. She remembered that Pauline Cushman had showed her how to expire gracefully and effectively in the last act. She recollected that the leading man had instructed her, once, how to load, cap, cock and fire a revolver; and she

Operator 13 rode for her very life.





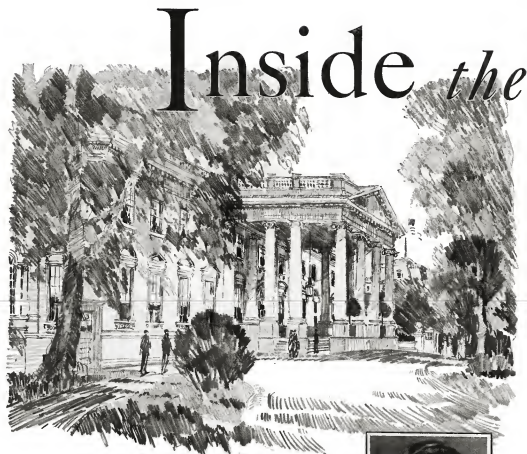
Operator 13 found the chief of Confederate spies pinned under his dead horse. "Don't move a finger or I'll have to kill you, too!" she said harshly.

cautiously cocked the heavy weapon in her hand and leveled it through the laurel.

The chief of Confederate spies had walked his panting horse a little way along the southern branch of the wood-road, still leaning low in his saddle and scanning the soft, moist soil. Evidently discovering no imprint of horses' hoofs he straightened up, turned his

horse, and looked up at the rocky trail above. And saw the girl close to him, aiming her pistol.

At the same instant there came a loud explosion; his horse reeled and fell, shot dead through the head, carrying his rider crashing down among the bushes into the brook below. And here, where the big, bony horse had rolled and lay (Continued on page 139)



What really happens behind the doors of the nation's First Home? With dramatic sincerity, the woman who stood closest to the Presidential family now gives her story of the days when Calvin Coolidge, like Lincoln before him, was torn between grief for his son and the demands of his position as President



Rose E. Coolidge

WHEN CALVIN COOLIDGE was thrust into the Presidency in the summer of 1923, the political skies were menacing, and early that autumn the Oil Scandal broke. During the sensational investigation which followed the President faced the onslaught of criticism with courage and dignity, but Miss Randolph observed that he aged visibly in this trying time. In June, 1924, however, the Nation showed its deep confidence in Mr. Coolidge by nominating him with an overwhelming plurality. Then followed a happy time, with John and Calvin Junior at home for the summer vacation. But at this moment when the sky seemed crystal-clear a great shadow swept silently and unobserved toward the White House.

THERE IS ALWAYS drama at the White House and what made life so intensely dramatic was the sheer immobility of the quiet central figure of the President. And although for him the scene was always shifting, changing, there was yet a surprising sameness about the happenings of every day. Just as in a kaleidoscope the colors may fall into

different patterns but themselves remain the same, so it is with the pattern of life at the White House. And whatever happens there brings forth a flood of comment, caustic or commendatory.

As soon as President Coolidge and General Dawes had been nominated we were overwhelmed with letters; many highly flattering and congratulatory; others expressing disappointment—even displeasure! I still smile over a letter from one person who wrote: "I am a Democrat, but shall vote for Mr. Coolidge, the Presidency having alighted where it has"—as though the Presidency were some sort of bird or butterfly, and the nomination, in the writer's mind, equal to election.

The routine mail was still enormous. Hundreds of letters came from veterans of the Great War about claims and insurance; pleas from citizens of other countries: "Mrs. Coolidge; my relatives are in America. The quota from my country is filled. Please ask the President to let me come in."



Calvin Junior with his father, mother and brother, shortly before his tragic death.

Associated Press

by MARY RANDOLPH

Drawings made at the White House

by E. H. Suydam

Desperate letters from mothers whose sons were in Federal prisons for life sentences or condemned to death: "Mrs. Coolidge; you are a mother. My boy isn't a bad boy. He was influenced by bad companions. Help me!" Letters which wrung my heart and kept me from sleeping at night.

As it is. But the wife of the President is not a government official. She can take no part in official matters. So these letters were acknowledged kindly, and then referred to the Departments under whose jurisdiction they came.

People everywhere wrote to the boys, either simply to receive replies from them or in the

effort to reach the President and Mrs. Coolidge through the medium of their children. And these letters, too, came to my desk.

But the average boy has no time for letters. And our boys were busy enjoying themselves, now that the restraint of school discipline was over for the time being. There were trips on the President's barge, swimming parties, and tennis on the White House court.

One Monday afternoon, John and Calvin played tennis there, and Calvin couldn't find the socks he wanted, and boy-like went without any, wearing his "sneakers" over bare feet—and he (Cont. on page 151)





*Should a man
tell his past
to the woman
he loves?*

by

WARWICK
DEEPIING

Black Sheep, Black Sheep

The Story So Far:

ELSE SUMMERHAYS wondered about the gentle stranger on the hotel balcony next to hers in Rome. Unaware that Mr. Henry Vane bore the stigma of an ex-convict for the murder of his wife's lover during the war, she was puzzled by the abyness with which he invariably spoke to her, and though sensing in him the sympathy of one solitary soul for another, she suspected that he merely felt sorry for her, for he had witnessed her humiliation in the unfamiliar rôle of governess to an incorrigible child. She could not divine that her serious dark eyes had stirred something deeper than pity in that woman who believed that life for him could be only an impersonal affair.

"A woman with eyes like that might understand," thought Vane. "But could she? The crude, violent egotism of such an act!"

The question remained unanswered when a minor accident to Elsie's small charge, Sally Pym, created an opportunity for him to serve the distressed young woman which brought them to a more intimate association. This tentative romance Sally's mother, a brassy woman

"What I'm going to say may hurt you," said Vane;

of the world, did not fail to notice. The fact that Mrs. Pym herself, at the time of the mishap, had been absent on an overnight excursion with her friend, Miss Gasson, and her latest gallant, a Mr. Allabaster, did not deter her from accusing the sensitive Elsie of "gallivanting about with any casual cad."

MRS. PYM managed her "affairs" much as she might have managed a private hotel in the means, but those clawlike hands of hers were apt to intrude themselves into the pocket of pleasure, and what her mouth enjoyed her hands made profitable.

Her school of economies admitted the humanities, and if Adonis came to stay—well, something had to be allowed to the charming youth. But when a man was over forty you had the right to expect some interest on your money. You did not send in an account, but the gentlemanly gesture might be counted on.

Mrs. Pym had hinted to Mr. Allabaster that she was

"that's the tragedy of this business." Elsie began to feel frightened.

temporarily stony, and she had given him neither a stone nor a scorpion. Any man of means and of magnanimity would have offered her at least a loan.

He had not responded. He had screwed that monocle into his eye, and yet it had not focused the suggestion. And Mrs. Pym, while keeping the honey-pot in evidence, had shown a claw.

"That kid's accident has run me a bit short. These doctors! You might lend me a couple of hundred, Monte."

Mr. Allabaster had allowed her to assume that the loan would be forthcoming. He, too, was waiting for a draft. Oh, yes, he might be able to manage it for her.

When anything unpleasant happened to Mrs. Pym she did not transcend the tragedy; or with an air of sweet reasonableness conceal it from the world. She behaved just like her small daughter. She let fly in every direction, and when Miss Gasson, who was resting before a dance at the Excelsior, heard a rataplan on the door and Diana's voice, she sighed.

"Let me in! Something's happened."

Something had happened. Miss Gasson rose and opened the door and allowed the flood to enter.

"Monte's wished on me."

"What!"

"Yes, done a bunk. I went round to the Grand to have tea with him—and when the fellow didn't turn up I got hold of the concierge and told him to send up a page to Monte's room. But madam, Mr. Allabaster has left." "Left!" "Yes, last night, madam." Yes, sneaked off by the night express. No letter; no anything. My dear, I've never been so insulted."

"But he was coming to the Excelsior tonight."

"Just bluff, my dear, just bluff. And I got that new frock for tonight. Oh, I'm fed up with Rome. It's too noisy, too much jazz. I shall go on to Taormina or Palermo. The kid's fit to travel. I feel I want a rest."

Miss Gasson considered the situation. She, too, would not complain of a little solitude, but personally she had not exhausted Rome. She said so.

"I'm not quite through with Rome. Probably, I'll follow you on to Taormina, if I'm feeling like a lemon."

But she was not wholly out of sympathy with Mr. Alabaster, who, at the financial moment, had eluded those predatory hands.

Elsie heard the news: The curtain was to be rung down on Rome. She was sorry. Yes, most certainly she was sorry. Mr. Henry Vane might be queer and elusive, yet she had a feeling that no person she had ever met was more real.

There seemed to be some intense poignancy at the back of him. It was as though he concealed some bright and fatal light, and that on occasions gleams of it escaped. He was cloaked and masked, but not in the part of the villain. She had seen him sitting with a queer compassionate smile on his face while feeding the sparrows in the Borghese Gardens. Her feeling about him was that he went softly through the day as though afraid of hurting people.

Meanwhile, the disappearance of Mr. Alabaster had left Mrs. Pym posing at somebody who was not there; both frock and model were out of fashion for the moment and were removed from the shop window and replaced by a creation that was more domestic and suburban. Mrs. Pym became the mother, and the interlude left Elsie with a little more leisure.

One of these hours of leisure found her in a tram on the way to the Porta San Paolo, and the Protestant Cemetery. Before leaving Rome, she wanted to see Keats's grave and the stone under which Shelley's ashes were buried. The Pyramid of Cestus thrust a gray wedge into the sky, and the cypresses of the cemetery were like dark cloaked figures, mute and motionless. She entered, and was wandering round the paths between the graves when she met Vane.

He came upon her suddenly from behind a group of cypresses, and they stood still and stared at each other with an unsmiling seriousness. Vane's hand went to his hat. And suddenly she had a feeling that he was afraid of her.

But how strange! She said, "I've come to see Keats's grave. Perhaps you can tell me where it is?"

Yes, he could tell her, and then he hesitated, and with an uneasy glance at her, suggested that he show her the way.

"It is quite near, over by the moat." When they reached the grave he stood looking at her with that same air of hesitation. "Perhaps you would like to be alone?"

Her glance was more certain than his. "No. I don't want to drive you away. Didn't Shelley write something about this place?"

Vane had the eternal Baedeker in his pocket. He produced it and turned the pages. "Yes. Here it is. 'It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'"

Elsie was looking at the stone. Poor Keats, smothered in his spring, and lying with those wistful words carved above his head! She was aware that Vane put the book away, and stood looking as tall and detached as one of the cypresses.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

She repeated the words, and though dropping nine precious stones into her palm while she reflected on them. "That seems the saddest thing of all, that he shouldn't have known."



Decorations by J. R. Flanagan

"Some people expect too much."

Her eyes observed him. "Just how?"

"Well, most of us have our names writ in water. We make no moan about it. Why should we? The obscure, the unimportant. Think of the unknown dead in the war."

Her eyes grew poignant. "Were you in the war?" He nodded. "Yes, a part of it," and he seemed to flinch.

She wondered. She remembered Shelley's poem about the sensitive plant that closed its petals when touched. But could a man be so vulnerable, and if so—why?

She became gently careful. "It is a sweet place. Where is Shelley?"

He showed her Shelley's grave, but with the air of a man who is consumed by some secret restlessness. She did not linger, and they went back in the tram together. It was even noisier than most trams, but she managed to tell him that Mrs. Pym was leaving Rome.

He looked startled. "Oh! Going back to England?"

"No. To Taormina."

He sat with his hands resting on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the handle of a Roman woman's basket. "Beautiful place, I believe. When are you going?"

"On Tuesday."

"I hope you'll enjoy it."

But she did not enjoy it. The Hotel San Niccolo had recently been rejuvenated. Like

"Where have you been?" screamed Mrs. Pym. "Don't stand there gaping." Elsie's lips became tremulous in a very white face. She dared to ask a question. What had caused all this catastrophic haste?

Moreover, the feud between mother and daughter had become open and unrestrained. Sally was in one of her impossible phases, and very active after a period of quiescence.

Then there were the turgidities of Mr. Dashwood. He was bald, and he had an artificial set of teeth; he smiled much and had an invalid wife who spent a great part of life in bed. His skin was somehow suggestive of brown bread. He danced, he bathed, he played tennis, and that highly artificial smile glinted in the Sicilian sunlight.

Imperceptibly Taormina became impregnated with Dashwood, or "Mr. Damgood" as Sally christened him, and Elsie was troubled. The atmosphere of the San Niccolo became cur-reptitious. She found this bald-headed merchant wlaying her in all sorts of places, and the glisten of his amatory smile waiting for her around corners.

And Taormina was beautiful. It was all the more beautiful to Elsie because it had followed after Rome, and she was brought with her to this Sicilian town a little bittersweet but still might have opened in the sun. She wanted to be alone, and living in the Hotel San Niccolo was like camping in a railway station

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

some sedulous worlding, it had gone into retreat to have its countenance railed, and had emerged monkey-ishly young and somehow horrible. Elsie had a wretched little room that looked out on a yard, and below her were the kitchen quarters, odors and much noise.

On the third day someone opened her trunk and stole from it all her ready cash, two hundred and thirty-three lire. She appealed to Mrs. Pym, and Mrs. Pym complained to the management. The management shrugged its shoulders.

"Valuables should be deposited with us."

Mrs. Pym agreed with the management, and placing some of her jewelry in the hotel safe, hinted broadly to Elsie that she was a fool.

that had been given over to musical comedy. Her mood was far solitary.

If the Hotel San Niccolo assured Elsie that life was a silly, flashy affair, and that a young woman should seize her opportunities and demand her ten percent, the soul of Elsie protested. No, life was not like that. There were things that mattered: loyalties; the bloom on the fruit; your sense of wonder; your craving to love and be loved. Besides, there was such a thing as beautiful behavior, and a fastidiousness that transcended Rome in its cult of the bath.

Elsie believed in God. There had been occasions when Elsie and her mother had debated the problem of God, and Mrs. Summerhays, (Continued on page 98)

by
FANNIE
FOX

Honey

FRED CAPPER yawned long and noisily at exactly seven. At seven-two, he peered at his watch on the bedside table. A second yawn ended in an "A-h-h-h-h" so loudly prolonged that Vera, feigning sleep in the other bed, was rigid with exasperation. Fred, up now, let the window shade fly high with a rasp, felt about on the floor for his slippers and shuffled off to the bathroom.

Vera opened her eyes and stretched. Raising her head, she shook it to see if last night's headache was still there. She hadn't worn her glasses at the movie and Fred had to go and yell out, "Where's your glasses, honey?" right across young Schwartz, next to her. She closed her eyes and just touched the edge of sleep again.

The bathroom door opened a crack. "Quarter past seven, honey." Without answering, Vera sat up in bed, seeing herself in the mirror of the closet door across the small room. The imperfect glass blurred the reflection so that the soft puffs, the crisscross of lines about the large eyes, the deep vertical crease between them, the sag down on each side of the full mouth, the extra fold beneath the chin, were not there. She turned her head, lifted her chin and then looked at herself again, from the corner of her eyes, shrugging the rayon nightdress, trimmed with inserted squares of imitation Alençon lace, a bit more off one shoulder.

At another call, "Vera! R'yup?" from the bathroom, she swung heavy legs over the side of her bed and pulled the nightdress off over her head. "Yes-yes. For heaven's sake, stop yelling like that this time of morning. You make me tired." In the next three minutes she had rolled on stockings, toed into frayed black satin slippers, snapped on green bloomers and a pink brassiere.

Fred, fresh and smiling from his shower, tried to kiss her cheek as she shouldered past him into the bathroom. "Headache gone, honey?" he called after her.

"Yes, I suppose so," through the rush of cold water dashed on face and throat.

"Well"—starting to tie a neat shoe—"you ought to

Vera had entirely abandoned the rôle of young matron playing her daily round. She was frankly a tired, sick and bored forty-six.



know, honey, whether your headache is gone or not."

From the bathroom: "How can a person tell how they feel at this ungody hour? You—oh, what's the use?" And Vera closed the door.

When she came out, Fred had not yet tied the other shoe. "Now listen, honey," he began, "you know this is

The story of a woman who was looking for a cure for middle age . . . and who found it



Illustration by
Marshall Frantz

the time I always get up and if you don't want to fix my breakfast, why, I can—"

"Ye-e-s, you would. I'd never hear the end of it. And what does it get you, I'd like to know! Other men, who earn a darn sight more than you ever—"

Fred put up a hand, palm out, wearily. "Please. Please cut it out. I'm darn lucky to have any kind of a job to get up for, right now." The palm came down with a wave of impatience. "Nag. Nag. Nag. It makes a man wish he was dead."

Vera, buttoning a fresh smock, muttered, "Maybe you're not the only one." Fred, selecting a shirt from a drawer, may not have heard.

Vera went through the box of a hall and into the little green-and-white kitchenette. She put on the coffee, cut two even squares of butter, squeezed an orange, laid out plates, placed two slices of bacon in a pan and three slices of rye bread on the toaster. In the adjoining dinette, she undressed the small flower-painted table, which stood there in its fatigue uniform of lace runner and green glass bowl filled with muslin flowers. A sauce dish of stewed rhubarb at Fred's place on the scalloped oilcloth cover. The orange juice for her.

Back to turn the bacon and toast. A jingle of bottles, for which she had been listening, and a clatter upon the back stairs. Vera ran the few feet to the kitchen door, pulling her hair forward around her eyes and giving each cheek a quick pinch as she went. She threw the

door open and then, carelessly, sauntered out upon the railed porch.

"Oh!" Her hand flew to her breast and she widened her eyes. "How you scared me! I was just coming out to mark for the milk. I just remembered that I forgot to mark for the milk."

The handsome, brown boy, breathing rapidly from his dash up the stairs, ran an impatient hand through his rough, sun-bleached hair. "What'll it be this morning, Miz Capper?"

She stretched out a coquettish hand. "Just to show you my heart's in the right place, I'll take some cream." The boy, with his tray of bottles, ran down the stairs. At the second landing, Vera called down archly, "Be good, now."

His smiling young face looked up at her. "Sure thing." She leaned both arms on the rail and watched him as

he ran, bottles rattling, until he disappeared in the next maze of porches.

Humming, she went in, to find Fred finished with the rhubarb and looking at his watch. She hurriedly fried an egg and brought it in with the bacon and toast. She poured the coffee and sat down.

He pushed the cream and sugar toward her. "You're not eating anything, honey. Have a piece of my bacon."

"I'd of fixed some for myself if I'd of wanted any. It wouldn't hurt you not to eat so much yourself."

"Now what's the matter?"

"Look where your belt is. Terrible."

Fred glared mildly over his coffee cup. "Say, if it comes to that, if you'd eat a little more, you wouldn't be so on edge and ready to find fault with everybody else. Suppose you do get fat? Who cares? Say," with a shrug, "you're no spring chicken any more, you know."

VERA ROSE furiously. "Oh, is that so, Mr. Capper? Is that so? Well, it's a good thing that you're the only one that thinks so. Why, no one believes me when I say I'm forty-two."

"Forty-six, honey."

She came nearer and hit the table with an angry hand. "And suppose I am. What then? You're just mad because I look like I could be your daughter."

Fred smiled broadly behind the paper. "Honey—"

"Fred Capper, you put down that paper and you listen to me now." Her voice rose. "I can't stand it. Now you listen to me, Fred Capper."

Fred lowered his paper and peered gravely at her over his glasses.

"Fred, you know as well as I do how the doctor said I was so nervous and all; how I should have recreation and—"

"Recreation, hell!"

"Don't you talk to me like that, Fred Capper!" Her voice rose high. "What do (Continued on page 147)"

RED into Green



"I'm so sorry about your slippers," observed Convict 8872, still covering Pete. "I hope the snow won't spoil them." "But it will," Silver moaned. "Couldn't you drop me where I'm going?"

EVERYTHING THAT happened that February night after Convict 8872 shot his way to freedom from the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Edgewater—a bit of base ingratitude, that, inasmuch as he had been almost royally treated there—may seem inexplicable to some people. But not to anyone at all well acquainted with Silver White, who was to add feminine interest, to say the least, to the story of his flight.

The newspaper reporters who covered the story weren't well acquainted with Silver—they merely wished they were. They did their best, however, to make what happened clear. Or highly interesting, anyway. Under such intriguing headlines as:

MILLIONAIRE KILLER ESCAPES KIDNAPS SOCIALIST BEAUTY

Of course, those who did know Silver immediately demanded when and how she had got in the Social Register. Also, some of her best friends—feminine—lifted their eyebrows at the suggestion that she was a beauty. Nevertheless, it all made one grand story. The sort that makes any woman, gulping it down with her breakfast coffee, feel thrills along her spine. And say to her husband, if any, "I should think she would have died!" They didn't know Silver.

To begin with, Silver had been christened Sylvia, but even her mother no longer called her that. Silver

was what remained of Quicksilver, which was what her grandfather had rechristened her when she was three. She had always been that sort of girl.

Also, she was, at twenty plus three, the sort of girl who, abruptly aware of a revolver being flourished in the vicinity of her impudent nose, would neither scream nor faint. What she might do would depend on the inspiration of the moment, and that was something she never sought for vainly. It just came.

The newspaper stories described her as terrified, but she wasn't. Not at the beginning. For he—Convict 8872—presented, despite prison pallor and prison attire, a definite appeal to any feminine eye.

Also he had a nice voice and charming manners. "I'm so sorry about your slippers," he had observed to Silver. "I hope the snow won't spoil them."



Illustrations by
Jules Gotlieb

The slippers were a part of Silver's costume, the costume the newspapers featured so heavily, giving the impression that it consisted mostly of red silk tights. Naturally, there was more to it than that—but not an awful lot more. A fluff of a skirt and a bodice that revealed most of Silver's back.

Silver's mother had gasped when she saw it.

"Thanks for the reaction," Silver replied serenely. "I'd hoped that this would be a knock-out." "Where did you get it?" her

A girl can expect anything when she goes to a masquerade . . . well, nearly anything . . . except what happened to Silver

by ROYAL
BROWN

mother demanded, looking adequately knocked out.

"One of the girls in the office," Silver explained. "She wore it to a New Year's Eve party and never got so much attention in her life."

"I should think she would," her mother commented. "You don't mean to say you're going to wear that to the Maxwells?"

The Maxwells were newcomers to the little town from which Silver and her father commuted to business. Mr. Maxwell did not commute. He was a retired business man, from New York. He and his wife and their twenty-year-old

daughter lived in a charming old house they had just bought and remodeled at a cost of something more than fifty thousand dollars, and on this, the eve of Lincoln's Birthday, they were giving a combination housewarming and masquerade.

The town wondered why a masquerade should be combined with a housewarming but Silver didn't.

"I don't trust that Maxwell girl," she had informed her mother. "I'll bet she has some costume she likes herself in up her sleeve—or one she could put up her sleeve."

Silver didn't know what her own costume was supposed to represent. "One of Satan's girl friends, perhaps," she suggested. It didn't matter. She liked herself in it, even if her mother didn't. And before her mother could really get going the front doorbell rang.

"That's Pete," Silver said, snatching up a long fur-trimmed cloth coat and the hat she wore to business every day.

Pete's car was a roadster; Silver opened the front door to find him in a conical coat that went with it. Pete was six feet tall and a yard wide at the shoulders. He had been a third-string end at Harvard three years ago. Now he sold insurance. He irritated Silver at odd moments, but just the same he was the sort of man a wise girl will keep attached, if only as a spare.

"Miracles will never cease," he greeted her genially. "I thought I'd have to wait at least half an hour."

Silver wrinkled her impudent nose. "Old stuff!" she commented disdainfully. "Everybody knows it really takes a man three times as long to dress as it does a woman."

"Wrong again," Pete informed her. "I came out on the seven-fifty-three—a big day in insurance circles; the boy wonder made good again—and here I am. All washed behind the ears and—"

"And not quite dry—as usual," Silver put in, as they boarded the roadster.

Pete grinned amiably as he started the engine. "Let's be friends, since we can be nothing more," he suggested. "What have you got on under that coat?"

"Oh, just a little thing I could slip into quickly," Silver told him demurely. "What are you wearing?"

"Well, I had hoped to go as Romeo, but I've been busy—a man of large affairs, you know. And as I already had that costume the Class of 1929 returned to their reunion in, last June—"

"Not that awful convict rig!" she protested.

"Why not? It's just a little thing I could slip into quickly."

"I'll say one thing for you. You have no vanity. Or else too much," she added, as an afterthought.

"Your first impression was right for once," said Pete, unperturbed.

They were approaching a four corners. The night was clear and frosty. To the right of the roadster evergreens made a purple blotch against the slight snowfall. A roadside stand to the left and a little real estate office diagonally across from it were both darkened; ahead shone the red lens of a traffic light, vivid as a planet.

The roadster slackened pace. Silver slanted her eyes up toward Pete. "Will you tell me what you are stopping for?" she demanded.

Pete glanced at her. "I had an idea that that was what the red light meant," he commented mildly.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "There isn't a soul in sight."

"There may not be a soul, but I wouldn't gamble a motor-cycle cop without a soul isn't concealed somewhere about," he replied. "You, of course, might explain that you were color-blind and get away with it. I'd be handicapped, though; he'd expect me to have some sense."

The roadster crawled to a full stop and Silver felt a familiar surge of irritation. Law and order—that was Pete all over.

And also the out with Pete. He would always do the right and reasonable thing. He took it for granted that a sign that said "No Trespassing" meant just that—and also him, whereas Silver's idea was always that it meant somebody else. That attitude had made for friction between them, for as everybody knows—or at least as Silver knew—the wrong and unreasonable thing is apt to be far more interesting.

They might have fought

violently long since but for the fact that Pete refused to fight. He just grinned. "Sure—that's me all over," he'd admit cheerfully. "When adventure calls, I'm under the bed."

Silver didn't believe that he really lacked courage. It was just that he was so darned easy. He never took a chance. She had been going around with him, off and on, for three years and he had never actually proposed.

"And that is darned lucky for him!" Silver had assured herself.

Pete might be a wonder in insurance, as her father said, and she did not deny that he came in handy at times. But he certainly wasn't her ideal. He annoyed her. Particularly tonight. Sitting there with his hands on the wheel, waiting for the light to change. He—

Silver jumped. A voice broke the frosty silence, startling her far more than did the revolver her eyes became conscious of. "Sorry, but I shall have to ask you both to raise your hands, if you please," the mocking, almost gay voice was saying.

It was, of course, Convict 8872. Silver realized that, even if she had yet to get his number. His costume spoke for itself. But:

"One of your classmates?" she murmured to Pete.

Pete did not reply. His hands, Silver saw with scorn, were already up. Just for that she thrust her own farther into her pockets and turned her eyes back to Convict 8872.

"You don't mean me, do you?" she asked. "Hain't he got his hands up enough for both of us?"

"Don't be a fool," Pete commanded.

Silver ignored him. She merely smiled her prettiest at Convict 8872—and discovered that it wasn't such an effort. He was very young, and in spite of his costume, really awfully attractive. And although none of this would have carried weight with a criminologist, particularly one who had studied his record, it did give Silver added assurance.

"My hands are cold," she added. "If I put them up they'd simply freeze!"

Convict 8872 grinned. "Let me have one of them for a moment," he capitulated, "that I may help you out."

Silver started to say that she preferred to stay where she was. But it did occur to her that that might be tempting fate too far.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, stepping out. He gave her hand a swift little squeeze, turned his attention back (Cont. on page 108)



"Pete!" Silver exclaimed. "He's wounded." She managed to unlock the door, and a mob streamed in.



Halloween



Earl W. Mauck Esq.,
Editor the Tribune, Gallipolis, Ohio.
My dear Squire:

I am scribbling this on the back of a *carte du jour* of the *Closerie des Lilas*—one of Oscar Wilde's treasured haunts. It is one of those rare autumnal evenings with a teasing of October in the air. No other place can darken into twilight so beautifully.

The sky beyond *Sacré-Cœur* takes on the deep blue of the familiar *Seltzer* bottles dotting the *terrasse* tables all about me. *Montparnasse* in all its picturesque patterns of queer miscellany drifts lazily by. I think it was not only the exquisite beauty of the evening but an absurd incident that has made me a bit homesick.

Some Latin Quarter students are on one of their customary rampages, marching, shouting, with their pants rolled to knees and their coats worn inside out. They have passed by twice and upon the third trip are carrying with them a medieval chalet which they doubtless filched from some near-by suburbia.

His leather-binged door, latticed with a familiar crescent, flops dispiritedly. A black-aproned *sommelier* tells me they will take it to Boulevard Raspail, make a bonfire and dance about it until it is in ashes. It is merely an old student gesture.

Yet to me, somehow, it was a symbol of the Halloween you and I used to know. Do you remember how we used to topple them over? They do not make much of Halloween any more, square.

You, of course, remember the boyish zeal of our Halloweeners. Who could forget them? *Maybelle* sits here beside me and I was telling her of the time you, *Vernie Boyne*, *Sanna*, *Helmer*, *Maxon* and others carried Mr. *Coverston's* little shoe-repairing shop and put it in Doctor *Cromley's* yard, a half block away.

All the time the good old German cobbler slept soundly. Imagine his waking and walking to his front door and finding his world entirely changed!

I belonged to the younger crowd. You know, "the

Paris

Tuxedos," hot zig-zag! We started out merely moving front steps and worked up to trundling cabined *particuliers*. But we became very expert.

It was Bill Geppert—like you and me he disgraced the folk by becoming a newspaperman—who incubated the idea for installing the *Alshires' cow* in the *Gallia Academy* cupola.

That, I submit, took a flame of imagination. That it was not successful was due not to our lack of ingenuity but to a faulty bit of workmanship in the hastily constructed derrick. After all, none of us was a rigger.

Bill and Henry Brosius kidnaped the cow, actually led it up the two flights of steps leading to the bell tower, but in hoisting it from the top landing over a railing into the cupola proper something happened. I was on guard at the door.

I recall the fearful crash and a series of doleful moos as I lit a shuck for home. I know that Constable *Jack Dufour* called professionally on grandma the next day. Henry Brosius was sent to visit a relative up the hollow at Big Creek and Bill Geppert started regular attendance at Sunday school. That's how scared he was.

When the fodder's
in the shock—
and the cow is
in the cupola!

by O. O. McINTYRE

Illustrations by Edwin



Of course, ringing doorbells and installing window ticktacks was a part of Halloween. But that was for sissies and milkpops or the girls. Imagine yanking a pull-bell and scurrying away—oh, dear, dear!

When we rang a doorbell and ran there was something doing. I am thinking particularly of the time we rigged up a tin tub of water over Mr. *Lise Bosket's* door. The bell was pulled and Mr. *Bosket* in an old-fashioned nightshirt came downstairs holding a coal-oil lamp. He opened the door, there was a swish, the light went out and Mr. *Bosket* yelled so you could hear him clear to Rodney: "God-damn, Alice, they got me!"

He told somebody afterward that he thought burglars not only shot him but threw him in the creek. I think the most tormented soul in our town, however, was Sam Lee, the Chinese laundryman. I mean the Sam Lee of our day. I suppose there have been twelve Sam Lees in our lifetime. It was easier and cheaper to change the name than the printed sign.

Anyway, Sam was shamefully treated. All day long dead rats were tossed through his open door. And when night came on every torture *Boydville* could think up was inflicted. Sam would shirt-tail it through the streets after us clapping a butcher knife and I do not think he would have hesitated to use it. But those hazards were a part of our Halloween.

I do not know why I ramble along like a garrulous antiquarian about Halloween. But in retrospect it seemed such a pronounced part of youth—the innocent, votive, a tender footprint, as it were.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Do you remember the wires we used to stretch across the sidewalk, from trees to doortops? That was pretty mean. It might have crippled some old lady or old gentleman but there's a Providence looking after such fools as you and I.

Our catches were usually *Gusie Van Hoff*, the durn dude, or *Millicent Cliff*, who lived across the railroad tracks and went switching to the post office four or five times a day—past the hotel. And do you remember how *Millicent's* mother was always telling about the silver dollars her daughter found?

Anyway, I've had a good time writing this, piling up a few saucers—for *chocolat chaud* only, remember—and recalling those halcyon days when our world was so exquisitely juvenile.

I don't know what they do in Paris on Halloween but I know what would happen if our gang was here. I'm not sure either it would be possible to topple over the Eiffel Tower and run like everything. But it is a gorgeous idea and how our gang would go for it! After all, didn't we hang Ed *Wondendorf's* farm wagon from the second floor of *Korr's* hardware store? Nobody in town could understand the next day how it was done. But there it dangled and it took *Bob Ladey* and a crew of six men the entire forenoon to get it down.

Maybe it was the witches! Aren't they supposed to gallivant around on broomsticks on Halloween? May I add that at an adjoining table sits a Frenchman in high heels, sporting a spade-shaped beard and a silk hat that glitters like *Shirley Bell's* gold tooth?

I was just thinking what fun it would be to have a wire stretched across in the dusk of Boulevard du *Montparnasse*, when he settles *Faddition* and swings mincingly down the thoroughfare.

But then it isn't Halloween and maybe they don't do such terrible things in France. And don't forget about the Eiffel Tower! That should be given serious consideration by the old-timers. What a plot it would make falling into Mrs. *Trocadero's* back yard some after-midnight!

It's been a lot of fun reminiscing. I'm popping down to Venice and back to London shortly. And squire, what a fellow could do in London in a pea-soup fog, some Halloween! My best love to Edna and a swift postern kick for Harry Madam.

Votre!
O. O. M.

P. S.—The more I think of that Eiffel Tower idea the more I run a fever.

ons

by PEARL S.
BUCK

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

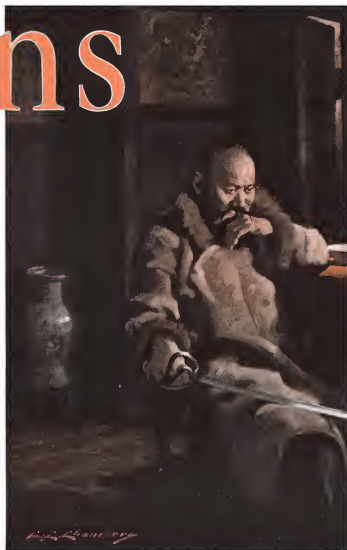
IN THE fourteenth year of his son's age, there fell a heavy famine upon every part of Wang the Tiger's region, and it spread from one part to another like a dire disease.

It came about that the rains of spring fell in their season but when the time came for their cessation, the skies rained on, and the rains held day after day and week after week, and even into the summer they held, so that the rising wheat moldered in the fields and sank into the water. The small river, too, which was by nature but a placid stream, went roaring along swollen and furious, and it tore at its clay banks and overran them and rushed against inner dikes and burst them apart.

As for the people, they lived in their homes at first, building up their tables and beds upon boards out of the water. But as the waters rose to the roofs of their houses and the earthen walls crumbled, they lived in boats and in tubs and they clung to such dikes and mounds as still stood above the water, or they climbed into trees.

Nor did people so only, but wild beasts and the snakes of the fields also, and these snakes swarmed up the trees and hung festooned upon the branches and they lost their fear of men and came creeping and crawling to live among them, so that men did not know which was the greater terror—terror of water or terror of the crawling snakes. But as the days went on and the water did not fall, there was yet another terror and it was the terror of starvation.

Here was a sore thing for Wang the Tiger to bear, and one that he had not known before. He was worse off than many another man, too, because where other men have but their own families to feed, here was he with a vast horde dependent on him and they all ignorant men, content only if they were well fed and well paid.



With superb mastery, Mrs. Buck here in a novel that is the literary sensation of

From one place and another in Wang the Tiger's territories the revenues ceased to come in fully, and as the waters stayed through the summer when the autumn came there was no harvest, and by the winter of that year there were no revenues. Even the salt revenues ceased, for the waters washed away the salt wells, and the potters made no more wine jars, since that year no new wine was brewed.

Now Wang the Tiger was in great distress, for in the last month of that year he could not pay his men and he knew he must save himself by harshness alone. He called his captains to him, therefore, and he shouted at them as though he were angry with them:

"All these months you men of mine have been fed while others starved and you have had wage as well



concludes the adventures of Wang the Tiger, this year, as "The Good Earth" was of 1931

Now your wage must be food only, for my silver is gone, and no revenues will come until these times are over. No, and in a month or so, I shall have no silver left even to feed you and I must borrow a vast sum from somewhere if you are not to starve, and if I and my son are not to starve with you."

Now as he spoke thus Wang the Tiger glared at his men from under his brows, but secretly he looked to see what his captains did. There were mutinous faces among them and when they had gone out in silence one of his spies came back to tell him:

"They say they will fight no war until their dues are given them."

When he heard his spy whisper this, Wang the Tiger sat gloomy for a while in his hall, and he thought how

cease. Everywhere in that region the waters lay and men starved, and since there was no dry land in which to bury them, their bodies were cast out upon the water and floated there. There were many bodies of children, because men grew desperate at the unceasing wail of hungry children, and in despair laid their children into the water out of pity for them.

By the new year, and none remembered it was a festival, Wang the Tiger gave his men but half their usual food, and he himself ate no meat, only grain gruel and such poor stuffs. One day as he sat in his own room wondering that his good destiny was in this abeyance, there came a man out of his guard who stood day and night about his door, and the man said:

"There are six men to see you who come from your

The young man spoke with bitterness: "I knew you would want to kill me—it is your old and only remedy. Kill me, then."

he had fed his men as usual during all those hungry months when the people starved and died, and yet they did not love him the better. Once or twice he had said to himself that he might even take some of that private store of silver which he kept lest he be put to it hard in some retreat, but now he swore his men might starve and he would not rob himself and his son for them.

Still the famine did not cease. Everywhere in that region the waters lay and men starved, and since there was no dry land in which to bury them, their bodies were cast out upon the water and floated there. There were many bodies of children, because men grew desperate at the unceasing wail of hungry children, and in despair laid their children into the water out of pity for them.

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"There are six men to see you who come from your

There are six men to see you who come from your

own army and stand for all the others. They have something to say."

Then Wang the Tiger looked up sharply and he asked, "Are they armed?"

To this the guard replied, "I do not see any arms on them, but who can know the heart of any man?"

Now Wang the Tiger's son sat in the room at a desk, his head bent over a book, and Wang the Tiger looked at him, thinking to send him away. And the lad rose at that instant and made as though to go. But when Wang the Tiger saw him so willing, his heart hardened and he thought that his son must learn how to deal with men who were rebellious or savage, and so he cried out, "Stay!"

Then Wang the Tiger turned to the guardsman and he said, "Call the whole guard to come in and stand about me, and let them bring their guns, and call the six men in!"

Then Wang the Tiger sat in an old armchair which had once been the magistrate's own chair, and his guard came in and stood to right and to left of him. The six men came in and they were young men, hardy and easily moved and daring as young men are. They came in courteously when they saw their general sitting there with his guards about him and the points of the guns glittering about his head, and the one who had been chosen to speak made his proper obeisance and he said:

Most Magistrate, we have been chosen by our comrades to come and ask for a little more food. Indeed, we are not fed. We do not say anything of wage now, seeing the times are so hard, but we are not fed, and day by day we grow weaker, and we are soldiers and our whole trade stock is in these bodies of ours. We have but a poor loaf of bread a day. For this we come to you, to put the matter before your justice.

Now Wang the Tiger knew what ignorant men are and he knew that they must be kept frightened or they will not obey their leader. Therefore he coaxed his anger to rise in his breast. He thought of all his kindness to his men: how he had not used them hard to war, and how he had always paid them well and seen them well clothed, and as he thought of this he felt his anger rise in him that these men of his could not bear hardship with him when it was no fault of his own, and he roared out:

"Do you come here to pull the tiger's whiskers? Shall I let you starve? Have I ever let you starve? I have my plans made ready and food is due at any hour from foreign lands. But no, you are rebels—you would not trust me!" And he gathered up all his anger and he shouted to his guards, "Kill me these six rebels!"

Then the six young men fell on their faces to beg for their lives but Wang the Tiger did not dare to spare them. No, for the sake of his son and himself and his household, and for the people of that countryside whom his men might maraud if he lost his command over them, he dared not spare these six, and so he shouted, "Shoot, you men, to right and left!"

Then the guardsman saw the signal, and the air was filled with roar and smoke, and when the smoke lifted, the six men lay dead.

And Wang the Tiger rose at once, and he commanded, "Take them back now to those who sent them, and tell them it is my answer!"

But before the guards could stoop to lift the bodies of the young men a strange thing happened. Wang the Tiger's son rushed forward in the wildest distraction, and he went from one to the other of the young men, kissed them, and said, "I am glad you are dead, and he cried out to his father, not knowing what he did:

"You have killed them! They are every one dead! This I knew, and I am glad!"

And he fixed such despairing eyes upon his father that Wang the Tiger was suddenly afraid because of the look in his son's eyes and he said to justify himself:

"I was compelled to do it or they might have led the others and risen against me and so killed us all."

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Pear Blossom was well known by now for her pips, and many came to drink out of their little boats and tubs, and she fed them.

his son to make him forget. Yes, he would buy him a foreign watch or a new gun or some such thing, and so win the boy back to him. Thus Wang the Tiger hastened himself and thus he comforted himself, also.

Nevertheless, the coming of those six men out of the army did show Wang the Tiger to what dire straits the times had brought him, for he saw that he must find food if he was to hold his army true. He had said falsely that he had already found food for them from foreign parts, but now he knew he must go out somewhere and find such food. Then once more he thought of his brother Wang the Merchant, and he told himself

that in such an hour brothers must stand together, and he would go and see what help he could secure.

He sent out the word, therefore, among his men that he went to find food and silver for them, and he chose a good guard and put them over his house and he commanded his own guard to prepare for the journey, and on a day he had set he called for boats to be brought and with his son and his soldiers and their horses all in these boats, they prepared to ferry across the waters to those parts of the road where the dikes still held, and there they would mount their horses again and ride to the town where Wang the Tiger's brothers lived.

Upon those narrow dikes their horses took their pace slowly, for the water spread in a sea on either side and the dikes were crowded with huddled people. And not people only, but rats and serpents and wild things struggled to share that space with the people.

Through these Wang the Tiger marched and he had need of his armed guard and of his guns, for these people would have fallen upon him otherwise. As it

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was, here and there often a man rose, or a woman, and twined about his horse's legs in silence and despair, yet with a faint last hope. And Wang the Tiger was gentle enough in heart with them, and he would not trample them down. No, he waited until guardsmen came and took the wretched creatures away.

All the way the lad rode beside his father, and not one word did he say, nor did Wang the Tiger speak to him, since there was the coldness of the six dead men between them. And Wang the Tiger feared to ask his son anything. But the lad's face was bowed except sometimes when he stole a look at the starving people, and such a look of horror came into his face that Wang the Tiger could not bear it and he said at last:

"These be very common folk and they are used to this once in a few years or so, and there are tens of thousands of them and the ones that die are not missed in a handful of years. They spring up like new rice."

THEN THE BOY said suddenly, and his voice was changing now like a fledgling bird's and it came out in a squeak because he was so charged with his feeling, "Yet I suppose it is as hard for them to die as though they were governors and men like us." And as he spoke he tried to fix his mouth hard and firm, but his lips quivered, do what he would.

Now Wang the Tiger would have liked to say some comforting word, but he was astonished at what his son had said, and it had not come to him that these common folk suffered as he might suffer, since men are born as they are born and one may not take the place of any other. And he did not wholly like what his son said, because it was too soft a thing for a lord of war.

So Wang the Tiger could not think of any comforting word, and he said no more than this, "We are all alike under the cruel will of Heaven."

After this Wang the Tiger let his son be; seeing what thoughts he had, Wang the Tiger asked him nothing.

Now Wang the Tiger wished often upon that journey that he could have left his son behind. But the truth was he had not dared to do it, lest there be some among his men who were secretly sullen because of the six dead men. Yet almost as much as he feared death for his son, he feared to take him to his brothers' courts. He feared the softness of the young men there, and he feared the love of money that tradesmen have.

He commanded his son's tutor, therefore, whom he had brought also, and he commanded his trusty hare-lipped man that they were not to leave their young master at all, and besides these he told off ten seasoned old soldiers who were to stay beside his son day and night, and he told his son he must study his books as ever he did at home. But he did not dare to say to him, "My son, you are not to go where there are women."

All these years when Wang the Tiger had his son with him in his own courts, there had been no women there, and the lad knew no woman at all except his mother and his sisters, and of late Wang the Tiger had not let him go alone even on the rare visits of duty he made to his mother, but had sent a guard with him. Thus had Wang the Tiger fortified his son, and he was more jealous for his son than other men are for their women.

Yet in spite of his secret fears, it was a sweet moment for Wang the Tiger when he came riding to his brothers' gates with his son riding beside him. It had pleased some fancy of Wang the Tiger's to have his tailors cut his son's garments exactly like his own, and the lad wore just such a coat of foreign cloth and such gilt buttons and such shoulder pieces of gilt, and a cap like Wang the Tiger's with a sign upon it. Upon the lad's fourteenth birthday, Wang the Tiger had even sent a man into Mongolia and found two horses exactly alike, except that one was a little smaller than the other, and both of them were strong and dark and reddish in color, and so even their horses were alike.

It was music to Wang the Tiger's ears to hear the people on the street cry out, as they stared at the soldiers, "See the old lord of war and the little lord of war, as like as the two front teeth in a man's mouth!"

So they came riding up to the gates of Wang the Landlord, and the lad swung himself down from his

horse as his father did, and clapped his hand to his sword's hilt as his father did, and marched gravely beside his father. As for Wang the Tiger, when he had been received into his brother's house, and when his two brothers and their sons came in to give greeting, Wang the Tiger drank in the looks of admiration they gave his son as a thirsty man drinks down his wine.

In the days thereafter while Wang the Tiger was in that house, he watched his brothers' sons eagerly, hungry to be sure his own son was far better and hungrier to be comforted for his only son. And Wang the Tiger could find much wherewith to comfort himself. The eldest son of Wang the Landlord was now wed, although he had no children yet, and he and his wife lived in the same house with Wang the Landlord and his lady. This eldest son was already somewhat like his father, and his pretty body was coating itself with a soft deep fat. But he had a weary look, too, and it was true he had something to weary him, for his wife would not live pleasantly with his mother, but she was part in her new wisdom and she cried out to her husband when he tried to exhort her:

"What! Am I to be a servant to that old proud woman? Does she not know we young women are free nowadays and we do not serve our mothers-in-law any more?"

Because of such strife the young husband was often weary, nor could he solace himself with his old diversions, for his young wife watched him and would know his every play place, and she was so bold she did not fear to follow him out into the street and cry out that she would go, too, and that nowadays women did not stay locked in the house, and men and women were equal, and with such talk she so diverted the people upon the streets that for shame's sake the young husband gave up his old diversions, for he did believe her bold enough to follow him anywhere.

Once a friend to whom he complained advised him, saying, "Threaten her with a concubine. It is humbling for any woman!"

But when the young man tried this, his wife was not humbled at all, but her eyes flashed and she cried out:

"In times like this we women will not endure such things!"

And before he knew what she did, she sprang at him with her little hands outspread and she clawed him on both cheeks like a small cat, and there were four deep scratches red and bright on his cheeks and it was plain to anyone how he came by them, and he dared not stir out for shame. Nor could he put her to any open shame, for her brother was his friend and her father chief of police and a man with power in the town. Yet in the night he loved her still, for she would curl against him sweetly and be so seeming penitent that he loved her heartily then, and he listened to her talk.

AT SUCH HOURS the burden of all her talk was that he must ask his father for a certain sum of money and they two would go away to some port city on the coast and live there in the new fashion among those of their kind. And she would fling out her pretty arms and hold him and wheedle him, or she would grow angry and weep; in a thousand ways she wearied her husband until at last he gave his promise. But when he had promised and gone to his father, Wang the Landlord said:

"Where shall I find such a sum as you say? I cannot do it." And after a while he added, "A man must bear with women, for the best of them are full of strife and contention. Learned or unlearned they are so, but the learned ones are the worst, for they do not fear anything. Let the women rule the house, I have always said, and I will seek my peace elsewhere. So you must do, also."

But the young wife would not have it settled so easily, and she forced her husband to go again and again to his father, and for the sake of peace Wang the Landlord at last promised he would plan some way, although well he knew the only way he had was to sell the most of what land he still owned. As for the young wife, when she had even the half-promise she prattled

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the modern
TOOTH BRUSH



of her going and talked so constantly of the many ways there are to find pleasure in the coast city that she stirred her husband up to some eagerness to be gone, too.

Now Wang the Landlord's younger son followed in his brother's footsteps, and he was eager in only one thing and it was that he should be given no less than his elder brother had. And in his heart he determined that when his elder brother left home, he would storm to follow after.

But he was wise enough to say nothing of his plan until his brother was gone, and he idled about the house and the town, despising all he had and saw, now that he knew how wonderful a place the coast city was. And he even looked at Wang the Tiger's son as though secretly he belittled him, and Wang the Tiger caught the look and hated the young man for it.

But in the house of Wang the Merchant the young men were outwardly more humble, and when they came home at night from the shops they sat edgewise on their seats and stared at this uncle and at this cousin of theirs. And Wang the Tiger took secret pleasure in the looks these young tradesmen cast at his son and at the gilded sword he wore.

At such times Wang the Tiger rejoiced mightily in his son and forgot the lad had been cold to him. He rejected to see his son rise sharply and make his salute to his father and to his uncle as they came in, and then sit down again in a mannerly way when his elders had taken their places. And Wang the Tiger loved his son exceedingly and he grew merrier than he had ever been in his life when he saw how much taller for his years his son was than these clerks his brother had for sons, and how much harder his son's flesh was, and how straight and true his body was.

During all these days that Wang the Tiger was in the houses of his brothers he guarded his son carefully. When the lad sat beside him at feasts Wang the Tiger himself saw to his son's wine, and when the serving men had poured three times, he would not let them pour again for his son, and when the lads who were his cousins cried out to him to come and play here or there, Wang the Tiger sent his son's tutor and the harelippped trusty man and the ten old soldiers with him. Every night Wang the Tiger made some excuse and he would not be at rest until he had gone himself to his son's room and seen the lad in his own bed and alone except for the guard who watched at the door.

Now in this house of his father where his two brothers still lived so easily and well, it was as though no famine were in the land and as though no waters stood upon harvest fields, and as though none starved anywhere. Yet well enough did his brothers know what went on outside their peaceful home, and when Wang the Tiger had told them his straits and why he was come and when he ended, saying, "It is to your interest to save me from my danger, because my power keeps you safe, too," they knew he spoke the truth.

For there were starving people outside of this city also, and many of them hated the two brothers bitterly. They hated Wang the Landlord because he still owned land and those who worked on it must share with him the bitter labor at all the bitter fruit they wrung from the earth, and to them it seemed, when they had bent over their fields in cold and heat and in rain and sun, that the earth and its fruit belonged to them. It was a sore thing that at harvest time they must give a good half of it to one

who had sat in a town house and waited for it, and that in famine time he must still have his share.

It was true that in these years when Wang the Eldest had been landlord and while he sold the land, too, he was still no easy landlord. No, his hatred of the land vented itself against those people who tilted it for him, and he hated them not only for the land's sake, but because he was often pressed for money for his house's needs and his own needs.

It came to such a pass that when his tenants saw him coming they would turn their faces to the sky and mutter: "It must be we will have rain since the devils are out!" And often they reviled him and said, "You are no good son of your father, for he was a merciful man, and he never pressed us for rent, nor demanded grain in famine years. But you have never suffered and mercy has never been born in your heart!"

SUCH HATRED had there been, and it was manifest in this hard year because in the night when the great gate was locked there were those who came and beat upon that gate, and moaned out, "We are starving and you still have rice to eat and rice to make into wine." And others cried out as they passed the gate, "Oh, that we might kill these rich men and take what they have robbed from us!"

At the first the two brothers paid no heed, but at last they had hired a few soldiers of the town to stand about the gate and keep all off who had no proper business there. And indeed there were many rich men in that town and countryside who were robbed and despoiled as the year grew old, for robbers began to spring up as they do in evil times. Yet the two sons of Wang Lung were safe, because the chief of police and head of the soldiers of the town had married his daughter into that house, and because Wang the Tiger was lord of war near there. And so before that House of Wang the people did not yet dare to do more than moan and curse.

Nor had they come to rob the earthen house which belonged to this family they hated. No, it stood up on its hillock out of the slowly receding waters, and Pear Blossom lived there safely enough through the bitter winter with her two. This was because Pear Blossom was well known by now for her pity, and they knew that she begged for stores out of the House of Wang, and many came to her doors in their little boats and tubs and she fed them.

Once Wang the Merchant had gone to her and said, "In these dangerous times you must come to live in the great house." But Pear Blossom had replied in her tranquil way, "No, I cannot, and I am not afraid, and there are those who depend on me."

But as the winter grew deep and cold she did grow afraid at times, because there were men made desperate by hunger, and they were angry because Pear Blossom still fed the food and the hunchback, and they muttered before her very face, with her gifts in their hands, "Shall those two still be fed when good strong men, who have a whole child or two left, must starve?"

Indeed, such mutterings grew very loud, and Pear Blossom had just begun to wonder if she should not take these two into the town lest they be killed because of what they ate, and she too weak to defend them, when the poor fool, now more than fifty-and-two years of age, and still the same child she ever was, died in the swift way such have of dying. One day she ate and played as ever she

did with her bit of cloth, and she wandered out of the gate into the water without knowing it was water, and Pear Blossom ran after her but the fool was already drenched and shivering with the icy water. From this she took a chill, in spite of every tenderness that Pear Blossom gave her, and in a few hours she was dead.

Then Pear Blossom sent word into the town to Wang the Landlord for the coffin, and since Wang the Tiger was there, the three brothers came together, and Wang the Tiger brought his son, also. They stayed to see this poor thing put into her coffin, and she lay there for the first time cold and grave with a dignity that death alone had given to her.

And Pear Blossom, truly grieving, was somewhat comforted to see how her child looked, and she said in her quiet way, "Death has healed her and made her wise at last. She is like any of us now."

But the brothers had no funeral for her, seeing that she had been, and Wang the Tiger left his son in the earthen house while he went in the boat with his brothers and with Pear Blossom and the tenant's wife and a laboring man to the other highland where the graves of the family were, and there inside the earthen enclosure they buried the fool. When all was finished and they had returned to the earthen house and made ready to go back to the town again, Wang the Tiger looked at Pear Blossom and he said in his calm, cold way:

"What will you do now, lady?"

Then Pear Blossom lowered her face to him, and she said, "I have long said that when this child of mine was gone I would go into the nunnery near here. I have already taken many vows and I shall be happiest there."

Then she turned to Wang the Landlord and said, "You and your lady have already made the plan about this son of yours, and his temple is near mine, and if he is ill, I can go to him. Priests and monks worship together at morning and evening, too, and I can see twice a day, even if we may not speak."

Then the three brothers looked at the hunchbacked lad who hung about Pear Blossom. He was a man now, and she smiled painfully under their looks. Wang the Tiger was touched because his own son stood so tall and strong, and he said kindly, when he saw the sore smile on the hunchback's face:

"I wish you well, poor lad, and if you had been able, I would have taken you gladly as I took your cousin and I would have done as well for you as I have done for him. But as it is, I will add something to your fee in the temple and to yours, too, lady, for money always buys a place, and I dare say it is the same in temples as elsewhere."

But Pear Blossom replied softly, "I will take nothing for myself and need nothing. But for the lad I will take something, for it will help him."

This she said in mild reproach to Wang the Landlord, for the sum he gave when he and the lad's mother decided upon this life for their son was too meager, but if he knew it for a reproach he gave no sign. But Wang the Tiger still gazed at the hunchbacked lad, and he said once more to him:

"And would you still rather go to the temple than to any other place?"

Then the youth took his eyes from his tall cousin at whom he stared avidly, and he looked down the short length of his crooked body, and he said slowly, "Yes, seeing I am as I must be," and he added heavily, "A priest's robe will hide my hump, perhaps."

He turned his eyes once more to his cousin. Then suddenly it seemed he

could not bear to look at him any more, for he turned and limped quickly out of the room.

On that night when Wang the Tiger returned to the house of his brothers, and when he went in to see his son in his bed, he found the lad awake and eager, and he said to his father:

"My father, was that house my grandfather's house, too?"

And Wang the Tiger answered, "Yes, and I lived there as a lad until he founded this house and brought us all here."

Then the boy said with ardor, "I like that house. I would like to live in a house set in fields like that earthen house, very quiet, with trees there and oxen!"

But Wang the Tiger answered with an impatience he could not understand, seeing that, after all, his son had said no harmful thing, "You do not know what you say! I know, for I was there as a lad, it is a hateful, ignorant life, and I longed every hour to be away from it."

But the lad said with a strange stubbornness, "I would like it. I know I would like it!"

These few words his son said ardently, so ardently that Wang the Tiger felt a strange anger and he rose and went away. But his son dreamed that night that the earthen house was his home and that he lived there among the fields.

As for Pear Blossom, she went to that nunnery and the son of Wang the Landlord went to his temple, and the old earthen house stood empty of the three who had lived there these many years. Of the family of Wang Lung no one lived on his land, and there were but the old tenant and his wife, and these two lived on alone. Sometimes the old woman took a wild cabbage or a handful of meal and went to the nunnery to give it to Pear Blossom, because in her years of service she had learned to love the gentle, silent woman.

Yes, even in these hard times the old woman took what little things she had, and once she waited at the gate for Pear Blossom to come out clothed in her gray nun's robes, and she whispered:

"I have a new-laid egg from that one hen I still have, and it is for you!" Then she held out a small egg to Pear Blossom's hand and she coaxed her, whispering, "Eat it, mistress! I swear there be many nuns who would do it, for all their vows, and I have seen many priests eating meat and drinking wine. Stand here where none will see you and eat it fresh. You are so pale!"

BUT PEAR BLOSSOM would not. She pushed the old woman's hands gently away and she said, "No, you must eat it, for you need it more than I, even if I could eat it, for I am well fed enough. But even if I were not fed, I could not eat it because I have taken my vows!"

Yet the old woman would not be satisfied and she forced it upon Pear Blossom, and then hastened into her tub and pushed it away from the door into the water, so that Pear Blossom could not reach it. But Pear Blossom gave the egg away in the next half-hour to a poor starving wretch who crawled out of the water at the temple gate.

It was a mother, and she held a starveling to the shriveled bit of skin that had once been a full round breast, and pointing to it, she begged of Pear Blossom, who came at her feeble call, "Look at these breasts of mine! Once they were round and full and this child was as fat as a god!" and she gazed down at the small dying creature whose lips were still pressed to the empty fountain. Then Pear Blossom gave the egg

to the woman and rejoiced that she had so good a thing to give.

In such ways of peace did Pear Blossom live out her life from that time on, and Wang the Tiger never saw her more.

Now Wang the Merchant was able to help Wang the Tiger in that year of straits if he would, for the truth was he had great stores of grain, and if famine brought poverty to others, to him and others like him it brought greater riches. For, when he saw what the times were to be, he began to hoard vast bins of grains, and even though he sold some from time to time to the rich who were able to buy at the high prices he set upon it, yet he bought also flour and rice from other regions, and his granaries were heaped with food.

He had more silver now than ever he had, for as his grain flowed out to this rich house and to that market, the silver flowed back to him for it, and in this year Wang the Merchant was burdened with his silver and he was put to it to keep it safe. He wanted no more land, and yet in such a time men could offer no other security if they borrowed money except the land they had under the water. He took risks, therefore, at high interest, and he put heavy mortgages upon the harvests of the future, and such mortgages that when the lands had drained themselves once more it seemed that all the harvests of that whole region would pour into the granaries of Wang the Merchant. But not one knew fully how rich he was, for he kept even his own sons pressed for silver and he held them to their clerkships in his shops and markets, so each one looked for the day when his father would be gone and he could leave the shops and the markets and spend something for the play and the good garments which Wang the Merchant would not let him have now. And there were farmers who hated their servitude, too.

But Wang the Merchant was righteous enough in his own eyes, for he told himself and all who came to borrow of him that men must not expect to borrow money or buy grain in times of scarcity at prices no higher than usual, else what profit can there be to a man who is a merchant? He did no more, therefore, than what was just in his own eyes.

YET HE KNEW that men do not think of justice in such times and he knew he was hated and that Wang the Tiger was of service to him, even in the very fact that he was lord of war. He promised, therefore, certain stores of grain to Wang the Tiger and he lent him a sum at not very great interest. When they sealed the bargain one day in the house, Wang the Landlord, who sat by, sighed and said:

"My little brother, I wish I were as rich as this merchant brother of ours, but I grow poorer every year. I have no good business such as he has, and nothing but a little money loaned and a little land left out of all my father's fields. It is a good thing for us all that we have one rich man among us."

At this Wang the Merchant could not forbear a sour smile and he said plainly, "If I have a little it is because I have worked, and I have held my sons to the shops and they do not wear silk, and I have only one woman."

But Wang the Landlord would not have any such plain talk as this, for he knew his brother reproached him because he had sold off a large portion of such land as he had left so that his two sons could go out to the coast as they wished, and he said loudly: "Well, and a

father must feed his sons, I believe, and I hold my sons too precious to make them spend their strength at a counter. If I honor my father's grandsons, shall I let them starve? It is my duty to feed my children, I believe, but perhaps I do not know my duty when I keep my sons as a lord's sons should be kept!"

He could not say more, for a constant cough troubled him these years and it racked him now. But Wang the Merchant smiled, for he saw his brother understood himself reproved, and no more need be said.

Now when the bargain was signed and sealed, then Wang the Merchant would have it written down, and at this Wang the Tiger shouted out:

"What are we not brothers?"

And Wang the Merchant said, as though in apology, "It is for my own memory. I have such a feeble memory nowadays!" But he held the brush out to Wang the Tiger so that he must perforce take it and put his name down. Then Wang the Second said, still smiling, "Is your seal about you, too?"

Then Wang the Tiger must take out the seal he carried in his girdle that had his name carved on the stone, and he must stamp that, too, upon the paper before Wang the Merchant would take it and fold it and thrust it carefully into his own girdle bag. And watching him, Wang the Tiger grew angry, and he swore to himself that he must enlarge his territories, and he wished he had not let these years slip by as he had so that he was again dependent on this brother.

But for the time Wang the Tiger's men were saved, and he called for his son to be made ready and for his guardsmen to gather themselves and they would go home. It was now well upon spring and the first Wang the Tiger went into the place where men were eager for new seeds to put into their lands, and everywhere men forgot the winter and looked forward hopefully again to the spring.

So also did Wang the Tiger feel himself eager for new things and he told his brothers farewell. Then the two brothers gave him a feast of departure, and after the feast Wang the Tiger went into the place where the ancestor tablets were kept and he lighted incense there. He had his son beside him, and when he made his obeisances to his father and to his father's fathers, he bade his son bow also. And as Wang the Tiger watched the gallant figure of his son thus bowing, it seemed to him that the spirits of the dead gathered close to see so fine a one as this descended from their line, and he felt he had done what he should in his family.

When all was finished and the incense burned to ashes in the urn, Wang the Tiger and his son mounted their horses, and with their guardsmen they rode back by dry land to their own regions.

In the spring of the year when Wang the Tiger's son was fifteen years of age his tutor came to Wang the Tiger one day in his court, and he said:

"My general, I have taught the young general, your son, all that I can alone, and he needs to go into a school of war where he will have comrades with whom to march and fight and practice war."

It seemed to Wang the Tiger, although he knew this day must come, as though a dozen years had passed as the turn of a hand. He sent for his son to come to him there in the court, and he felt suddenly weary and old as he waited.

When the lad came through the round gate between the courts, Wang the Tiger looked at him with new eyes. It was true that the lad was nearly as tall as a man, and his face had already taken on

rougher curves and he kept his lips folded firmly together. It was a man's face rather than a child's.

And as Wang the Tiger looked at this only son, he remembered with wonder that once he had been impatient for his son to be grown and a man, and once his babyhood had seemed endless. Now it seemed rather that he had leaped straight out of his babyhood into this new manhood. Then Wang the Tiger sighed and he thought to himself, "I wish that school were not in the South."

But at last he asked the lad, "My son, you wish to go?"

Now Wang the Tiger rarely asked his son what he liked, because he knew so well what he wanted for his son, but he had a small hope that if the boy refused to go he could use it as an excuse. But the boy said quickly:

"If it were so that I could go to another school, I would like that very well."

BUT THIS ANSWER did not please Wang the Tiger at all and he drew down his brows and said pettily, "What school is there to which you could go except to a school of war, and what use would stuff out of books be to you, who are to be a lord of war?"

The boy answered in a low voice, "I have heard there be schools in these days where one learns how to till land and such things as have to do with the land."

But Wang the Tiger was astounded at such foolishness, and he had never heard of such a school and he roared, "Now here is foolishness, if it be true there are such schools! Well, and so every farmer must needs learn how to plow and sow and reap these days! Well, and I remember my father used to say a man did not need to learn to farm, for he had but to look at what his neighbor did!" Then he said harshly, "But what has this to do with you or me? We are lords of war, and you shall go to a school of war or to no school at all, but stay here and take my army after me."

His son sighed, then, and shrank away as ever he did when Wang the Tiger roared, and he said with strange patience, "I will go, then, to the school of war."

Yet there was something in this patience which still made Wang the Tiger angry, and he wished his son would speak out, and yet he knew he would be angry if he heard what his son had in his heart. At last he shouted:

"Prepare yourself, for tomorrow you shall go!"

The lad saluted him, then, and turned and went away without a word more.

But in the night when he was alone in his room Wang the Tiger fell to thinking of his son going so far from him and terror came on him for what might befall his son and he called out to his guard that his trusty harelipped man was to come in to him. When he was come Wang the Tiger turned to look at the hideous, faithful face and he said, half pleading and not as master to man:

"That son of mine, my only son, is to go to a school of war tomorrow, and even though his tutor goes, how do I know what that one's heart is who has spent so many years in foreign parts? He seems strange to me when I think my son must trust wholly to him. Now you shall go with my son, for I know you, and there is no one else whom I know as I do you. My son is my best possession and you are to watch over him for me."

The harelipped man spoke up stoutly when Wang the Tiger said this, "My general, in this one thing I will not obey you, for I will watch over you. If the young general must go, I will pick fifty good true men, not young, and I will teach them

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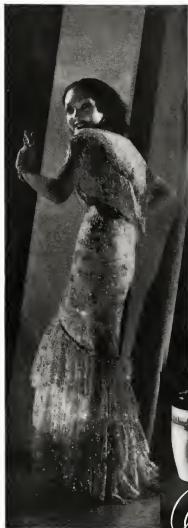
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their duty to him, but I will stay here where you are. You do not know how you need a true man near you, for in an army so great as yours there are always discontents and festerings, and there are ugly rumors now of some new strange war gathering out of the South."

To this Wang the Tiger answered stubbornly. "You hold yourself too dear. Have I not the Pig Butcher yet?" Then the harassed man grew scornful and he said, "That—that fool! Yes, he is well enough at picking flies out of the air, and if I tell him whom to strike and when to strike he can deal a blow with his great fist, but he has not wit enough to see anything until he is told where to look!"

He would not be moved at all, but said over and over:

"Well, and I can fall on my sword, then. Well, I have my sword and my throat here together."

IN THE END there was nothing to do but give in to this man and when he saw Wang the Tiger would do so, he grew cheerful. He ran out and chose his fifty men, and he shouted at them:

"If so much as a tooth aches in the young general's mouth it will be your fault, O you who ought to die, and your whole business is to guard him wherever he goes! At night you are to lie about his bed, and in the day you are not to trust anyone or listen to anyone—no, not even to him. If he grows willful and says he will not have you, you are to answer, 'We are under your father, and he pays us and we must hear him only.' Yes, you are to guard him against his own self, and if you do well, you shall receive a good reward."

Then they roared out their promise, and the truth was they were pleased to go to foreign parts.

Then, when the morning came, Wang the Tiger rose from his sleepless bed and he let his son go and he went with him a way because he could not bear to part with him. Yet it was a small spite, a little putting off of what must come, and when he had ridden awhile beside his son, he drew rein and said abruptly:

"Son, it has been said from ancient times that though a man go with his friend three thousand miles, yet must be the parting come, and so it must be with you and me. Farewell!"

He sat stiffly upon his horse, then, and he received the obeisances of his son, and he sat and watched the lad ride away with his fifty men and his tutor. Then Wang the Tiger turned his horse about and rode back to his empty house.

Three days did Wang the Tiger allow himself to grieve, and he could not set his hand to anything until the last of the men he had sent out with his son as messengers came back to make report. They came back every few hours from different places on the road and each brought his own report. One said:

"He is very well and gayer than his wont is. Twice he dismounted from his horse and stepped into a field where a farmer was and talked with him."

"And what could he have to say to such an one?" asked Wang the Tiger.

And the man replied, "He asked him what seed he planted and he looked at the seed, and he looked to see how the ox was tied to the plow."

Wang the Tiger was puzzled, and he said, "I do not see why a lord of war should care to see how an ox is tied or what seed it is," and then he asked impatiently, "Have you no more to say?"

The man thought awhile and answered, "At night he stopped at an inn and he

ate heartily of bread and meat and some rice and fish and he drank but one small bowl of wine. There I left him and came back to bring the news."

Then another came and another with such news of how his son did and what he ate and drank, and so they reported until the day when the lad reached the place where he was to go by boat upon the river to the sea. Then Wang the Tiger could only wait for a letter, for farther than this the men could not go.

Now whether or not Wang the Tiger could have borne his restlessness without his son he did not know, but two matters came to draw his heart out of himself. The first was that spies came back with strange news out of the South, saying: "We hear a curious war is coming up out of the South and it is a war of revolution and not a good and usual war between lords of war."

Then Wang the Tiger answered scornfully, for he was surly these days, "It is not new at all. When I was young I heard of such a war of revolution and I was to fight in it, thinking I did a noble deed. But it was not a war after all, and while the lords of war united for a time against the dynasty, when they were successful and overthrew the throne they fell apart and for themselves again."

Nevertheless, the spies returned all with the same tale, and they said, "Nay, it is a new war, and it is called a war for the common people."

"And how can common people have a war?" cried Wang the Tiger loudly. "Have they guns and will they wage war with sticks and staves and forks and scythes?" And he glared so at his spies that they were discomfited, and at last one said humbly:

"But we only tell what we hear."

Then Wang the Tiger said, "It is true, then, that your duty but you have heard nonsense." And he dismissed them. Nevertheless, he did not forget what they said, and he told himself he must watch the war and see what it truly was.

But before he could take much thought there arose another affair in his own regions which pressed upon him and drove out any other thought.

The summer drew near, and since nothing is so changeable as the heaven above men, it was a beautiful summer, with mingled rains and sun, and the waters receded and left the earth open and fertile, and the harvest promised food and plenty for all.

But while they waited for the harvest there were many men still hungry, and that year robbers again grew rife in Wang the Tiger's regions. Yes, even in the regions where he maintained his great army, there were men so desperate they dared to form into robber bands and defy him, and when he sent his soldiers after them, they were not to be found.

They were like a band of ghosts, for Wang the Tiger's spies would run back and tell him, "Yesterday the robbers burned the village of the Ching family," or they would say, "Three days ago a band of robbers fell upon merchants and killed them all and took their opium and silks."

Then Wang the Tiger grew exceedingly angry to hear of such lawlessness and he was angry most of all because he was defrauded thus of his own revenues from merchants, which he needed sorely to free him from Wang the Merchant, and he shouted out that for every robber's head his soldiers brought in he would give a reward of a piece of silver.

And when his soldiers, enticed by the reward, rushed out to seize the robbers they found none. The truth was many of these robbers were simple farming folk, and they only came out when they

were not pursued. But if they saw the soldiers after them they hid and hid in the fields and told sorry tales to the soldiers of how they had suffered at the hands of such and such a band, and they told of any band except their own.

But because of the reward Wang the Tiger had promised, the soldiers killed any man they could and brought his head in and said it was a robber's head, and none could say it was not, and so they received the reward. There were thus many men killed who were innocent, but no one dared to complain, for they knew that Wang the Tiger sent his soldiers out in a good and lawful cause.

But one day in the midsummer when the sorghum came was higher than men thought, the robbers spread everywhere like a sudden blaze of fire, and Wang the Tiger was so angry that he rose up one day himself against the robbers, although he had not gone out thus for many a year. But he heard of a certain small band in a village, and his spies had watched and they had seen that by day the village was a farmers' and by night they were robbers. It seemed their hands were very low and they had not been able to plant so soon as others and so they were still not fed.

Now when Wang the Tiger had this certain knowledge of how evil these men were and how they went by night to other villages and robbed them of their food and killed those who resisted, his anger swelled up in him and he went himself with his soldiers to that village and seized every man.

When they were caught and held and tied together by ropes, Wang the Tiger commanded them to be brought to a certain large threshing floor before the head villager's house, and there from his horse he glared at the farmers and by night they were robbers. It seemed their hands were very low and they had not been able to plant so soon as others and so they were still not fed.

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fed again, he took a small half of his army and went over his lands once more, and he told himself he must see that all was ordered for his son when he returned. For now Wang the Tiger planned that when his son came back he would give over to him the generalship of his vast army in these parts, keeping only a little garrison for himself.

Dreaming such dreams Wang the Tiger rode over his lands and with his inward eye he saw even his son's son, and with his outward eye he marked the people and the land and what revenues there were and what promise of good harvest. Now that the famine had died away, the lands did well. Life had begun once more, and it comforted Wang the Tiger to see many women great with child again, and he said to himself, pondering:

"It may very well be that Heaven sent the famine to show me my destiny again, for I have rested too much in these last years and been too content with what I had. It may be the famine was sent to stir me up that I should be greater yet, with such a son as I have to inherit all I do and gain."

In this ninth month of the dying year he rode with his soldiers joyous behind him, and everywhere men greeted him, because they knew him for a mighty man who had long ruled over them and justly, too, and if he stopped in a town, a feast was made for him by the elders of that town or village. Only the common farming folk were not courteous, and many a farmer, when he saw the soldiers coming, turned his back to the road and worked doggedly on in his field, and when they had passed he spat and spat again to free his heart of hatred. Yet if any soldier had asked him why he spat, he would have answered with vacant innocence: "Because of so much dust that blew into my mouth from under the horses' feet that passed."

But Wang the Tiger did not need to care for any man, in town or countryside.

Now in his journeying he came to that city he had once besieged, where his pocked nephew had lived. These many years for him, Wang the Tiger sent his messengers ahead to announce his coming, and he looked to see how this town had done under his nephew's rule.

THIS NEPHEW WAS a man now, and with the silk weaver's daughter he had for a wife he had begotten a son or two already, and when he heard that his uncle came and was even at the city gates he was in the greatest consternation. The truth was this fellow had lived many peaceful years here and he had almost forgotten he was a soldier. He was always merry and easy in his ways, and he liked his life here, for he had no work to do except to receive revenues, and he grew fat.

In these last years he had even taken off his soldier's garb and put on easier robes, and he looked like a prosperous merchant. Indeed, he was good friends with merchants in the town, and when they paid their taxes into his hands for Wang the Tiger, he made his little profits, too. But if the merchants knew it they did not blame him, and they gave him gifts sometimes, knowing he might report what he pleased to his uncle and let evil descend upon them.

So Wang the Tiger's nephew lived this merry life, and his wife pleased him, and he was not often tempted outside his own bed except on the few nights when some friend gave a feast. To such feasts this man was always invited, both for his position in the town and for his own sake, because he was a witty clown.

Now, when he heard his uncle came, he

hurried and bade his wife find his soldier's garb, and he mustered his soldiers who had lived too easily, too, and as he pushed his fat legs into the garments, he wondered how he ever had borne to wear such stiff, hard garb. He had grown fat and his clothing gaped, so that he must tie a wide girdle about his middle.

But so garbed, and with his soldiers mustered, he waited for Wang the Tiger.

Now Wang the Tiger saw in a few days all that had taken place and he saw the meaning of the vast feasts the merchants gave him and the magistrate also, and he saw that his nephew sweated in his soldier's garb, and he smiled coldly one day when the sun shone hot and his nephew took off his coat and there his clothing gaped beneath his ill-tied girdle. And Wang the Tiger thought to himself, "I am glad I have a son who is a lordly man, and not like this one, my brother's son, who is but a tradesman, after all!"

And he did not praise his nephew much, and he said coldly, "The soldiers you control for me have forgot how to handle their guns. Why do you not lead them out next spring and make them used to war?"

At this his nephew stammered and sweated, for the truth was that although he was no coward he was not one to lead out men and make them fear him, and he loved this life best now. When Wang the Tiger had his uneasiness, he clapped his hand to his sword and snarled out:

"Well, nephew, since you live so well and the town is so rich, doubtless we can raise our taxes! I am at mighty expense for my son and I think to enlarge myself for him while he is away, therefore double my taxes for me!"

Now this nephew of his had made a secret bargain with the merchants that if his uncle sought to raise taxes he would cry poverty and hard times, and if he could persuade his uncle, he was to have goodly sum for his reward. So he began futilely to do now, but Wang the Tiger was not moved at all, and he cried:

"I see what has come about here, and there are more ways of working against order than the way the Hawk had, but my remedy is the same!"

Then with a rueful face for the good silver lost him, the nephew made report to the merchants and they sent in their own plaint and said, "Yours is not the only tax. We have the city tax and the state tax, and yours is already higher than any, and it scarcely profits us to do any business."

But Wang the Tiger said bluntly, after courteous words had been spoken, "Yes, but power is with me, and I will take what is not given when I ask for it courteously."

In such ways did Wang the Tiger chasten his nephew, and in such ways did he make secure his hold over that city that lay over all his regions.

When all was settled, he went back to his house and he waited for the winter to end, and he busied himself sending out his spies and making his plans, and he dreamed of great conquests in the spring.

Yes, all through that long winter Wang the Tiger held himself to his dreams, and he was the loneliest winter, so lonely that now and again he almost went into his women's courts. But there was nothing for him there, for his ignorant wife lived alone with her daughters and Wang the Tiger had nothing to say to them, and so he only sat on alone. Sometimes he wondered about his learned wife, but she lived near her daughter, who was at some school.

Once he sent a picture of herself and this young girl to Wang the Tiger, and Wang the Tiger stared at it awhile. The girl was pretty; she had a small pert

face and she looked boldly out of the picture, her eyes black and bold under her short hair, and he could not feel her his.

Then he looked at that learned wife of his, and she looked back at him out of the picture and he felt again that unease he used to feel in her presence, as though she had something to say to him he would not hear. And he muttered to himself, "A man has not time in his life for all these things. I have been very busy. I have had no time for women."

But the loneliest hours were the hours when he sat at night by his brazier. In the day he could busy himself somehow, but the nights hung on him dark and sad as once they had in the past. At such times he felt old, and he doubted whether even in the spring he could make any great new conquest, and he thought sadly, "It may be that no man ever does all he says he will," and after a while he thought again, "When his son is born I suppose a man plans enough for three generations in his own lifetime."

BUT THERE WAS Wang the Tiger's harlequin man and he watched over his master, and when he saw Wang the Tiger brooding over the coals in the night he came in with a jug of hot, good wine and he coaxed his master to ease.

After a while Wang the Tiger drank a little and the uneasiness he was chained and could sleep. When he thus drank he thought before he slept, "Well, and I have my son, and what I cannot do in my one life, he will do."

In that winter, without knowing it, Wang the Tiger came to drink more wine than ever he had, and it was a comfort to the trusty man who loved him. If Wang the Tiger drank, he was chained and could sleep. When he thus drank he thought before he slept, "Well, and I have my son, and what I cannot do in my one life, he will do."

To please him, then, and to show he valued him, Wang the Tiger would drink. And when he drank he put his faith and trust in him, and he was chained from his mind that there had been difference between them. In these days it never came into Wang the Tiger's mind that his son's dreams might not be his own, and he lived for the spring.

But there came a night before the spring when Wang the Tiger sat in his room, warm and half sleeping, and his wine cooled on a little table at his hand. Suddenly out of the deep quiet of the winter's night, he heard in the court a commotion of horses' and soldiers' feet rushing in and stopping there. He rose, wondering if he dreamed. But before he could move, one ran in and cried gladly:

"The little general, your son, is here!"

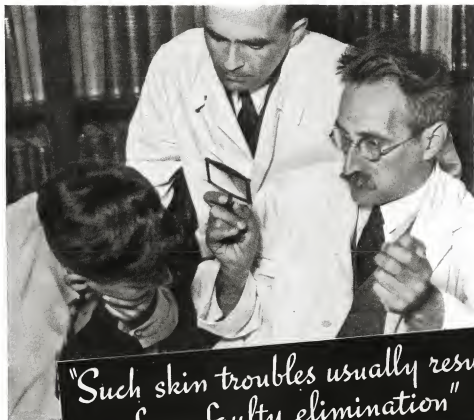
Now Wang the Tiger had dreamed deeply that night because of the cold, and he could hardly come to himself at once, and he muttered, "I thought in my dreams it was some enemy!"

He struggled out of his sleep, then, and went out to the court by the great gate. It was light with the flaring of torches held by many hands, and in the midst of this brightness he saw his son waiting, and when the young man saw his father he bowed, but as he bowed he threw him a strange, half-hostile look.

Wang the Tiger shivered in the cold and drew his coat closer, and he asked his son, amazed, "Where is your tutor? Why are you here, my son?"

To this the young man replied, "We are estranged, father. I have left him."

Then Wang the Tiger came out of his daze somewhat, and he saw there was some trouble here not to be told before all these common soldiers, and he turned



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and called to his son to follow him. Then they went into Wang the Tiger's own room and Wang the Tiger commanded everyone to go out, and he was alone with his son. But he did not sit down. No, he stood, and his son stood, and Wang the Tiger looked at his son as though he had never seen this young man who was his son.

At last he said slowly, "What strange garb is that you wear?"

To this the son answered in his quiet, dogged way, "It is the garb of the new army of the revolution." And he passed his tongue over his lips and stood waiting before his father.

In that instant Wang the Tiger understood what his son had done and who he now was, and he understood that this was the garb of the army in that new war he had heard of, and he shouted: "It is the army of my enemy!"

He sat down then, for his breath caught in his throat and choked him. He sat there and felt his old murderous anger rise up in him as it had not since he killed the six men. He seized his narrow, keen sword and he shouted:

"You are my enemy. I ought to kill you, my son!"

He began to pant heavily, because this time his anger came up in him so swiftly that it made him sick.

But the young man did not shrink now as he used to do when he was a child. No, he stood there quiet and dogged, and he opened his coat and bared his breast before his father. When he spoke it was with a deep bitterness, and he said:

"I knew you would want to kill me—it is your old and only remedy." He fixed his eyes on his father's face, and he said without passion, "Kill me, then." And he stood waiting, his face clear and hard in the candlelight.

But Wang the Tiger could not kill his son. No, even though he knew it was his right, and even though he knew any man may kill a son disloyal to him, yet he could not do it. He flung his sword upon the tiled floor, and he put his hand over his mouth to hide his lips, and he muttered, "I am too weak. I am always too weak. After all, I am too weak for a lord of war."

Then the young man covered his

breast, and he spoke in a quiet way, as though he reasoned with an old man:

"Father, I think you do not understand. None of you men who are old understand. You do not see our nation whole, and how weak and despised—"

But Wang the Tiger laughed. He forced that silent laugh of his out and he said loudly, but he did not take his hand away from his mouth, "Do you think there never was such talk before?"

When I was young—You young men, you think you are the only ones!"

And Wang the Tiger forced out that strange, unused laugh of his that his son had never heard in all his life. It goaded him as a strange weapon might, and it woke an anger in him his father had never seen, and he shouted suddenly:

"We are not the same! Do you know what we call you? You are a rebel—a robber chief! If my comrades knew you they would call you traitor—but they do not even know your name—a petty lord of war in a little town!"

So Wang the Tiger's son spoke, who had been patient all his life. Then he looked at his father, and in that same moment he was ashamed. He fell silent and the dark red came up his neck, and he looked down and he said no more.

But Wang the Tiger answered nothing. He sat motionless in his chair, his mouth behind his hand. These words of his son's entered his understanding and some power began to ebb out of him forever.

He heard his son's words echo in his heart. Yes, he was only a petty lord of war; yes, a little lord of war in a small town. Then he muttered behind his hand, as though from some old habit:

"But I have never been a robber chief."

His son was truly ashamed now, and he replied quickly, "No. No, no," and then as though to cover his shame he said, "My father, I ought to tell you, I must hide when my army comes North to victory. My tutor trained me well these many years and he counted on me. He was my captain—he will not easily forgive me that I chose you, my father." The young man's voice dropped, and he glanced quickly at his father, and there was a secret tenderness in his look.

But Wang the Tiger made no answer. He sat as though he had not heard. The

young man went on speaking, and he glanced often at his father as though beseeching him for something.

"There is that old earthen house where I might hide. I could go there. If they went to seek me and found me they might look and see in me a common farmer, no son of a lord of war!" The young man smiled at this as though he hoped to coax his father to something through the feeble jest.

But Wang the Tiger made no answer. He did not understand the meaning of his son's words when he said, "I chose you, my father." No, Wang the Tiger sat still and over him rolled the bitterness of his whole life. He came out of his dreams in that moment as a man comes suddenly out of a mist in which he has walked for a long time, and he looked at his son and saw there a man he did not know.

Yes, Wang the Tiger had dreamed his son and shaped him faithfully to his dream, and here the son stood and Wang the Tiger did not know him. A common farmer! Wang the Tiger looked at his son, and he felt an old helplessness come creeping over him again. It was the same sick helplessness he used to feel in his youth when the earthen house was his goal. Once more his father, that old man in the land, reached out and laid his earthy hand upon his son.

And Wang the Tiger looked at his son and he muttered behind his hand, as if to himself, "No son of a lord of war!"

Suddenly it seemed to Wang the Tiger that even his hand could no longer stay the trembling of his lips. He must weep. And so he must have done except that at that instant the door opened and his trusty harelipped man came in, bearing a jug of wine, freshly heated.

This trusty man looked at his master, and he saw that which made him run forward and pour the hot wine into the bowl on the table. Then at last Wang the Tiger took his hand away from his lips and he reached eagerly for the wine and put it to his lips, and he drank deeply. It was hot, and very good.

He held the bowl out again and whispered, "More!"

After all, he would not weep.

THE END

Love by Joseph Hergesheimer (Continued from page 43)

with religion was that they were squarely set against love. They attempted, in asserting their own contrary necessities and standards of honorable conduct, the impossible.

Marriage, the combined office of society and religion, was especially futile. He knew because he had made a faithful effort for twenty years to be successfully, completely, married. He had never been a loose or dissipated man, an easily unfaithful husband. As husbands went, he had been decidedly the contrary.

John had, for one thing, been absorbed in his profession—the practice of corporate law in the state of Delaware; his steadily increasing eminence had built up an appropriate conduct and self-esteem. He had always hated cheap emotion.

Then—at a dinner of the Victoria Hunt Club—Celine Delany had forever changed his existence. John Crate had known her lightly, cheerfully, for a number of years; but all that, looking deeply into her eyes, had fallen away, vanished, before a sudden recognition of her passionate loveliness. He chose, in view of his new learning, to regard love as a chemical force rather than a spiritual consummation. Love, he knew, was

not only a species of necessary human mechanics but an art.

His relationship with poor Laura had never been an art. Laura had remained mystical about love. She had lived, and died, innocently. Fresh, calm and cool. A slender woman with pretty hands and large brown eyes. The negative tragedy of their marriage, he now saw, was based on both ignorance and a chemical dissimilarity. He doubted whether it could ever have been repaired. Celine and the West Indies! The public privilege of privacy. They would be married, John decided, in October, six months after Laura's death.

Life had begun. John Crate remembered, in the heat of the tropics; it had retreated toward the sun when the ice ages crushed out existence over great parts of the globe. That, exactly, was what Celine and he were doing—retreating—to a hot actuality from the spreading ice age of society. Love returning to its birthplace. Tomorrow night he would be with Celine again, the first time since the funeral. Celine had arranged for him to come to her apartment late, when there would be no danger of interruption to all they had to say.

The clarity of his reasoning was lost

in the knowledge that he would see her so soon. She belonged to him now; he was hers; there was no dark necessity for secrecy, no uncomfortable sense of a possible humiliating exposure. At last he was not afraid of Laura.

He woke suddenly past the middle of the night—it was two o'clock—with that phrase strangely loud in his consciousness. John Crate failed to see why he had ever been afraid of Laura—a considerate, and humorous, woman who had never troubled him with questions or demands. He was, John recognized, living with Laura, amazingly free. He had taken that freedom for granted; and now he wondered if a complete personal, unchallenged, liberty was commonly a part of marriage; he had sufficiently appreciated Laura's superiority to all petty forms of suspicion?

John was wide awake and restless, the April night was unusually warm; turning on the light by his bed he rose and smoked a cigarette, his bedroom was pleasant, bare and large. The room that had been Laura's lay beyond, through his bathroom; and, without design, he walked into it.

He saw, his eyes growing accustomed

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to the dark, the white empty plane of her single bed, the low table and long chair where, toward the last, she had often rested. John was amazed by the quality of stillness about him; naturally, he told himself, since no one occupied the room, it would seem quiet; but it was more than that. He was surrounded by a hopeless, an incurable, stillness; a silence that nothing could ever end. The emptiness around him was like a universal emptiness. John Crate was, in spite of the warm night, a little cold. He flooded the room with light; the coldness, the sense of stillness, continued.

He felt, the truth was, the fine edge of the fear that, without any reason at all, had sometimes vaguely oppressed him where Laura was concerned. It had come, John assured himself, from his wish not to hurt her. There was always, of course, that possibility; and, naturally enough, it made him uncomfortable. At the same time he had owned a faint resentment where his wife was concerned: a form of protest against the fact that, being what Laura was, with his wife and Laura—he might have to harm her. Through no fault of hers. That feeling, however, had more or less disappeared lately. It vanished in proportion to the growing intensity of his love for Celina Dellay. Certainly all reason for fear had gone now. It was impossible for him to hurt Laura; she was, at last, safe from the contentions of life and love.

HE WOULD NEVER, John sharply realized, hear Laura's voice again, her laughing had been stopped by death; and suddenly, for the first time since adolescence, he saw death as a reality, a catastrophe that happened to everyone, in a comparatively short while he would be dead, too; his love for Celina must perish; Celina die. He shivered: it was all such a cold, a brutal business. He had no faith in a heavenly, or infernal, future after life. His intelligence, John reflected, was superior to that.

Yes, death was the end. Well, it happened to Laura, and she had met it with courage. John Crate abruptly left the room that had been Laura's and went down to the dining room and took a deep drink of Scotch. That, and certain memories of Celina, made him warmer.

He half filled the emptied tumbler with whisky and let himself out upon the terrace. There was not a stir of air. John returned to the chair he had occupied before dinner. The small pipe of a bird sounded in the gully below him. An owl flapped by on clumsy wings. Night and day. The surface of the globe facing the sun and turned away from the sun. Sleep and wakefulness. A fragment held whirling in its course by gravity. Nothing more.

The silence around John Crate grew profounder. His mind dwelt on emptiness in the measure of light years. Light traveled nineteen thousand miles a second. A million light years, a million million miles! John stopped there, appalled. He thought, instead, of Celina Dellay; but he could not successfully recreate her in his vision; Laura, for the moment, was more actual. She was not, he continued almost defensively, unhappy with him—he had been a good husband and, through most of their life together, practically faithful. He had surrounded Laura with an increasing luxury: flowers and fine dress and jewels, servants for everything, motors.

He, after all, had nothing to do with her death, the result of a condition inherent within herself. And, it turned out, his passion for Celina Dellay had worked her no wrong, no unhappiness.

How much, John Crate wondered, had she actually known, guessed, about that? Very little, he decided; probably nothing. Celina was a worldly and adroit woman. She had, apparently wholly frank, admitted to Laura that she liked him and hoped to know her better.

Celina cultivated an air of extreme openness. Can you, she would ask Laura, spare John for dinner? I must have another man. Since you will be in Boston, she telegraphed him, would it be inconvenient for Laura if you stopped for a day at Manchester? At times—not too often—she needed his advice about the small estate Luke Dellay had left to her.

All lies, John Crate thought without premeditation. He was startled by the harshness of that phrase attached to Celina. Lies, he reminded himself, were necessary. The lies they had, together, told Laura were for Laura's protection, her own good. Anything else would have been unthinkable.

Laura was very easy to lie to. She had often made falsehood unnecessary by assuming ways for him to be with Celina. Laura had urged him, the shadow of illness gathering grayly about her, to go where it was brighter. Gayer. Why don't you see if Celina Dellay will be home? She had never, he now realized, said what she thought about Celina, she had never made an independent effort to see or be with Celina.

Simultaneously a robin whistled a sweet song and the pale dawn appeared. John Crate finished the whisky in his glass and went back to his room. The wood below his windows was filled with the singing of birds. Love, he reminded himself; its musical notes. His brain, however, his body, were weary. Without vitality. He was no longer precisely young. The day he brought in his bedroom and the feathered celebration of love grew shriller. He wished, finally, that the damned racket would stop.

The image of Laura, so close to him through the darkness, retreated. He would soon be with Celina. The thought of his daughter, Abigail, interfered with his happiness in that fact. Abigail, unlike her mother, had a logical, a cold mentality; she resembled his own earlier years, the years of his first legal triumphs when his mind had been as accurate, as remorseless, as fine machinery. But he had, then, been ignorant about love; he had not known Celina. He could say this for Abigail—she was always polite. She had been exceptionally polite to Celina Dellay. It was strange, he thought, that Celina did not like his daughter better. Scrupulous in her attitude toward Laura, she criticized Abigail with complete freedom.

JOHAN CRATE came home early from his law offices—it was hardly past three o'clock of the afternoon—and found Abigail in the little smoking room especially planned by Laura for his pleasure. Something suspended in Abigail's manner made him think she had been waiting for him. She rose when John entered the room; a thin girl, eighteen years old, who had a plain and pale but engaging face, and hands finer even than her mother's.

I didn't know when you'd be here, she acknowledged. I have been reading a book by Bertrand Russell. He seems very hopeful.

John sat down opposite her. Why not? he demanded, with a careful cheerfulness. People, life, can't go on the way they have in the past. The world really is improving, Abigail.

Her attitude was profoundly skeptical. She did not, it seemed, want to discuss

sociology. I wondered, Abigail said directly, if you would let me manage about Mother's things. All of them.

He was amazed by the antagonistic tone of her reasonable request. Certainly, he replied almost sharply; why not? What do you intend to do with her—her effects? A stupid and unfeeling word.

I suppose you will be shocked, she informed him. I thought everything that was useful we could give the Women's Hospital. The others I'd like to sell and send the money to the Unemployment Fund.

John was privately surprised at her apparent lack of feeling—Abigail spoke of selling her dead mother's clothes without a trace of regret or emotion. Your mother would have approved of that, he admitted. It seems a little—well, practical to me, so soon, but I suppose this is a practical age.

It had to be soon, Abigail replied, if she were to do it. I am going away. Her jewelry, Abigail went on, is all in its safe. I will give that to you, of course. I don't imagine she said deliberately you will let Mrs. Dellay have anything that was Mother's.

John Crate gazed astounded at her; then he looked quickly away; he must, he realized, collect himself at once. Abigail's face was as cold, as unresponsive, as her words. I don't understand you, he said finally. I can't think how you made such an inexcusable remark about Mrs. Dellay. Why, will you tell me, do you think I'd give her your mother's jewels?

You gave her so much else, Abigail said. I didn't just know where or when it would stop.

She understood, then, all about his love. That, naturally, was the reason for Celina's unconcealed dislike—Celina Dellay, who was highly sensitive, had felt Abigail's disapproval of her.

I must point out to you, he told his daughter severely, that my attitude toward Mrs. Dellay is hardly an affair of yours. The only possible excuse for this conduct is your mother's death. But you must not take too much for granted even there. The jewelry you speak of is entirely your own property.

I don't want it, Abigail said shortly; it would always remind me of too much unhappiness.

John Crate was filled with a sudden tyrannical curiosity. Had Laura as well known about Celina and him? Was she, after all, so much penetrating, so restrained, than he supposed? He must, he felt; know this; yet he could not ask his daughter.

You spoke of going away, he said, instead; where, if I am not asking too much, do you intend to go?

To New York, Abigail replied; Columbia. I have a place to be librarian at Miss Mallory's School, and I'm taking some courses this summer first.

It was, he agreed, a good idea. Let me know how much money you'll need.

I won't, she asserted, need any.

John Crate at last grew angry. That's arrant nonsense. Your mood just now is outrageous.

I don't want any money from you, she specified; and, shocked beyond expression, John realized that his daughter was speaking to him out of a controlled, implacable hate. If I can help it, Abigail went on, I am not going to be wretched, thrown away, like Mother was. I am not going to give anybody my whole life for nothing. I will not be noble or unselfish. And since that's the way I feel I can't begin by owing a lot to you. I will get along perfectly.

He would, John saw, have to proceed

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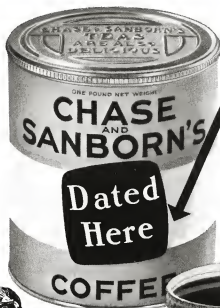
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very carefully with her. You are so unreasonable that I can, just now, say nothing more to you. You will soon, I hope, come to me in an entirely different spirit.

Never, she informed him. Now Mother is dead there is no one in the whole world I'll ever go to in a different spirit from this. There is no one I will ever, ever love again. If I do I think I'll kill myself. It would be easier to die.

What do you get for love? she demanded. I can tell you—forgotten. Ignored. Lied to. And then, when you are tired and sick, you're deserted. I sat with Mother night after night when she was alone and unhappy. I didn't count; except, perhaps, at the last. But you were everything. I was in such a rage I could have killed her. All that, thousands of lovely qualities, for nothing. A divine humor wasted.

I might as well tell you this, Abigail continued. I was engaged once or twice, and I'm not a good girl; I believe that is what you'd call it; and yet I'm not bad. I've never been promiscuous. So I understand what I'm talking about.

Outragious, John Crate repeated. He felt physically sick. Abigail, his daughter, had conducted herself loosely. Why, she was hardly eighteen.

Thank you, she said; no love.

I suppose, he asserted, with a show of dignity, you will let your home go as well.

Abigail laughed. Home! she echoed. Whose home—Mother's or Mrs. Delany's? Which did you think was yours?

I must ask you to leave the room, John Crate told his daughter. She rose and was passing him toward the door, when he caught her arm. Abigail, he half cried, did your mother know about this?

If you mean did she say anything, no, she replied. No and no and no! Mother, you see, didn't want to interfere with your life; she even died trying not to bother you; and so it was all a secret in her own heart. I am glad I know. I promise you it will save me something.

You are too young, he informed her severely, to realize what you are saying.

If I don't understand it now, Abigail replied, it's too bad. Too damned bad! I've learned plenty from Mother and you and that woman.

Get out of here! John Crate shouted at her. Never speak about this again.

Don't let that worry you, she answered; if I speak to you again about anything it won't be my fault.

Alone, John found his forehead was wet; his hands were wet and cold. Suddenly weak, he sat down. Abigail! His daughter and Laura's. She was insane. John Crate was amazed at the iniquitous feelings, the improprieties of thought, concealed within Abigail's slight body.

He could not imagine what the young was coming to; they had nothing, he reflected, to relieve the ugliness of their minds and existence; why, the girls were without shame. How could Abigail hope to understand love? Love demanded generosity of heart, a deep understanding and courage she had no conception of. Only a woman like Celina Delany was capable of such a purifying passion.

He sat in Celina Delany's small, informal drawing-room—it was, in reality, more of a dressing room—intent upon Celina. No woman who ever lived, he thought, had been more attractive. Seductive. She had a cloud of silver-brown hair, silver-brown eyes, a wide mouth and pale chin. Her body was Celina's particular splendor: curve flowed gracefully into curve. Every attitude Celina fell into, John realized, had

a frank, an inescapable, beauty of its own.

I don't believe it, Celina Delany said; it isn't true you can stay with me until we are ready to have you go. Soon, now, even that won't be necessary—you'll never go. Never leave me, John.

Never, he told her; I'll never leave you again. That, John reflected irrelevantly, was a long time. He thought suddenly of Laura dead. Everything had to end. He told her, putting Laura out of mind, all that he hoped they could arrange. Celina listened carefully.

Yes, she said finally when he paused, waiting for her approval I can marry you in October. Certainly it doesn't need to be put off longer than that. The announcement will go on afterwards. If you can arrange things I don't think we ought to be too quick about coming back.

It had been in his mind, John Crate admitted, never to return. Especially since Abigail would be occupied. Celina Delany asked at what. Courses in Columbia University and then librarian at Miss Malloy's School. She went there. Then to Abigail and to her.

If they did, Celina asserted, it was a fact to be grateful for. I know Abigail fairly well—a woman would—but it's a question if that would make me appreciate her. Abigail hasn't the simplicity that is charming in a young girl. Already, I am afraid, her experience has been too wide for that.

Strangely enough, now, Celina's attitude faintly annoyed him. John began to find excuses for his daughter's conduct and bearing. There was, it seemed to him, even something admirable in Abigail's headlong defiance of life.

Well, he temporized with Celina, we won't have to bother with her; she returns to us, to bother with me. Her own money and independence. As a matter of fact, it's rather interesting.

It was not to her, Celina Delany declared. Abigail's trouble is simple, and fatal—she is frigid. So many of the young girls are.

John almost admitted that, everything considered, he did not blame them. The boys are hardly better, he informed Celina. The ones I see in the office and with Abigail are pretty negative. They couldn't any of them scrape up enough to keep a wife or house decently. They did not, he added silently, show much desire to do either. The young, it appeared, owned a very limited idea of the desirability of marriage and a purely domestic existence, a life founded on love.

Do we have to talk about Abigail? Celina illogically demanded. Can't we go on with us?

A mouse by the Caribbean Sea, John told her. We'll watch the sea from a balcony through palm trees. A balcony hung with flowers. The sound of the sea and the perfume of roses. Night. The trade wind and tropical stars. Breakfast in a patio beside a fountain. Crushed pineapples and rum punches. Quiet rather than gay, Celina. Always together, the world gone. Native music, primitive, from Africa. There we will be safe from the sea and of society.

It was, he thought, a particularly effective phrase. When he talked like that to Celina Delany his romantic words usually filled him with a corresponding sense of emotional beauty; but that, now, did not follow. His images, his brain, were heavy. Labored. He was indifferent. Palm trees, the scent of flowers were not, actually, essentials, fundamentals, in his existence. His breakfast, by choice, was a solid affair of eggs and bacon. The sea was not good for

him. The other was the poetical part of his magical, his beautiful, life with Celina. She smiled at him with half-shut disturbing eyes. All her being said take me. He did not stir.

I can see you're tired, she said. I don't wonder and yet I do. I suppose I mean I don't like it. John, I want to help you all I can. I thought I might be useful about—about things in your house. If that would make it easier for you.

Privately he was shocked by her suggestion. It would not do to have Celina going over Laura's intimate possessions. Thank you, darling, he replied; we mustn't bother you. Abigail can see to it all. She was devoted to her mother.

Here we are, Celina said cheerfully, back with Abigail. She rose and, at a small table filled with glasses and decanters, ice and charged water, mixed two whisky high balls.

John Crate drank reflectively. Celina, at last, had returned to her chair. The thick carmine she left on his lips bothered him. He was without emotion. Celina Delany was beautiful. Still, seemed, he thought, a shade distracted.

It was his fault; he was inexcusably dull. Celina, he realized, was used to an uninterrupted attention. She demanded it. Laura, differently, had asked literally for nothing. A cool, smiling woman with pretty hands. A woman, at the last, with a deep look of suffering and pity. The privilege of freedom.

He would not, Celina had often warned him, be free, married to her. She wanted every atom of his being, she declared. This reckless expression of Celina's intense feeling, the evidence of her love, had delighted John Crate. An insupportable weariness swept over him. He wanted to return to his empty house.

I don't like it when you are thoughtful either, Celina acknowledged. It takes you away from me. I can't be certain what's in your mind. She returned to him, a fragrant and warm, a daring weight. What is in your mind?

He could not, kissing her, reply. A longer kiss than he had thought was possible. It left him breathless. I always think of you, John lied. God, he would have to go on with more poetic images—night and the sea and flowers. Flowers heaped on a still woman. Lilies and white lilies and Laura. A spray of white lilies broken and dead. Laura in a coffin. All that heavy earth.

Celina rose and walked up and down the room. She was, it was plain to John Crate, losing patience with him.

I'll go home, he told her; I am too stupid for you to put up with. It's only that I'm tired, Celina. I am bothered, too, about Abigail. She won't take any money. I can't think how she'll live—the little she has in New York.

His speech was brought to an abrupt end by the quality of Celina's gaze. She said nothing.

Is there any reason we can't have dinner together tomorrow? he asked, standing close to her.

I wouldn't know about that, she replied. You must decide if you'd like to. Celina Delany would not, now, let him kiss her. She held him away with a sudden and surprising vigor. Celina's mouth was like vivid paint on the coldness of a marble and disdainful mask. She was without a trace of humanity.

There was a late declining moon in a fleece of thin clouds; the frogs in the meadow were unusually loud; he sat on the terrace above the gully. At John Crate's back his house was silent and

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peaceful, its emptiness soothed and—appropriately to his years and spirit—made him quiet. He thought without any rebellion at all about old age; each age had its compensations. The period of youth, of struggle, lasted long enough; it was too bright, too sharply focused, for protracted endurance. Optimism, for example, the conflicts of hope and conviction, belonged to youth; the effort to subject the world to change, it was a young effort. That necessity, that belief, soon died; middle age, John now saw, was totally different—reason took the place of feeling.

He, John Crate, had passed the best of his middle years; old age was not, now, very far ahead of him. The pleasure of old age was reflection, a complete detachment from everything immediate. Looking, like that, at human life he saw it had a symmetry, a logic, that needed no excuse, no support, outside its own sphere. It had, even, a not inconsiderable dignity, certainly sufficient purpose.

A further tranquillity began to envelop him. He thought with a peaceful mind about his marriage to Laura; it, too, had described a logical course, a circle welded by death. John could, at last, distinguish the reality of his marriage from the confusion, the doubts and mistakes that clouded it as actual experience. It was simpler at bottom than he had understood; a relationship, simply understood, of great use and beauty. He had demanded too much from it and from Laura; complicated their life in common with innumerable foolish, conventional and hollow demands; it had been his unfortunate habit to grow angry, disagreeably superior, literally at nothing.

He had privately, the truth was, felt superior to Laura: his affairs, the battles of intellect in the courts, were, naturally, far more important than her limited concerns. She agreed with this, John recalled; Laura had encouraged his conviction of superiority. He thought about it now with increasing doubt. Was he fundamentally better, more useful than Laura? What secure standard existed for comparison?

He could only fall back on the standard of character. Decency. Well, he had not been more decent than Laura; her character was more profound, more honest, than his. He wished he could tell her that, make Laura see her own fineness. He had been too damned busy

with his problematic importance for such an act of understanding and justice.

Justice rather than a vain sentimentality engaged him; probably Laura, whose humor was so engaging, owned an understanding, compensations, that he knew nothing about. He was distinctly not sorry for her. She lost in his mind her individuality and became a principle, the principle of integrity. Laura had not been debased by the difficult business of living. Somehow she had escaped corruption.

He envied her immensely. A circle welded, made secure, by death. A measure of his materialism, his certainty, left John Crate. On the whole it ceased to support, to satisfy him. There were, it appeared, other necessities. A different conception of beauty, poetry, hovered just outside his understanding. He almost grasped it, transcendently lovely and cool and shining.

The moon was low in the sky, the frogs silent.

A sudden realization that he had temporarily forgotten, neglected, Celina Delany disturbed John Crate. She was, he told himself, the most important thing in his life: it was Celina who had brought him happiness and love. Celina, actually, had brought reality to him. Love was the greatest, the only universal necessity in life.

He repeated that familiar assertion without conviction. It had a false, a florid sound. It might be better to call the love he referred to an indulgence. For centuries, John reflected, passionate love had been regarded as tragically and supremely beautiful; every great poem, practically, was founded on it; and—startled by the unexpected sound of mockery in the serene night—he laughed out loud.

All that belief about love was an absurdity, a vast ironical mistake—the original creative impulse had been turned by civilization into a destructive sickness. There was, of course, a time, youth, for its simplest form; an appropriate and not unhandsome moment; but beyond that love was a fatality. In himself, for example, it was an undignified absurdity. Love was a poison; it had damaged, perhaps destroyed, the energy of his mind and the safety of his loyalties.

He knew now the answer to the harassed demand he had vainly made upon

Abigail: Laura had understood everything. At that clear recognition John Crate wilted in his chair, his shoulders sagged forward, his head hung on his breast. Love had betrayed and ruined him. He was filled with rage at his ignorance, at the false tradition, that had united in deceiving him.

There was an immediate necessity to pull himself together. Celina Delany with her silver-brown hair, her insidiously painted lips, returned to his attention. He was, John reminded himself, to marry her in October. It would be better, more appropriate, to kill her.

That, murder, was always close to love. Love and madness and violence. He had, however, no impulse to add crime to his predicament. It was, literally, too late for any escape. In October he would marry Celina Delany. He saw, as well, that would not always be unbearable. He could not hope to keep his present elevation of thought. The minds and instincts of men were not like that.

He could not, either, blame Celina; her passion of life was unquenchable; it came to this, that Celina, love, was the remorseless enemy of all that humanity struggled to accomplish; it was especially destructive where the decencies, the possibilities of marriage were concerned. He knew now, as well, the secret of Laura's spirit of humor—it was the means by which she fought against abject degradation, the weapon of her faultless defense. It had preserved her from jealousy, turned jealousy into a secret pain. That was it—suffering rigidly controlled.

Celina Delany was free from that necessity; her power, directly opposite, was the restless fire of a continual, unconsumed surrender. Celina was stronger than he, but Laura had been stronger than either of them.

He was glad that had been so, glad Laura was released from her hard obligation; yet his requirement, it seemed to John Crate, was not less hard. There was no escape from it since the need, the desire, for Celina must return. The fire of false youth, the last rebellious flare of sinking vitality, was obstinate in him.

John Crate went slowly up to the room where Laura had lived. It was God-blessed, he said to the emptiness, good-by. He waited, but there could be no answer. She had already, dead, given him the last and greatest of her countless benefits. Understanding.

Black Sheep, Black Sheep (Continued from page 68)

a gentle skeptic, had asked Elsie to explain the mystery.

"Oh, it's just my feeling about things. Words don't carry you far, do they?"

Mrs. Summerhays had said that all spiritual strivings carried you to the bottom of the dark cliff, and left you there, and that there was no rope dangling.

"No, I don't agree. Isn't my feeling about things—a rope? What I mean is, can't these feelings of ours be just as actual as trees and the sea? They are meant. It's something that is being impressed upon my consciousness."

"You mean that because you feel God—God exists?"

"Yes, that's it. And why shouldn't it be so? When I say there is something in me that is hungry in another sort of way and is given a mysterious sort of food, why shouldn't this be considered just as real as my body's hunger and the dinner I eat? What I mean is, I can feel things that I can't see. And I feel that I'm meant to feel them."

Mrs. Summerhays had understood. "Yes, I suppose one can't get much

farther than that. It may be that we are being led by an invisible thread."

Yet Elsie could not ignore the realities of the Pym world, for it was a world that was as actual as the meat in a butcher's shop, and Mr. Dashwood was most unpleasantly real. He was forever suggesting solitary walks, rambling up the hills.

But Elsie shrank from these crude realities. She wanted to believe in people, to assure herself that they were good and kind and disinterested, and that all kisses were not of the Judas order. She wanted to discover her God in man.

For Elsie's thread had got tangled in a dark thicket, and she was feeling bewildered and afraid. She was so like a victim in this thicket of realities—just a governess, an odd woman who was anybody's game. The intelligentsia might orate upon the emancipation of woman, but Elsie was not emancipated.

She wanted to feel secure, to hold tight to some other creature just as she clung to her God. She was ready to sit softly in the sunlight and adore.

Earning a living and being bold as brass in a world that was Pym might be Amazonian and up-to-date, but Elsie would prefer to shelter behind somebody else's shield.

So, like the trembling nymph, she sought her solitude and eluded a possible "Mr. Dashwood" by slipping out of the garden gate and taking the ricolito that led up to the Corso. It was five minutes past three, and the bells of Taormina had just ceased their childish clamor, and a dog was scratching himself on a doorstep. The gray cobbles ascended between high houses, and someone was practicing on a saxophone. She arrived on the Corso; she turned to the right, and was within ten yards of the English Library and tea rooms when she became aware of Henry Vane. He was standing hesitant in front of the English Library; he appeared to be reading a notice. The invisible thread of fate led Elsie to Elsie's fingers. She fumbled at it. Her impulse was to turn and run.

But she was seen, and as he came towards her, she was aware of his face



"I hopped right out of my TRADE MARK"



Copyright, 1932, RCA Victor Co., Inc.

says the Victor Dog,
"when I heard the radio that gets
two more octaves of music!"

YOU'VE got to hand it to those boys down at Radio Headquarters. For 10 years I listened to radios. But it took them to bring me to my feet with the only radio that ever fooled my keen ears into thinking it was human!

It's a radio that gets two whole octaves of music that *ordinary sets miss almost entirely!* A radio that lets you hear instruments you never even knew were playing. A radio that gets 29 more true tones of the piano—35 more true tones of the trombones—19

more notes of the saxophone—and so on!

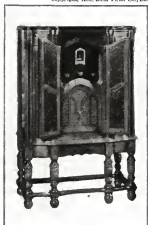
I'm a hound for good music. I know the best—and want it, always. Technical talk about a radio can't get me excited ordinarily. But I'm sold on the eight new features of Bi-Acoustic radio. They mean something in terms of *actual tone* improvement!

Help yourself to the biggest radio thrill that ever came down the avenue! Look

up one of those RCA Victor stores—you'll probably see my picture in the window—and ask for a chance to hear this new radio do its tricks.



The RCA Victor Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. "Radio Headquarters." A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary.



The New Bi-Acoustic Radio, R-78, with 8 great improvements. Complete with 12 RCA Radiotrons.

SETS \$48.75 TO \$310.00

RCA Victor *Bi-Acoustic* Radio
2 MORE OCTAVES

MADE EXCLUSIVELY by the MAKERS of RCA VICTOR RADIOS, PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS, VICTOR RECORDS

and of something in his eyes. He was glad to see her, glad and afraid, and she too was afraid.

"Mr. Vane."

He seemed to find it difficult to speak. "I thought I would have a look at Taormina. I arrived last night. Where are you?"

"At the San Niccolo."

"I'm at the Girgenti. It's very beautiful here."

And Elsie's world had regained its beauty. He had wanted to come to Taormina, and she had wanted him to come . . .

Where was she going? Oh, anywhere. She was free for an hour, and she confessed that she was not fond of Taormina's Main Street with its tortoise shell and amber, its mock antiques. If Mr. Vane was interested in the classic past—well, the ruins of the Greco-Roman theater were unique.

He had discovered them that morning, but he did not tell her so. From the green brow of the hill you could look down on the cypresses and the fruit trees of the Hotel Girgenti. He had spent an hour among the ruins.

"Show me. Will you?"

She still glowed and was confused. "I'd love to. It's a sweet place. Just like the place that Shelley wrote about." They went down the Corso together.

"How's Sally?"

"Much as usual. The arm is all right."

"And the behavior?"

He was smiling, and she realized that to her his smile was new country, unexplored. Hitherto she had experienced his infinite seriousness. She gave him a quick, upward glance.

"Oh, quite bearable. Sally and I get on well now."

"Isn't that a tribute to you?"

"I won't claim that. I've tried very hard. I suppose it's rather like training a puppy."

"Or a young tigress. And Mrs. Pym?"

ELSIE'S FACE fell. "Just Mrs. Pym. It's quite gay at the San Niccolo."

"Gay. I see. Like that. Not very appealing to you."

"No, not very."

They had arrived at the gate and the path leading up to the theater, and Elsie realized that she had come without any money. She had been hoarding two five-lice notes and a few centesimi ever since the purchasing of her petty cash.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten my money."

But Vane was paying the official at the gate. "My affair, please."

She was still breathless over this trivial incident. "I had nearly all my money stolen the other day."

"What? In the hotel?"

"Yes; from my bedroom."

"What a shame!"

She was smiling again. "Well, perhaps someone wanted it more than I did. I can understand that."

"Can you?"

"Yes. People must be desperate—sometimes. I don't believe that people do that sort of thing because they want to."

"Circumstances?"

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

He did not answer her for a moment. "Yes, we're often pushed that way."

They ascended by way of the steps, and Vane paused from time to time as though to look at the view, but also because the climbing of these steps with her was part of an allegory. She was still breathless, and when she turned with him to look at the hills the afternoon sunlight lay in her eyes.

"I wonder how many people this place could hold."

"It's immense, isn't it? The old brick-work is so beautiful."

"Just a provincial theater, with the sky for a roof."

They passed along the great upper gallery, and Vane described the pagan holiday crowd flowing in full color here.

"Probably you could buy sweets and flowers and cool drinks. And perhaps girls sprayed scent over you."

HIS EYES lighted up. "If we had H. G. Wells' time-machine we could see it all."

"Yes. Would you like to live back in those days?"

"Oh, no. I should be a futurist ghost, shouldn't I?"

"Hopelessly lost and lonely."

The grass had been dried by the sun and they sat down on the little plateau beside the ruins. She told him about the Hotel San Niccolo, and its elderly restlessness. Wasn't it strange that people should bring their feverish selves to such a place as this, and insist upon a cabaret-cocktail shot in Sicily? He sat with his knees drawn up, listening to her as though he could listen to her forever after years of inarticulate silence.

"But isn't that our fate?"

"You mean we take ourselves everywhere?"

"Fortunately or unfortunately. I still see you as Miss Elsie Summerhays—even in Sicily."

"Do you?"

"Fortunately, yes."

Her face was tranquil and happy. It seemed to her that he had ceased to be a stranger; that he was a different person from the man she had met in Rome. She felt at ease with him, even while she was conscious of him as her lover. She could tell him things; she did not mind being watched by him; she was living in a new and exquisite world. He made her feel strangely secure, surer of herself, because somehow she was so sure of his manhood.

She asked him about the Girgenti. "I suppose it is quieter than our hotel?"

"Just six people—and myself."

Gazing at the sea, she thought how restful it all was. And yet how little she knew of him. Surely, before long, he would begin to tell her something of himself, what his life had been; and how gladly she would listen.

She said, "You don't like crowds."

"Do you?"

"I loathe them. They make me feel paralyzed. You seem to lose yourself."

"Or find—nothing but yourself."

She sat pondering those last words of his, and suddenly all the bells of Taormina began to ring, and she realized that it was four o'clock, and that Sally would be hers. She drew up her knees, and her hands touched the grass.

"Four o'clock! I had no idea . . ."

She rose and he with her. They were close together, and yet she had a feeling that he had drawn apart from her.

"I take the child out for a short walk after tea."

"Where?"

"Oh, up and down the Corso. We look at the shops, especially the jewelry shops. That's Sally."

"Not you?"

"Perhaps something of me, too."

As they moved away towards the steps he had the air of a man confronting some poignant choice. "Could we repeat this? I mean, if you wouldn't be bored?" He saw the color come into her face.

"I'd love to. I often come to sit here."

"About the same time?"

"Yes."

They went down the steps together.

Vane dined alone at the Hotel Girgenti, and to the other six he may have appeared a solitary, serious person who had the air of not wishing to be approached. He exchanged a few suave banalities with his waiter, and allowed each course to be brought to him as though nothing on a plate had substance. Obviously, the gentleman was absorbed, detached. He helped himself twice to salt, and forgot to drink his wine . . .

Vane opened his shutters and stood on the balcony. There was the same moon, but half of it was in the sea, looking like a floating dome of light. There were the same cypresses, the same shadows, a little lengthened. Somewhere a dog was baying the moon. Poor, stupid, love-lorn beast!

But had he any right to feel contemptuous towards the dog? Contempt dug on such a night as this, and was forgotten. Meanwhile, the satellite had lifted itself out of the sea, and hung there like a huge half crown or five-lice piece.

Heads or tails? Could one trust such a choice to the spin of a coin?

"Heads—I tell her. Tails—I disappear."

But the whole urge of him was towards the telling, for would she not understand? She seemed so different from other women. She had gentleness, compassion, kind eyes. He could imagine himself sitting on the grass beside her, confessing everything, justifying nothing.

Would she be shocked? Oh, no doubt, but he would say, "I have told you this because I had to tell you. In the beginning I did not mean to tell you. It seemed impossible. But now there is something greater in me than fear. Can you believe me?"

Yes, he had a feeling that her compassion would rise above the horror of the past. She would understand all that he had suffered; the remorse; his realization of the savage futility of violence; those long, silent, frozen years.

He would tell her. It was becoming inevitable that he should tell her.

For he had begun to hope. Was it not possible that he might begin life over again with a woman like Elsie Summerhays? He would change his name; they could travel; there would be an end of his bitter loneliness. But also he wanted to give to Elsie, to make life good for her.

At the San Niccolo Elsie put on her pretty frock, the frock that made her feel a little happy with herself. She had given twenty minutes to her hair, so that it overshadowed that rather academic forehead.

Going to say good night to Sally, she was commended by those two blue eyes.

"Summer, you do look nice."

"Do I, dear?"

"Summer, you've got a man."

Elsie laughed it off, but she could not laugh off her indecision. "Perhaps."

"Not old Damgood?"

"No, old Damgood's a hateful old man. I wish—"

Sally nodded a truculent head. "Praps I'll do something to Mr. Damgood."

Elsie joined the musical-comedy crowd. She danced. She danced with Mr. Dashwood—and others. She was sufficiently woman to experiment upon masculine emotions, even upon the dogishness of Dashwood.

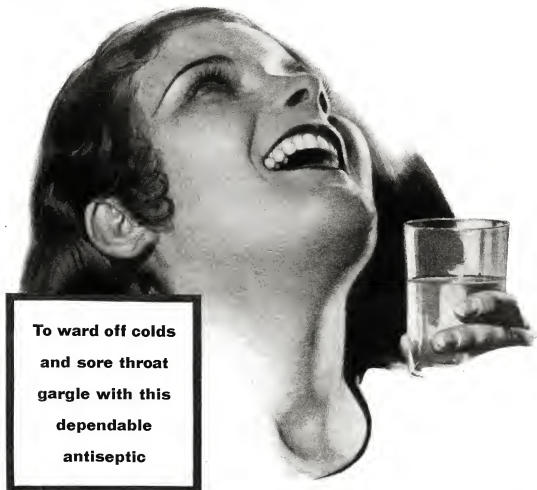
"My dear girl, you look marvelous to-night."

His bald head seemed to rouse in her a flicker of mischief.

"Is that so unusual?"

"Oh, come! More so than usual."

Mr. Dashwood squeezed her hand. Did it matter? Almost she felt like returning the pressure. She was so happy;



**To ward off colds
and sore throat
gargle with this
dependable
antiseptic**

How often was your throat sore last year? How many colds did you have? How many are you going to have this year? On how much care you give your mouth and throat, the answers may depend.

There can be no doubt that the twice-a-day use of a dependable antiseptic is of tremendous value in keeping the mouth clean and holding simple infections in check. The practical experience of millions of men and women has proved it. Undoubtedly that is why Listerine has been the steadfast choice for more than 50 years.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it begins to kill germs, in-

cluding those associated with the common cold and simple sore throat.

Bear in mind that, although full strength Listerine kills germs, it is at the same time pleasant in action and safe to use. Remember this factor of safety when you buy a mouth wash: solutions so harsh, they must be diluted before using, may prove dangerous to delicate mouth membranes.

Colds are easy to catch and often develop into more serious diseases. Why not protect yourself by gargling with Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic with the pleasant taste? Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**New Salve relieves
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LISTERINE
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Don't let a cold settle on the chest and become serious. At the first sign of trouble apply the new Listerine Rub on chest and back. Listerine Rub penetrates deep, warms the skin, stimulates circulation and promptly relieves congestion.

LISTERINE kills disease germs

she was in love, and her love was good.

The next afternoon she went wide-eyed to her crisis. She offered her last five-line note to the official at the familiar gate, and he smiled upon her and refused it.

"The gentleman has paid for two."

Possibly she blushed. She did not mind having this middle-aged Italian give her romance a fatherly benediction.

As she climbed the path and the steps she thought of the morning as a kind of miasma, and this hillside as a sanctuary between sea and sky. She did not hurry. She could appreciate the exquisite tempo of her deliberation, this up and up like a voice rising or a lark climbing. Her innocence was complete.

HER LOVER! She stood in the shadow of one of the red-brick walls of the ruin and observed him. He was sitting on the grass near the edge of the cliff, and for some seconds she stood there in secret and possessed him.

At last she walked across the grass, and almost instantly he was aware of her presence. He rose quickly and stood looking at her.

Her innocence divined no shadow.

"Thank you for paying."

"The fellow told you?"

"Yes. He's quite a friend of ours."

"I'm glad he didn't try to cheat."

But what was the matter with her lover? She might have said that he had the air of a man who had been sitting in a north wind instead of in the Sicilian sunlight. He looked chilled and harshly self-conscious. She began to be aware of an edge of shadow.

"You look cold." She noticed that he avoided meeting her eyes.

"Cold? Not a bit. It's warm up here. Shall we sit?"

He waited until she had settled herself. He brought out a pipe and a pouch and laid them on the grass. He stared at the sea.

"How's Sally?"

"Quite good today. We've actually arrived at vulgar fractions."

"Splendid." He picked up his pipe as though his hands wanted something to hold.

She stole a glance at him. He looked worn and gray. Was he finding it difficult to tell her that which was self-evident?

"I have something to tell you, and I want you to be patient with me."

"Yes. I'll be very patient."

She sat quite still. How shy and irresolute he seemed, and yet she would rather have it so, gradual and tentative and mysterious, like the moon rising. She was waiting to say, "Oh, my dear, I understand."

He took that very word from her lips. "I don't think you understand."

"But perhaps I do."

"No, that's not possible. You see, for days I have been on the edge of a cliff."

"Something so serious?"

"Something—so final."

He did not look at her, or realize that her face was hazed over with a soft expectancy. She seemed to dream, eyes half closed, lips faintly tremulous.

He began to tell her: "What I'm going to say may hurt you; that's the tragedy of this business. I'm not going to justify anything. I only ask you to listen. You may understand, and you may not."

The edge of the shadow came back, the edge of reality that was to eclipse her dream. She turned to watch his face, and the movement worried him.

"No, don't do that. Look at the sea."

The shadow increased. She was beginning to feel a little frightened, but

she turned her face to the sea. "I don't think you could hurt me."

He sat rigid. "That depends. It seems that one has to hurt people, the very people— But let me get it over."

His voice had a harshness. It was as though this revealing of things was like the rending of some fabric, and as she listened her eyes grew large and bewildered. What was he saying? His words seemed to strike note after note, all of them harsh, a piling-up of discords.

She was conscious of feeling shocked, wounded, dismayed. His swift, fierce phrases. His marriage. "I must have been a savage sort of egoist. I took things at you head, I was a jealous beast. You wouldn't understand. No, you couldn't."

Now he was speaking of the war. He had taken that, too, at red heat, given up everything. But the war, that most dreadful of all illusions! He had rushed into it feeling a noble fellow, and the war had got him down in the mud. It had intended all that was elemental in him: sex hunger, crude instinct. It had stripped him naked and left him savagely and stubbornly enduring.

Having so little left, he had desired other things more passionately. The horrible inevitability of it all, the helplessness; sheep for the slaughter. Yes, out there in the mud some men had modeled little clay idols and called them woman, love, home. However beastly the reality of war might be, life was different at home. And at home they understood what men were suffering, surrendering, yearning for. Poor devils!

He paused. Not once had he looked at her face, or divined an illusion in ruins. He went on:

"I got leave. It was after the slaughter at Loos. I was hungry, so hungry, for things. And then I found that some things could be worse at home than the mud, might be more treacherous. My wife had—"

She was shivering, mute.

"I suppose I saw red. I hadn't the sense to laugh or be cynical. I hadn't the sense then to feel the pity of things. I wanted to smash. I was like an animal let out of a cage. If I had waited a little longer, I should have found life out—just as we found the war out. Futile, horrible violence! But I didn't wait. I killed the fellow. They gave me twenty years."

And suddenly he was aware of her protesting cry.

"Oh, stop! Please!"

He looked at her. "I'm sorry. Yes, it must sound crude and ghastly, but it had to be told." He realized her bewilderment, her horror, and so spoke gently to her. "I'm sorry. And now it's all over, but you had to know. Some day, perhaps, you'll understand."

She had her face in her hands and she was shaking as he had seen men shake in moments of dreadful fear. He wanted to touch her, help her, but to what end? He had forgotten that there had been a man in him crying for help.

"Please, it's all over. I didn't want to hurt you. Perhaps you would like to go back." He watched her, with compassion and with secret yearning. Was it so hopeless? Couldn't she give him anything?

She let her hands fall, and almost he could feel her inward shuddering. "Yes, I think I had better go." She rose, giving him one hopeless, frightened, tragic look. "Please don't come with me. I'd rather be—"

Yes, I'm quite all right." He watched her and when she had disappeared, he turned again to the sea. So that was that! Poor child! He understood and suffered the significance of

her panic. She was good, too good; he wondered whether some child of the streets would have understood life better, and out of her raw flesh pressed some measure of compassion.

He sat and stared at the sea.

There was no bitterness in him. But the pity of it!

When Elsie came to the gate the kind old fellow with the mustachios stood there to bless her.

"A beautiful evening, Signorina."

She hurried past him. All the bells of Taormina burst into a jangle of laughter. It was four o'clock, and less than an hour ago she had felt so happy.

How horrible life was!

She was out of breath both emotionally and physically. Inevitably she was going back to the Hotel San Niccolò, to the world of Mr. Dashwood and Mrs. Pym, and she hurried along a Sicilian street that was somehow strange and distorted, like a jagged cubist study. People with green faces and purple hair!

She was bewildered. Her consciousness was like a conventional white wall upon which some surreptitious youth had scrawled obscenities. Adultery; murder; her hero an ex-convict. How incredibly crude and horrible!

For she was like a frightened child. The thing had so shocked her that her emotions were frozen. Oh, he should not have told her! He should not have let her come to bare, and then caused her dream-world to crash like that. So benumbed was she that she was capable only of a pale self-pity.

Or her pity was for the moment like a feeble light carried along a darkened street, illuminating her own figure and the stones beneath her feet. Poor Elsie! She was thinking of herself as "poor Elsie." Her pity had not yet warmed and enlarged itself to include that other figure. She had run away from her reality in blind, uncomprehending panic.

Meanwhile, the San Niccolò and Sally waited for her. She was going back to that other world with its painful infidelities. She shrank from it. She could not go back yet! She must have time to readjust her shocked soul; to sort out the old from the new.

SHE WALKED the full length of the Corso, and found herself on the terraced road leading down to the Hotel Excelsior. The sea was hardening to steel.

Suddenly something broke in her. It was like the cracking of a shell, a rift in the surface of her conventional self. She burst into tears. She stood there beside the wall, weeping. She was oblivious of the publicity of her emotion, though as a matter of fact there was no one there to see. She was loose and adrift on the rush of her emotion, and as it broadened she ceased to be merely self-conscious. Her emotion spread to engulf that other figure.

Oh, poor man! What a tragedy! Fifteen years! And he had told her. And if he cared as she cared—?

In feeling, in the warm flux of her compassion, she began to comprehend. An act of courage? Surely! And he had said nothing about loving her. He had justified nothing, asked for nothing.

And she had given him nothing. She had just run away from him.

Meanwhile, the Pym world was preparing another alarms and excursions, for Sally had taken the stage, and a Sally as partisan could be an embarrassing ally. Had not Summer referred to "Mr. Damgood" as a hateful old man?—and

do the Creators of Fashion in Paris sanction nails that are tinted or natural?



All Colors...



IF you're lucky enough to sit in on an "opening" in Paris, you'll see the grand mannequins go gliding by not only in bewilderingly lovely gowns, but in a most alluring variety of Nail Tints.

No "Big House" goes colorless. And many of them sanction 9 or 4 shades for their mannequins.

These Elegant Girls have been tinting their nails for years. And it's time Everyone over here discovered how nicely the Right Nail Tint completes the costume.

You'll find that Rose nails click like anything with black or dark green street costumes. And Garnet nails, worn with the new tawny shades, go to the head like wine!

If you run out of original color schemes, you can rely on the panel

the tint of the nails depends on the gown, says world manicure authority

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender, dark green, black and brown.

Coral is enchanting with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades... is a good shade with gray, beige, the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

Garnet, a rich wine red, just right with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. You'll be sure to want it for very bright or "difficult" colors!

above. The advice you get there has been checked by fashion experts and it's worth taking.

BUT please... don't think for a minute that any old polish will work these miracles. You want to remember it's CUTEX that flows on with that smooth, shining perfection—never cracks, peels or discolors, and lasts with lustre undimmed for a week or more. For Plus Value, the new haketite cap comes with brush all attached and will keep the tip off your table forever.

Don't let the French be any more alluring than you are. Get your lovely Cutex colors today.

THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE...

Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that suits your costume. Choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose, Coral, Cardinal or Garnet. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

2 shades of Cutex
Liquid Polish... and
four other manicure
essentials... 12¢



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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked... ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

Cutex Liquid Polish.. only 35¢

Sally needed no invitation to the dance. Always she was equal to a pas seul.

It so happened that on this particular afternoon Mr. Dashwood was giving a tea party in the lounge of the San Nicolo. It was a social occasion, and Mr. Dashwood was full of airs and graces, the charming and debonair host. Sally observed him from the table where she and her mother were established.

Sally's inspiration had come to her, a glutinous, splendid, ruddy proposition. The Hotel San Nicolo provided for tea an adhesive brand of conserve served in a glass dish. The dish itself was concave and suggestive of a glass skullcap.

Sally nudged the glass dish, and getting up, made her way across the lounge to Mr. Dashwood's table. He was giving tea and flashing smiles to four ladies. His bald head shone like a casque.

The soul of Sally exulted. She slipped surreptitiously behind Mr. Dashwood's chair, and before the eyes of all she crowned him, applying that glass dish, jam downwards, to his unsuspecting pate. Turned down!

Miss Summerhays was caught by the tail of the storm. She was late, dreadfully late; she had been wandering about Taormina like a woman with a lantern that would keep going out, leaving her lost in dark alleys and cul-de-sacs. She had got as far as the gateway of the Giganti, and then both her compassion and her courage had failed her.

Her impulse was to hurry through the vestibule of the San Nicolo and shut herself in her room, but the impulse was stayed. The concierge came toward her. "I have a message."

"For me?"

"Will you go to madam's room—at once."

"Is anything the matter?"

The concierge shrugged. "Madam needs you—at once. Madam is leaving."

Elsie felt stricken. Well, really! Her feeling of bewilderment returned. She was conscious of hurrying confusedly upstairs and along corridors. What had happened?

Surely enough had happened in one day, and now she was to be involved in some other disaster!

LEAVING tomorrow! Had the Hotel San Nicolo issued an ultimatum? The musical-comedy crowd at the San Nicolo could stand a good deal of noise, and made it, but it was beginning to question the loudness of Mrs. Pym.

She arrived at the lady's door. She could hear a sound as of a trunk being dragged across the floor. She knocked.

A voice bade her "Come in." Elsie opened the door; she became aware of various confusions, realized that Mrs. Pym was arrested at her.

"Where have you been? Where the hell have you been? Come in and shut the door. Don't stand there gaping."

Elsie closed the door. Her lips became tremulous in a very white face. She dared to ask a question. What had caused all this catastrophic haste?

Mrs. Pym was kneeling beside one of the trunks, and she suggested a vulgar shrew with her hands in a washbowl.

"What happened! Good Lord! If you'd been here instead of messing about! Sally had one of her afternoons out—crammed a jam dish on an old fool's head. A scene! Well, I lost my temper. Who wouldn't? I got her by the arm; I forgot it was an arm that had been broken—and she went for me like a mad cat. Clawing and kicking."

"Oh, yes, a glorious to-do, I can tell you, and that soapy swine of a manager butting in and following me in here. I

am sorry, madam, but your rooms are needed tomorrow." As if I was going to take that lying down. I told him we'd get out of his bloody caravansary, and be glad. So that's that!"

She whisked a dress into the trunk.

"Yes, and what's more it's all your fault! Don't stand there like a silly sheep. You'd better go and see to Sally and get packed. No, we shan't go down to dinner. Not likely! I shall want you to go down in the morning to that agency in the Corso, and get tickets and sleepers on the Rome train. Yes, Rome. Don't stand there staring. Get busy."

Elsie looked bewildered. It was not in her to scream back or give Mrs. Pym scene for scene, and her sensitive skin was at the mercy of the virago's claws. Besides, this was piling Pelton upon Ossa, confusion upon confusion, and suddenly she was very tired. She had no knees, no sense of resistance. She picked her way through the disorder of Mrs. Pym's possessions to the communicating door, and unlocking it, went through into Sally's room. She closed the door.

Elsie woke with a headache. It was to be a trying and a tiring day. Something had to be decided, and she had so little time—the train left at noon.

What was she to do—try to see him or leave a message, and what sort of message? Had she anything to say to him that would carry any final significance? "I'm so sorry, so very sorry. We are going away. Perhaps it is as well." But how hopeless and trivial and inadequate the words sounded in the face of his courage; for she was beginning to comprehend his courage.

She got up and dressed, packed the rest of her belongings and hurried out. If she could see him, even for a minute, she might find something to say, something that was impulsive and generous. Why shouldn't she see him? She could get the tickets, and then hurry on to the Hotel Giganti. She had time. But already the day was taking on a sense of fluster, and her interview with the Sicilian in the agency was to fluster her still further.

The noon train from Taormina had no sleeping accommodations. The lady would have to take the eighteen-fifty-seven. And the price of the tickets and the sleepers? He named a sum that made Elsie's thousand lire appear wholly inadequate.

She was agitated. She would have to go back to the hotel and consult with Mrs. Pym. She hurried. She found Mrs. Pym fresh from a difference of opinion with the management, and the management had not been vanquished. Moreover, the lady's rooms would have to be vacant before noon.

"Tim sorry. There are no sleepers on the twelve train. And the price—"

"Good Lord! How much?"

Elsie named the figure, and Mrs. Pym's mouth looked wry.

"What? Positively absurd. First-class tickets? I haven't the money on me. These people have bled me white."

Elsie's eyes were anxious. Time was passing, and she was so conscious of that over reality lying beneath all these petty worries. It was like trying to reach down for something precious through a tangle of thorns.

"Well, we shall have to go second."

"Second! And all night in the train. What time does it get to Rome?"

"About eight in the morning."

"Marvelous!"

"Then there will be the registered luggage."

"And no restaurant car, I suppose. Oh, very well. Go and fix it up. And I

want you to finish my packing and strap the trunks."

"Yes. I'll be back as quickly as I can."

But Elsie was feeling flustered. She was losing her head just when her crisis was at its climax. These futile objections; these silly bewilderments! To be short of money at the moment when she was concerned with things that money could not buy. She must see him, speak a few words. She raced along the Corso to the agency. She bought those second-class tickets to Rome, and hurried on to the Hotel Giganti.

BUT SUDDENLY she became a creature of panic. She got as far as the gate, hesitated, turned back. What could she say to him? She stood looking in a shop window, and then her fear veered round like a fickle breeze. Yes, she must see him. She walked back to the Hotel Giganti, and with a frozen face, went in.

A porter met her. She stammered:

"I—I wish to see Mr. Vane."

The porter looked at her doubtfully. He thought the gentleman had gone out, but he would make inquiries. He disappeared, and Elsie stood like Lot's wife.

In two minutes the man was back.

"The gentleman has gone out. He took his lunch with him."

She did not remember saying anything to the porter, and she was not conscious of leaving the hotel. She was just aware of herself hurrying along the Corso, and of a knot of pain somewhere, and of a feeling of dull, bewildered finality. She would not see him again. Perhaps it was better so.

But in the lounge of the San Nicolo she sat down and scribbled a note.

Good-by. We are leaving suddenly for Rome. Perhaps I did understand—more than I thought. I'm so sorry, so very sorry, and ashamed. Good-by.

She put her note in an envelope, addressed it and carried it to the concierge. "If a gentleman named Vane should call, will you please give him this?"

Vane had taken the mule path that goes down to the sea, and up which the fishermen race with their baskets of fish. He carried his lunch in a sort of paper satchel with handles of string, and the sky and the sea were very blue. The path brought him to the dusty road at the foot of the cliffs, and following it a little way he discovered a bay with a lunette of sand. He sat on the sand, and some twenty yards away two young things were sun-bathing. The girl lay flat on her back with her hands under her head, and kept raising and lowering a pair of thin brown legs. The man smoked a cigarette and stared at the sky. Vane examined his lunch. It consisted of a wing of a chicken, a roll, two hard-boiled eggs, two oranges and a wedge of cheese in rice paper. He could not say that he was hungry; he was conscious of other emptinesses, and of those two young things on the hot sand. They seemed to belong to the sea and the sky, while he, the old Time preparing to suck an orange.

Yet he thought, "Twenty years ago I was young, without realizing it. How little youth understands. Life seems an infinitude of sun and sea and hot sand, and then—suddenly—!"

He cracked one of the eggs on a stone, and carefully collecting the pieces of shell, placed them tidily in a wisp of paper. He reflected, "She might have been here with me. Well, perhaps when she gets over the shock? I suppose if a woman can care, she might transcend

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Today—at your drug store—get a bot-

tle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning when you get up, pour two teaspoons or so of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water—and drink down the sparkling mixture.

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Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.



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To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.



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The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.



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To keep the blood stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.



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the conventions." He peeled an orange, and behind him a train rattled past, and he did not suspect that it carried Elsie and the Pym world back to Rome.

While the afternoon was still young Vane climbed back to Tuormina, and leaving his luncheon bag and its debris with the porter of the Girgenti, he strolled across to the gate of the theater. The gentleman in uniform smiled.

"For two, Signore?"

Was it an omen? He paid for two tickets, and left an additional ten lire with the augur, and passed on to the sacred hill. The sacrificial fire was still burning, and the yet hot coals came to warm her hands at it and look at him with eyes of understanding and compassion. He had asked for nothing, nor would he ask for anything. The choice was hers. She had to find out about life for herself. Like those two young things upon the sand, they would have to sit side by side, naked and ashamed, stripped of conventional make-believes.

He waited there until the bells chimed out, and she had not come. The sun was setting, and he thought, "She is still afraid of me. How strange that she

should be afraid of me, and yet how natural! For I am the one person in the world whom she need not fear. I have ceased to be passionate and greedy. I ask to give more than to take.

"But perhaps she will never recover from that fear. Black is forever black, and white white, and an outcast always an outcast. How strange! Does the world still think such silliness? But then, the world has not hung on a cross for fifteen years. She did not see me as a man who has come down from a cross—but if she should? The penitent thief, and Christ's blessing!"

He left the hill and made his way down past a ruin full of shadows to the gate, and its guardian suffered him to pass in silence, a silence that was discreet and sympathetic. "Tomorrow, Signore; there is always tomorrow."

Vane allowed yet another day of hope and of increasing loneliness to elapse before he began to question the finality of his silence. She did not come to the ruins of the theater; she remained invisible. At the Girgenti he presented himself regularly at the concierge's counter. "Any letters for me?"

There were no letters for him.

At the end of the second day he began to explore other possibilities. Why assume the permanence of her panic, or conclude that she was so wholly a creature of the conventions? She might be ill. Why not clinch the matter; go boldly to the San Niccolo and make inquiries? Surely it was possible to override an attitude of sensitive expectancy. Might she not be waiting for the man to move?

He walked up to the San Niccolo about six o'clock and spoke to the concierge. "Excuse me, are Mrs. Pym and Miss Summerhays staying here?"

"No, sir, they left yesterday morning."

"Left Tuormina?"

"Yes, sir. Are you Mr. Vane?"

"I am."

The concierge pivoted, picked a letter out of a pigeonhole and handed it to Vane. "The younger lady left this, sir, for you."

Vane stood in the vestibule and read Elsie's little note, which ended: "I'm so sorry, so very sorry. . . . Good-by."

That was all. The had gone back to Rome, and the Eternal City seemed to him as vast as the universe. Had she meant it to be so? Had she dropped a dark veil and called it Rome?

An unimaginable disaster overtakes the serious-minded Elsie in Warwick Deeping's December Installment

County Fair by Phil Stong (Continued from page 53)

used to visit Keosauqua, and it was with a splendid sense of freedom and joyousness that we saw the tights and spangles of the acrobats, and more particularly of the equestriennes who circled the ring in the opening parade.

If anyone had attempted to wear tights and spangles in production at the Keosauqua Opera House, the entire company would have been taken to the city limits by the town marshal. With the circus it was different. The terrific weight of tradition made the authorities excuse this display on the presumptuous grounds that such a costume was necessary to horseback riding.

The crowd sighed, sat back and enjoyed the splendor of the costumes—not, I suppose, that even in our little community there were not lepers whose enjoyment went a thought further—in the perfect comfort of mob sanction.

When the carnival companies and street acts succeeded the circus, the sanctions were transferred to them. The carnival companies pitched in a vacant lot, where nickels, dimes, coupons from cigarets, tin foil and many other valuable items were to be found by the town urchins for days afterward.

At the first carnival my father sold two barrels of confetti to people who had never seen either confetti or a carnival before, and Mudgett and Hen were both drunk. I do not know whether Mudgett and Hen lent authority to the confetti-throwers or whether they merely sensed what was coming, but the town and Mudgett and Hen acted as one organism, perfectly attuned.

One of the street acts which accompanied an early County Fair brought my first heartbreak and I cannot yet see canary-yellow of a particular shade without a gentle melancholy and the feeling that the days of Fun are past. She was the stooge for a strong man's act, and she was an angel. She wore a two-inch bracelet filled with enormous diamonds, rubies and emeralds, whose total value must have been well in excess of one hundred million dollars. Her beautiful hair exactly matched her canary-yellow tights—the fact that they had decorous puffs at hips and bosom

won favorable comment from the sedate citizens of Keosauqua.

She was regal and demure, queenly but tender; she was all that Lancelot sighed for, and nothing could have exceeded the delicacy and grace with which she balanced a two-hundred-pound ploy in her teeth. But she went away, and we could not travel have found her like for me.

But as County Fair strong women have always declined since that perfect creature, so, too, has there been a swift deterioration of County Fair strong men, as well as two-headed calves. I have never had such a depressed sense of the growing sissiness of the American nation—if not, indeed, of all humanity—as when at last year's Fair the strong man had a blanket thrown across his abdomen before he would permit a light sedan to be driven over it. Strong men of the old school would have been indignant if the car had not been equipped with chains. But this strong man, so-called—not merely a blanket but balloon tires!

And yet sometimes it is best to ignore our realists and fiddle merrily while Rome burns. At least in Keosauqua we fiddle ensemble and by the cooperating grace of all of our illusions we manage to believe for a happy moment that even with blankets, and tires which are practically elder down, it is something worth while and noble to have a five-passenger car driven over one's stomach.

Everyone knows that two-headed calves have deteriorated in the past twenty years. Alligator boys, for instance, are virtually extinct, and one seldom sees even a spider woman. Wild men who once gawped on impressive beef bones now roar over Steak Tartare, and instead of climbing careers as Tasmanian Dog Men they pretend to being nothing more than ordinary youths reared by the savages of the Australian bush—and go into motion pictures.

But no village will ever see the stitches in the preserved octopus-girl's neck, even when the throat is as obvious as the bulb-ropes which keep the crowd in the paddock from interrupting the race horses. As persons, they recognize that

they are viewing a fabrication of leather and parchment; as a part of the holiday crowd, they believe and marvel.

Credulity is sometimes difficult to maintain but it is worth while. It was Wheezy Carrothers, who went to Chicago once and learned to pitch three-card monte, who established this fact. At a County Fair of many years ago—for gambling games are forbidden at most Fairs, today—he encountered a three-card monte dealer. Wheezy smirked at the crowd, picked up the cards, and artistically thumb-nailed the black queen.

For the first two or three—"come-on"—deals the nicked card fell where it seemed to fall, and Wheezy won seventy-five cents from the dealer. Then, in the calculated desperation of a Fair gambler, the proprietor of the stand raised the bet to a dollar. Wheezy won the first time, but the second time the black queen fell between the two red queens—and the nicked card was the card at the right.

Wheezy turned a trifle pale but he bet on the nicked card. He won. The dealer looked at him with incredulity and reproach, and raised the bet to five dollars. The three cards were shuffled and pitched out on the board. Again the black queen fell in the center, but the nicked card was at the left.

Wheezy perished. Plainly visible was the thumb-nailed card, which was, peradventure, the black queen. Plainly visible, too, was the card which Wheezy knew was the black queen, because he had seen it put there.

For a moment rationality rebelled. Wheezy, that great man, conquered and subdued it. He chose the card that he knew was the black queen.

It was a red queen.

Wheezy paid his five dollars with a flourish. Five dollars for the perpetuation of the city slicker, five dollars for the credulities and releases which are Fun at the Van Buren County Fair—and anyway, Wheezy was two dollars and seventy-five cents in to the three-card monte man.

At a coin of only two dollars and two bits, Wheezy escaped from the monte man and went out to enjoy the Fair.

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Picture No. 1—at right—shows you clearly how "air holes" are formed by cheap, ordinary baking powder. Just look at those big bubbles in the batter. Every one leaves a large hole in your finished cake.

Compare this with picture No. 2. Notice



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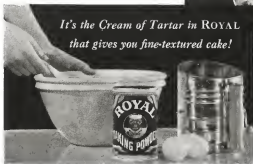
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Red into Green by Royal Brown (Continued from page 75)

to Pete. "Get out," he commanded, his voice now curt. "And make it snappy. I'd just as soon drill you as not."

"Pete certainly made it snappy," thought Silver. Her hands still in her pockets, her red slippers in the snow, she stood aside while Convict 8872 divested Pete of his coonskin coat, discarding the costume that gave him a momentary surprise.

"Don't let that mislead you," Silver observed. "He is really quite harmless. It's just a masquerade."

Pete gave her a swift sidelong glance that startled her for a second. But his hands stayed up. What a man! The red light shifted to green.

Convict 8872—Silver had his number now; it was on his back—managed to slip into the coonskin coat and at the same time keep Pete covered. "Here's a tip for you," he was saying to Pete. "Don't try to flag the first car that comes along. They've got me on the radio by now. And if the first car happened to be full of state troopers it would be just too bad—you'd get filled with lead before you could speak."

Still dominating Pete, he gave Silver a swift, appreciative glance. "I'm so sorry about your slippers," he observed regretfully, as already noted. "I hope the snow won't spoil them."

"But it will," Silver mourned. "And they are borrowed slippers. I'll have to buy new ones to replace them."

She gave him a swift, appealing glance. Pete's coonskin coat was a bit too small for him, yet he looked like a million in it. Perhaps that was what gave her one of her sudden, quicksilver inspirations.

"If I have to walk in them," she added. "But couldn't you drop me where I'm going? It's only a mile or so from here."

Pete's arms started to drop. "Silver!" he gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"But those hands up—quick!" Convict 8872 snapped, his voice as sharp with menace as the revolver he aimed at Pete.

For a second Silver held her breath. Pete looked murderous—as if he were going to spring. But he didn't. Instead, his hands went slowly up.

Silver breathed easier. Yet she said disdainfully: "That's the right and reasonable thing to do, Pete—so much safer. And don't worry about me. I—I'll really feel much safer with him, if he'll take me." She turned her eyes to Convict 8872. "Please do!" she pleaded. "Because if you don't"—she opened her coat and gave him a brief glimpse of her audacious costume—"I'll probably freeze."

"I'd never forgive myself if you did. Get into the car, by all means."

And Silver actually did. Not at the point of a revolver, as the newspapers said, but at her own suggestion. And that, of course, must seem incredible to most people.

They, however, knew a great deal more about Convict 8872, thanks to the enterprise of the newspapers, than did Silver when she stepped back into Pete's roadster. She was merely trusting to what is known as feminine intuition. And what woman ever believes that an attractive man can be wholly bad?

Silver was quite sure she couldn't be. Five minutes more and she would be at her destination, prepared for what was to be a swell entrance party.

"Pete?" she would reply. "Oh, he's hiding in the bushes at the crossroads. He would stop for a red light, you know. Perhaps somebody had better go and salvage him before he freezes to death."

They would stare at her disbelievingly and ask what Pete was doing there. She'd explain and they, still doubting her, would ask how she got to the party.

"Oh, I asked him—the convict—to drop me here," she would say. "He was sweet!" They wouldn't believe that, either.

They'd think she was making it up. "Scared?" she could hear herself echoing, wide-eyed. "Why should I be? Anyway, Pete was scared enough for two."

Pete would never forgive her. What of it? Suppose, she reminded herself, Convict 8872 had been really dangerous. A hot lot of protection Pete would have been, with his arms in the air.

And so, with everything arranged, Silver smiled up at Convict 8872 as he shot into the seat beside her.

The traffic light ahead was red again. He disregarded it; shot a swift glance behind. Silver did likewise. A single headlight was bearing down from behind—a motor-cycle cop, perhaps.

Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, seventy-seven. Silver held her breath as the speedometer shot up. He drove like a maniac—and an inspired one. The thought relaxed her, and then she tautened again. The car was plunging downhill now.

It had been Silver's boast, up to tonight, that nobody could drive too fast for her. She would never be so sure of that again.

Half a mile farther on, the road forked. The roadster swerved to the left. "That hill was a bit of luck," observed Convict 8872. Then: "That was a cop he slowed down, and now he's lost us. Feels great to have my hands on the wheel again. First time in four years for me."

"You certainly don't seem to have lost your touch," Silver assured him. "Did you always drive this way?"

"Mostly," he grinned. "I had a Mercedes Racer and it could travel."

Mercedes Racer? Silver's pretty ears picked up at that. "What were you arrested for—speeding?" she demanded.

"Why bring that up?" he retorted. But he added egotistically: "Ever heard of Neil Williams?" Evidently he expected she must have.

"Neil Williams?" Silver repeated. "It sounds familiar, but—"

"But such is fame," he finished. "I see I'm practically anonymous as far as you are concerned, and perhaps it's as well."

"We only moved East two years ago; we lived in Chicago," Silver said, almost apologetically.

"Chicago always did have an irresistible appeal for me," he remarked. "I spent a lot of time there—too bad I didn't meet you sooner. Influence of a good woman and all that—"

"Do I suggest that to you?" Silver asked.

And that, of course, was inexcusable of her. Or was it? She was only twenty-three, and although her experience with men had been large, her reactions remained feminine rather than scientific.

Those who were to read the newspaper accounts of all this had an immense advantage over her. They were to be reminded, at once, just how many hundreds of thousands the millionaire father of this Neil Williams had spent to keep his son from the electric chair and how this had been accomplished. They might not know precisely what a manic-depressive psychosis was, but it sounded impressive, particularly in the form of which Neil Williams was a victim.

"The defendant suffers from a form of personality disorder that is characterized by a naturalness which wins friends at first sight," two-hundred-dollar-a-day alienists had testified. "He is the perfect illustration of the extreme extrovert merging into the manic-depressive."

The jury could not follow all this but they did get the main idea. And that was that this charming young murderer was insane. As such he was not responsible to society. On the other hand, society was responsible for him—must take care of him.

"And inside of five years he'll be paroled, all that to murder somebody else," a cynical reporter had remarked. "Well, that will make a good yarn."

Now, as Silver slanted her eyes up at the engaging countenance of her companion—who couldn't be really bad, because he was so attractive—this same reporter, now a night city editor, remarked cheerfully. "He only wounded one guard—who will recover, but the night is young yet. He's loose and he's got a gun, and hell will pop before morning."

Bad news for somebody else was good news so far as he was concerned. The fact that the fugitive had corralled a car and a girl was yet to become known but the man hunt was on. The radio, after broadcasting a bulletin, was now busy with warnings.

"Well, you look awfully good to me," the object of all this concern was assuring Silver.

"I won't look very good to anybody if this car happens to hit a ditch at the rate we're traveling," she retorted. "Also, I am on a masquerade, and we're traveling in the wrong direction."

"Just a little detour," he replied. "Any idea how we can back-track?"

Silver glanced ahead. "If you will turn right at the gas station and keep on until you come to a back road—"

"Speaking of gas, we need some," he remarked, glancing at the gauge.

"You mean you're going to stop for some? Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?" he asked. And added, "I've been shut up for four years, remember, and one night of freedom..." He left that in the air. The roadster was drawing up at the pump. "Fill her up," he directed the attendant.

"Turn off your ignition," the latter said, lifting the nozzle from the hook.

"I prefer to keep my engine running," Neil Williams replied curtly. "You go ahead and do your stuff."

"Not me," the attendant said curtly. "You may be crazy, but—"

HE NEVER FINISHED. The frosty peace was shattered by an explosion that sounded to Silver like the end of the world. She saw the attendant raise his hand, give them an incredulous glance. Then, as the roadster shot forward, he crumpled down into the snow.

The roadster turned to the right. "This the road you mean?" Silver's companion asked.

Silver gaped at him, her eyes and mouth wide. "But—you—you shot him."

She had seen it, but she could not believe it. It couldn't have happened. It was like having a gun you were sure couldn't be loaded go off in your hands.

"What did you think I was going to do—let him stall until he got a chance to pull a gun on me?" he demanded. "Not me; they won't take me alive."

"But he only asked you to shut off the ignition," Silver protested, horrified.

"Oh, for God's sake shut up!" he snapped. "I tell you he was trying to put something over on me, but I was too quick for him. He got what he rated."

Silver simply gasped. She did not know that she was witnessing, at first hand, the surprising emotional transitions of a maniac-depressive. She did, however, feel a sudden chill conviction that he must be crazy.

The car raced along. "Where's that back road you spoke of?" he demanded presently.

"It's the next road on your right—there's the church on the corner now," Silver said breathlessly. If she could get to the Maxwells', get to Pete—

The car made the turn. "This is my lucky night—what a break!" he grinned. "This the house?"

Silver nodded. The Maxwell house was lighted from cellar to attic; many cars were parked around it. They swung into the drive.

"And here we are," remarked her companion, switching off the ignition. "The question now is, who am I? I mean, who are you going to say I am? We'd better get our signals straight."

"You—you don't mean you're coming in?" Silver gasped.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I'm in costume—your boy friend wore a similar one. It's a masquerade, isn't it?"

"Yes, but they don't know you, and they know him."

"That's all right. I'm an old acquaintance of yours. From Chicago."

"But Pete—Pete will know different. He's probably told them already. I mean, he's had loads of time—"

"Loads of time! How long do you think we've taken?" he broke in. "Ten minutes, fifteen at the most."

"Fifteen minutes?" echoed Silver incredulously. "Why—"

She stopped as he swung out of the car and opened the door on her side.

"I've got a hunch he isn't here yet," he said. "And even if he is, we can trust to his discretion, can't we? Come on, don't worry about the details; I'll attend to them."

Silver did not move. "I'm not going to take you in there and pretend—"

"Listen, beautiful," he commanded. "You may think I ought to bid you good night and be on my way, but I've got a better idea. I'm not going to rush around this neck of the woods like a hunted rabbit while there's a chance to eat, drink and be merry. This is the place for me—the safest, on a bet!"

He held out his hand, but Silver shrank back.

"All right, sit there!" he snapped. "I'll crash this party with or without you, and if anybody starts anything—"

Leaving that unfinished, he started for the house. Silver shot out of the car.

"Please go away," she begged.

"Positively no!" he said. "And remember this—the one chance of your friends' not getting hurt is to have them suspect nothing. That's up to you."

A girl sped toward them as they entered the front door. She was masked but Silver recognized her. Nesta was a ballet dancer this evening.

"She thinks it's Pete," Silver realized.

"Please go away," she begged.

"Positively no!" he said. "And remember this—the one chance of your friends' not getting hurt is to have them suspect nothing. That's up to you."

A girl sped toward them as they entered the front door. She was masked but Silver recognized her. Nesta was a ballet dancer this evening.

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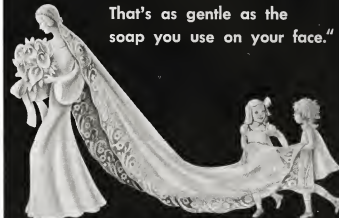
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"Her great-great-grandmother's?
How'd she dare wash it?"

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him in Chicago. I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought him along."

She had to say it. What else could she say? And it was plain that this Neil Williams was quick on the pick-up. "Do you dance as well as your costume suggests?" he asked audaciously.

"That's for you to find out," Nesta giggled. She turned to Silver. "You can leave your things in my room. And you"—her voice became arch as she addressed Neil Williams again—"can put yours in Dad's study, at the end of the hall upstairs."

Silver dropped her coat and hat on the bed, and put on her mask. She must get downstairs as soon as possible. Pete might arrive any moment. She must warn him somehow.

Nesta was at the foot of the stairs when she came down. "Has Pete come?" asked Silver breathlessly.

"No," said Nesta. "Are you worried? I mean about that man who escaped. We are all positively shivering in our shoes. The radio has warned everybody to lock their doors. But I suppose you heard—"

"No; what did he do to get into prison?" demanded Silver.

"Murdered a man just for the thrill of it," Nesta explained. "Then they said he was insane, and so they sent him to some place for prisoners like that. And now he's escaped. Imagine!"

"And in a minute, if you stick around, you'll see him coming down these stairs—imagine!" said Silver, but to herself.

She would have given an eyetooth—or a back tooth, anyway—to say it aloud. But of course she couldn't. He'd appear any second now, and she'd smile brightly at him. Nesta would try to lure him away, but she mustn't let her; it wouldn't be safe. He was dynamic!

If Pete would only appear now, give her a chance to warn him—

The orchestra began anew, a Spanish Cavalier removed Nesta. From the great living room, cleared for dancing and filled with fantastic figures, a masked Pierrot approached Silver.

"May I have the pleasure?" he asked, looking up at her.

"I'm sorry," Silver began, "but—" She stopped. The Maxwells had guests from New York. She had assumed this was one of them. But now she recognized that voice, and her heart missed a beat. "Where did you get that costume?"

"A little thing I picked up upstairs," he explained. "Rather good, what?"

"How did you get down without—"

"The back stairs. I wanted to surprise you. Shall we dance?" They danced. "You see how simple it is," he murmured. "Wouldn't it have been foolish of me to spend the evening dodging state troopers when all this awaited?"

Before she could answer a tall Grenadier cut in. "I admire your taste, old man," he remarked to Convict 8872. "May I?" To Silver's relief, Neil Williams surrendered her gracefully.

The tall Grenadier was presumably one of the New York guests. "Must we dance?" he asked. "It would be so much nicer if we went somewhere and told each other the stories of our lives."

Silver smiled mechanically. Her eyes were following Pierrot. He was cutting in on Nesta. Good Lord!

"Won't you please pay a little attention to me?" her partner begged. "I'm really not half bad when you—"

Before he could finish a Court Jester cut in. Silver had been right—her costume was a knock-out. She might have enjoyed herself hugely if she were not responsible for the presence of a murderer here. And where was Pete?

"Listen," her partner protested. "Are we dancing or are we wrestling?"

"I'm sorry," Silver said feverishly. "I just thought of something."

What she had thought of was that something must have happened to Pete. "He could have crawled here on his hands and knees by now," she told herself. "What can have happened?"

"Plenty," Pete would have been glad to assure her, grimly.

When Convict 8872 had eloped with his car and, as well, with his girl—for as such Pete regarded Silver though he had never felt the time ripe to tell her so—Pete had gone white and seen red. Since then he had turned blue, for the costume he wore was hardly adapted to winter sports. And yet, though his teeth chattered, Pete was still hot.

So far as Silver was concerned his emotions were as paradoxical. He was beset by a terrible fear as to what might have happened to her. At the same time he felt that if she were safe at the Maxwells', he would like to wring her fool neck. Provided he ever got there, that is. He was beginning to have his doubts, thanks to Convict 8872's final bit of advice.

Everybody, he had been assured, was looking for a convict. Well, he, Pete, had chosen this night to look like one. Anybody with a gun might make a fatal mistake—fatal to Pete, that is. Accordingly, he had decided to cut across country through the woods. At first he kept his bearings by skirting houses, but a dog had considered him suspicious, and promptly investigated.

Pete had finally turned on the dog with a ferocity which so abashed that canine that he withdrew. But by that time Pete was lost. The thing to do, he knew, was to make haste slowly. Pick a star out, set your course by it.

"And get your eye poked out with a branch," he commented, savagely clapping his hand to his left eye.

A second later he stiffened. He heard music, elfin in volume, but it gave him a bearing. He started off afresh. "Ten to one it's the Maxwells', and twenty to one she's there—enjoying herself," he assured himself. "She would be!"

Silver was at the Maxwells', of course, but for once she wasn't enjoying herself. The music stopped; her partner gave her a puzzled glance.

"There's somebody I want to see—excuse me," Silver said, and left him flat. Neil Williams and Nesta had both disappeared. Silver searched for them in a growing panic.

The tall Grenadier seized her. She had to return and dance with him. And with those that followed him. But her eyes roved ceaselessly. Neither Nesta nor Pierrot was dancing. What should she do now, if Pete would only come! He could help her, advise her.

"One of these days you'll get your fingers burned, and be glad to have somebody around to bandage them up for you," he had once warned lazily.

"I'll bandage my own," she had retorted. Easy to say, different to do. She must find Mr. Maxwell—

"I'm glad you don't want to stop, but the music has a voice informed her.

She glanced up at the Continental Officer she had been dancing with. And then beyond him she saw Nesta moving among the guests and Pierrot standing against the wall. This time she didn't even pause to excuse herself.

Pierrot gave her an amused, mocking glance. "Miss me," he asked.

Silver said desperately, "I must talk to you—alone somewhere."

"I know the very place," he assured her. "Come with me."

They went down the hall to a room in an ell. The Maxwell library, obviously. Books lined the walls. There was an open fireplace between two windows. A curtain fluttered at one of them; the lower sash was slightly raised.

"Listen!" Silver began imperatively. "Shh!" he said with exaggerated caution. He had closed the door, was turning the key in the lock. "This is the inner temple, the secret shrine. Nobody is supposed to be here unless he knows the password: Another little drink won't do us any harm. That's it."

As he passed her, headed for the bookshelves, Silver realized that his breath was heavy with liquor and knew why she had not been able to find him. Nesta had brought him here for a drink.

He reached for a volume on the shelf. "An old favorite of mine, entitled, 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,'" he announced, holding it up for her inspection. "A popular edition because by pressing a spring in the binding you reveal—this!" He pressed the spring and disclosed a flask. "After you, my dear."

"No, thanks," said Silver. "Excuse me for a moment—this is pre-war," he apologized.

He lifted the flask to his lips and drank deeply. He lowered the flask, his eyes met Silver's—and she remembered that he had locked the door. Her knees began to feel funny.

"This is my lucky night," he announced. "A swell party, a swell girl. And here we are all alone and—"

Silver guessed his intention, but before she could move he had her in his arms. She started to scream, but realized she mustn't do that. If anybody came, he might start shooting. "Come on," Pierrot was murmuring. "Stop stalling and—"

He got no further. The door was locked, but the window was not. Through it, at that second, a disreputable figure, attired in a convict suit, catapulted into the room.

Silver gave the newcomer one glance. "Pete!" he gasped.

Pete it was. Six feet net, supercharged with righteous wrath. It might be Silver's impression that he had arrived, like the hero of a melodrama, in the nick of time, but that was not Pete's idea of it.

Out of the woods at last he had come upon the house from the rear. Another minute and he would have stumbled into the arms of the two officers guarding the cars in front. But this, though he would have been the last to admit it, was his lucky night in some ways, for as he skirted the ell in which the library was situated, he had heard Silver's voice. It had drawn his attention to the half-opened window.

Now, Pete did not, normally, peep into windows. But at the moment he was hardly normal. Twenty questions to which he craved a definite and immediate answer surged within him. What had she expected him to do? Did she think he was a coward? Or a damned fool? What could he have done but put up his hands and hope for a break? The escaped convict was willing to take the car and let it go at that. Why put up an argument and get him to shooting? The car would come back, but anybody a stray bullet hit—Silver, for instance—might not.

He, Pete, had done the wise thing. And what had she done? Trusted herself like a silly little fool to a man who might be a murderer, for all she knew.

Of course she had got away with it. Just the same, she was a fool and he intended to tell her so.

Nor was he, at the moment, in a mood

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to hide his time. He had no idea who Pierrot might be, and he didn't care. He was, in fact, halfway through the window before Pierrot took Silver in his arms.

When he stepped into the room he had quite forgotten his manners. He paid no attention whatever to Pierrot.

"So you're here," he greeted Silver. Silver's eyes and attention were all for Pierrot, however. He had fired her; now she saw the revolver flash in his hand.

"Pete!" she screamed. "Look out—he'll shoot you! He—"

She leaped forward, snatched at Pierrot's arm just as he fired. He flung her back. A second later something shot through the air, fell almost at her feet.

The revolver, down dizzy, saw it was the loaded, and picked it up.

"And now," Pete was saying, "you boy bandit, or whatever you are—"

Silver caught her breath as the library table went over. A chair crashed. She caught a glimpse of Pete's face, grim yet exultant. She had never dreamed he could look like that. Then:

"Oh—oh!" she breathed as Pierrot suddenly sailed across the room, and landed in a heap in front of the fireplace.

"That's wrestling," Pete taunted. "Would you prefer something else, or aren't you any good without a gun?"

He gave Silver a scornful glance. "And you thought I was afraid of him!" he gibed.

But Silver was watching Neil Williams. "Oh, Pete—look out!" she shrieked.

Pete turned quickly as Neil Williams rushed him, fire tongs in hand. Silver shut her eyes, but opened them instantly. Pete was down—underneath. Neil Williams held the fire tongs upraised over Pete's head. She remembered the revolver in her hand, aimed waveringly, closed her eyes and fired. The weapon slipped from her fingers; she felt as if she were going to faint. But she managed to open her eyes.

It was all right. Pete was on his feet

again. Neil Williams lay in the corner.

He—she was crying! "And so you've had enough," Pete was saying contemptuously. "You haven't the guts to stand up and take it. Just another of those cry-baby bandits."

"Pete, you mustn't!" besought Silver. "He's wounded."

"Wounded, my eye. He's just yowling. I can hit him while he's down, of course. So you might as well open that door and let the mob in before they hammer it to pieces."

Silver realized then for the first time that there was bedlam outside the door, too. She managed to unlock it, shakily, and a mob streamed in. Two police officers followed by the masqueraders.

"Put up your hands," the two officers commanded Pete in one voice.

"I put my hands up once tonight—and once is enough," said Pete wearily.

"It's the other man you want, the one on the floor," Silver said, terrified. "I can explain everything—"

"Let me," suggested Pete hastily. She was content to go; and it proved wiser. For what he said was what the newspapers printed next day. Surprisingly enough, it all sounded logical, even to Silver who knew it wasn't the truth.

"Why did you put it that way? You know it wasn't so," she murmured when they were on the way home.

He had insisted on driving her there, after Convict 8872 had been taken in charge by the officers.

"What wasn't so?" she asked.

"That he kidnapped me—that I had no choice. That he forced me to take him in, threatened to shoot—"

"It sounded better, didn't it?"

"I suppose so," she agreed meekly.

They drove on under the forlorn stars. Wasn't he going to say any more? Silver wondered. Not even baw! he out!

She wished desperately he would say something. But he hadn't opened his

mouth again when they drew up in front of her house. And for once she had been unable to open hers.

"Sorry to drag you away from the party early but I thought it best, everything considered," he remarked, then. "If the reporters descend on you, see that you stick to my story."

"I—I think you were grand," Silver murmured.

"Much obliged," he replied politely.

"Won't you catch cold here?"

Silver's lip quivered. "You're just being hateful. And you always said I'd get my fingers burned some day, and you'd—"

She could not finish. She reached out her ungloved hand uncertainly, her eyes seeking his.

"And—make them well?" he said huskily. He kissed her fingers impetuously.

"Feel—feel any better now?"

"Some," Silver admitted. "But—perhaps you can do even better. I mean if you want to."

"Want to!" he breathed.

No more was said about Silver's being cold after that. She wasn't. She was snuggled against his cosmon coat; she couldn't have felt warmer if it had been mid-August.

"I—I guess I'm cused," she murmured presently. "Of craning red lights, I mean. I've had my lesson."

"You'll crash them as long as you live," he prophesied. "But so long as I'm around to help you out, perhaps—"

"But I helped a little, too, didn't I?" she pleaded. "Oh, Pete, it was awful. I almost died, but I—I did shoot him."

"Shoot him?" echoed Pete. "Like hell you did. You shot me."

Silver sat up straight. "You!" she gasped. "You don't mean—"

"Oh, it's nothing—you pinked me in the arm. The other one, I mean—this one all right. Just as good as ever."

He meant the one around her, and proved it.

Fox Fire by Rex Beach (Continued from page 57)

himself added, "He ain't wuth killin', Henry. He's too pore!"

The last negro I killed weighed over two hundred pounds."

"That's more'n John Ellers weighed, ain't it?" The deputy spoke casually but his words brought a sudden hush.

They froze the three Whipples.

"Are you aimin' to accuse us?" Cad began in a menacing tone.

"No, indeed! But other people don't understand how come you call to know so little about it, him bein' such a close neighbor of yours and havin' hard feelings with you over that muck land. With people sayin' things like that it's awful bad taste of you to joke about killin' anybody. Now ain't it?"

During this palaver, the shock troops of the carnival had joined the crowd and they began to elbow the disturbers, forcing them towards the exit. When one of the Whipple boys resisted, a scuffle started and before Akers could control the situation blows were struck. The circus crew went to work like a troop of veterans.

Akers and Sprague leaped into the melee. The citizens of Finneridge County stood in awe of the Whipples and their lawless neighbors, but to these roustabouts they were only so many "heels" who had earned a cleaning.

It was a good cleaning while it lasted and Akers secretly enjoyed it. Then, just when things were going to suit him, he heard a pistol shot from somewhere and his heart sank.

The scrimmage ended as abruptly as it had started. The embattled showmen

fled. Akers and Sprague found themselves experts of the field and in possession of five battered bad men who were splitting sawdust and nursing bruises. Old Cad himself was cursing and clutching at his left arm, which hung paralyzed. He assumed, of course, that one of the officers had shot him until Akers panted:

"I never drew my gun and neither did Ed. Use your head, Cad! If ever I cut down on you I won't miss. Say, Ed, who did that shootin' anyhow?"

"Dunno, Henry. I was too busy."

Akers surveyed the scene but the Tompkins faction had fled. Only the girl in the ticket booth remained. "Hey, lady!" he cried. "You see who pulled that pistol?"

Silently she shook her head.

"All right. I'll find him later. Now you all, get goin'!" He herded the fighting Whipples ahead of him. "I reckon you've had enough fun for one evenin'."

"Hello, handsome! I read all about the big battle in the paper. How's the man who got shot?"

Deputy Akers looked up from his desk to see the ticket girl he had met at the fairgrounds the evening before. "Good mornin', miss. He's okay."

"Too bad! Well, I quit!"

"Oh, thanks. I mean, I'm glad," Akers drew up a chair for his caller and confessed, "I don't know just what I do mean except it's nice to see you again."

"How about that job?"

"Work's mighty scarce around here.

But so are pretty girls. I'll help you find somethin' to do."

"That's what you would. So that's the man who murdered Mr. Ellers. Funny, his coming along right after we were talking."

"Nobody knows he did it," Akers said cautiously.

"Why, you as good as accused him!"

"I know but I had to stop him, right then; he had a few drams aboard. Bad business, that shootin'! I mean, for Tompkins. The show can't play here again; then Whipples will get even if it takes five years. They're a hard outfit."

"Is that why you didn't burn them for killing Mr. Ellers?"

"We don't burn people in this state, miss. What's more, nobody saw the crime committed; the evidence only points to them. You see, Ellers came in here from somewhere out West aimin' to raise celery. He took up a section of land next to Cad's place. Muck land. It's good pasture in dry weather and Cad has run his stock on it for years, thinkin' nobody would ever prove up on it. Then along came this stranger."

"Cad tried to run him off but—he wouldn't run. One night somebody put a load of bucksot through him. It looked bad but—the sheriff comes from the lower end of the county and the Whipples pretty much run things there."

"Politics, eh?"

"You know how it is in a county like this. Why, you couldn't convict a Whipple of anything. We just have to make the best of 'em. But it steams me up!

If you see that Ellers kid, you tell him what I've said."

"I bet you never even arrested them for what they did last night."

Akers shrugged. "What's the use? I took Cad up to Doc Whitelaw's and got his arm dressed. And say! We might ask doc about a position for you. What's your name?"

"Frankie Dunn."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Dunn. I'm the oldest Akers boy; the other is a girl. I was tellin' her about you at breakfast."

"What did you say?"

"I said you were the prettiest girl I most ever met and—dogged if you don't look even nicer this morning."

"Geel! A fresh cop!"

"Ain't I? And the funny thing is I never knew I was fresh. I wouldn't dare talk to a Finneridge girl like this."

"Oh! I suppose my being with a carnival show—"

Akers lifted an admonitory hand. "No disrespect, miss. I mean every word. I'm kind of shy with girls, as a rule, but I feel awful bold with you, somehow. Are we going to the movies tonight? You promised. Anyhow, you said, 'Why not?'"

Miss Dunn regarded the speaker silently for a moment, appraising him. "All right! Why not? But listen, chief: I can get a gag, even in a dark theater, without you stepping on my foot. Understand? A lot of small-town inmates think a forty-cent ticket carries a massage with it but I'd sock you as quick as a stranger. That's the kind of a cut-up I am."

Akers had reddened but he appeared to be pleased. "That's the kind of a young lady I took you for. I reckon we'll find a position for you, somehow."

He and Frankie went to the picture that night and afterwards they drove for a while. When they parked at her boarding house they shook hands formally, but on his way home Akers whistled cheerfully and when he went to bed he lay awake going over in his mind the events of the evening. They constituted a real adventure, and he experienced an unfamiliar thrill.

Sure he'd find Frankie a position—for a while. After they got better acquainted, perhaps he'd offer her a job for life. Funny how quickly a man could fall for a girl, even a total stranger and—a circus girl. Gee! What would his sister say? And what a kick to know that he'd see Frankie again tomorrow!

But he did not see the girl on Monday or for some time thereafter, for when he called at her boarding house the "lady" who ran it told him Miss Dunn had that morning heard of a position and had gone out into the country to see about it.

A week, two weeks passed, then one day as Akers stopped in at Whitelaw's drug store for a "dope" he saw Frankie. Her arms were full of bundles.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Where you been?"

"Geel! I'm glad to see you, chief." The girl's face lighted up.

"I had a place all lined up for you," Akers began, "then you—"

"I got one, right off. Anyhow, Doctor Whitelaw did. This is the first time I've been in town. Harvey drove me in for some things."

"Harvey who?"

"Whipple. I'm working out there, taking care of his mother." The officer showed his surprise and Frankie explained, "Mr. Whipple—Cad—was looking for a girl that day he got hurt on the lot and he asked the doctor to send somebody out to his house. I—it isn't the best place I ever had but—I manage. And please don't tell anybody I was

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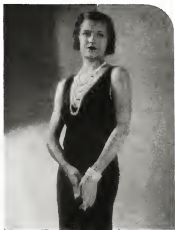
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KRUSCHEN SALTS

with that flea circus. Cad's awful sore. He'd fire me, sure."

With an effort, Akers said, "You hadn't ought to work there."

"I've got to work somewhere."

"They had a girl last winter. Harvey and Sid got to rowin' over her and—she wasn't half as pretty as you are."

"No kidding, please!"

"I'm not kiddin'. It ain't a safe place for any nice girl."

"Well, I'm not so very nice and I can handle roughnecks. The Whipple boys like me and—"

"Lemme hunt you a better place. If you need money—"

"Thanks, old-timer! But when I tackle a thing, I lay my ears back and go through with it. Mis Whipple is ailing and I feel sorry for her... I'm all right, honest I am."

"You better be all right," Akers said grimly. "What's more, I aim to make sure that you keep that way. S'pose you tell Cad I'll be out Sunday and to kill another chicken."

"I don't think you'd better," Frankie said. "It would only cause trouble."

"Oh, yeah?" Akers' face hardened and he was on the point of speaking when Doctor Whitelaw emerged from the mysterious back region of the store where he compounded his prescriptions and handed the girl still another package.

Frankie said good-by abruptly and ran out to the weather-beaten Whipple car.

"Doc, did you send that girl out to Cad's for a job?" the deputy inquired.

"No. She asked me who needed a hired girl and I told her there was a temporary place at the Whipples' but I warned her she wouldn't like it. Say! I wonder if Cad is up to some new devilment."

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing!" The doctor frowned. "You remember John Eilers, don't you?"

"Certainly. Wasn't I sent for, after he got shot? Didn't I help bury him? It was me that had him buried on the spot. I figured that whoever did it would use that creek crossin' more or less and it would serve as a reminder."

"Anybody that would waylay a peaceable citizen isn't likely to be bothered much with a conscience."

"That's right, Henry. But have you noticed the Whipples don't come to town as often as they used to? They have to pass the Eilers place coming to Pine-ridge. They buy their stuff at Cypress now, and it's five miles farther."

The men exchanged a look, then Akers moved to the soda fountain.

If the deputy sheriff could have overheard Harvey Whipple and Frankie Dunn talking on their way homeward he would have decided that his sentimental interest in her was misplaced and that his fears for her safety were unwarranted, for Harvey made love to her and she was not unresponsive.

The Eilers shack stood close to the sandy road where it crossed the stream which drained the disouted tract of muck land and not far from the Whipple house. The former was now wholly deserted; the latter was and always had been down, disorderly. There was a sickly garden and a small grove of orange trees infested with Spanish mosquitos. The owner, being a stockman, interested himself only casually in agriculture.

As Harvey drove down towards the bridge Frankie shivered and said:

"Ugh! I hate to pass that place."

"Why?"

"You're haunted."

Young Whipple laughed. "Pshaw! Do you believe in haunts, Frankie?"

"I believe my eyes. How come those queer lights?"

"What lights? Where? When?" Harvey stopped the car with a jolt.

"Late at night. Haven't you seen them? Sort of a glow, like fox fire in a swamp."

Harvey shook his head. "You got ideas."

"I don't suppose you ever noticed it, sleeping on the other side of the house, but I was looking out my window the other night—"

"Well, what did you see?"

"It wasn't lamplight exactly; it was more like when you rub matches in the dark, more like a glow. Only it walked around. They say when people are murdered they come back and— Lord, Harvey! You'll strip those gears, and then what?" After the car had bounded across the bridge Frankie resumed, "And it's mighty funny about the grave, too."

"What's funny?"

"I mean, how nothing will grow... You just take a look at that grave."

"I will not. I got somethin' better to do than go visitin' graves." Harvey spoke casually, yawning.

In spite of his too-obvious indifference, the elder Whipple boy rode his horse past the Eilers premises the very next day and reported to his father and brother what he had discovered.

"There's no grass or weeds on it. And nothin' won't stay on it, either. It's like it was sweep' with a broom."

"You're jivin'!" said the father.

"No, he ain't," Sid asserted.

"How do you know?"

"I looked. Frankie told me about it."

"She don't belong to be snoopin' around there, either," Cad broke out.

"Prob'ly they dug down to the subsoil an' that's how nothin' will grow. You boys make me sick."

"I reckon pink needles would lay on subsoil, wouldn't they?" Sid inquired.

"Take a look for yourself, Pa."

Cad's personal investigation proved the truth of his son's statements: the soil of the mound was bare of vegetation, and the vagrant breeze seemed to avoid the spot, for neither leaves nor trash had fallen on it.

Cad felt a prickly sensation at the back of his scalp.

"Frankie was tellin' me that most ever' dark night you can see fox fire."

"Frankie! Frankie!" stormed the father. "She sees too damn much."

Sid opened his lips to defend the girl but changed his mind when he found Harvey staring at him.

Cad Whipple revisited the grave a few days later, to find the phenomenon as pronounced as ever, and that very evening Harvey, who had ridden in late, led him down towards the creek.

Pausing before they reached the bridge, Harvey pointed to a faint radiance that appeared to issue from the Eilers shack.

"Lightnin' bug!" said Cad.

"You know better," Harvey told him. "I been watchin' it for ten minutes. Frankie sees it ever' few nights."

Father and son moved forward a few rods. The ghostly light, it became evident, was not a flame; it was more like the reflection from a bed of coals which bathed the unpainted boards with light.

But there was no fire. Neither man felt impelled to make a closer investigation.

With difficulty Harvey managed to inquire: "Do—dead people shine at night? I mean, like dead fish?"

"Dead people don't dig out of their graves," Cad muttered. "Leave it shine! Wha' do we care? Soon as ever it's dry enough I'll burn off that ridge."

Every night thereafter the Whipples watched for the mysterious light, which came at irregular intervals. Now it was here, now there, but examination by daylight revealed nothing, although once

Sid declared he smelled something "right nasty," something dead.

Father and sons used the bridge even more seldom than heretofore and a new anxiety assailed them when Akers drove out one Sunday, making no secret of the fact that he had come to see Frankie. "If he starts settin' up late with her he'll see that light," Cad told his boys in apprehension. "Everybody in the county will hear about it an' be out to see it."

"Whyn't you order him away?" Sid inquired.

"Order nothin'!" Harve growled. "I'll run him off."

Cad frowned. "You'll do nothin' of the sort. In the first place, Henry Akers is hard to run an'—we can't have trouble with the Law. I'll fire Frankie an' get another girl for your ma."

"That ain't right, to take it out on her. Ma likes Frankie."

"An' so do you, I reckon."

"Sure! Sid, too." The speaker leveled a bleak stare at his younger brother.

"Now, see here! I won't have you all rovin' over her," the father warned. "I'll speak to Frankie myself."

Returning from town one night, Cad saw something which chilled him with terror as he passed the Eilers place. The headboard of the grave shone with a phosphorescent glow, as if a fire from hell played on it. It seemed to give off a faint odor reminiscent of rotten eggs. Whipple took the bridge with such speed that he broke a spring. He was green with fright when he stumbled into the house and made for his jug of "shine."

With a drink inside of him, he got the boys out of bed and they talked for a while with their heads together.

"It don't mean nothin'," Cad said finally. "All I'm skeered of is that Henry Akers'll see it. Or somebody. The grass is dry enough to burn. You boys fire the woods in the mornin'."

Harve and his father were still drinking when Sid returned to his bedroom. The Whipple house was really two houses under one roof with a passageway from front to rear. As Sid passed through it, Frankie spoke from her open door. She was in her nightdress.

"Hello, Sid! Anything wrong?"

"Sh-h! Ma's asleep. Pap drove by the Eilers place an'—it's there again! Worse'n ever!" Frankie uttered a sound and he laid his hand on her arm. "Don't you be skeered, honey. We're goin' to fire them woods an' put an end to it."

"You mean, burn up the house?"

"Sure!" Sid drew the girl closer, lowered his face to hers, but she resisted.

In a panic she whispered: "No! No!" "You—got to!" When she still held him off, he muttered jealously: "I bet you don't taste Harve like this. I bet you kiss him."

"He—makes me. You mustn't! Please! If he suspected he'd—kill us both."

There was the scrape of a chair in the living room. Frankie managed to free herself from Sid's embrace with the suggestion that she did so reluctantly and he slipped away. His head was whirling but a black rage was in his heart.

A few matches dropped a mile to windward of the Eilers homestead served to wipe out the few remaining traces of its owner's occupancy. The cabin and shed went; so did the headboard that marked the mound where his body lay. A stiff breeze fanned the fire onward into the palmets fringing the black lands which he had so laboriously ditched, and even upon the much itself. His so-called had been burned periodically without damage to the soil underneath, but those ditches had rendered it bone-dry and now it ignited in spots and began to

A NERVOUS WRECK ...about to happen!

He's all dragged out both mentally and physically. Hard to get along with. Irritable. Nervous. Jumpy. He knows it himself, but doesn't know why. What a pity someone doesn't tell him—before he cracks!

Sometimes habits that appear trifling exact severe penalties. The coffee habit is one of these. Many people, of course, can enjoy coffee without suffering from sleeplessness, nervousness or other unpleasant effects—but not everyone. For coffee contains caffeine—a drug that in many cases raises havoc with rest, nerves and digestion. The reason is not hard to find...

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smolder. Florida peat burns like sawdust, and once a fire starts, it cannot easily be controlled.

That night the sky glowed angrily; flames licked their way up dead pitch pines. The air around the Whipple place became difficult to breathe, and when Akers drove out on Sunday afternoon, the grass, weeds and seedling pines on all sides had disappeared; the blackened soil lay naked to the scalding sun.

From the smoldering muck land came a peculiar, acrid odor. It had put Mrs. Whipple in bed with a bad headache and Frankie was busier than usual. Akers had to visit with her in the kitchen.

She did not seem glad to see him and after a while he inquired:

"What's the matter, Frankie?"

"Matter?"

"Is it—Cad? Well, I ain't callin' on him."

"You've no business calling on me, either."

"You're wrong there. It's the most important business I got."

"Well, my business is holding down this job and it keeps me jumping."

"I've lined up a better one for you."

"Thanks. But Miz Whipple is sick."

"This position is good for life, or as long as you want it."

Frankie turned her back. "This place sully me fine. I like it."

"You're kiddin', Frankie."

"Hush, please! If Harvey heard you it would make trouble for both of us."

Akers was silent for a moment, then he said: "I been lookin' forrad to trouble with this outfit and the sooner it starts, the better."

"Now see here," Frankie whirled upon her caller. "I'm thinking more about myself than about you. I've got a position that suits me and I'm going to keep it. I don't want any advice and I don't need any assistance. You've been nice to me and I appreciate it but—it's a long drive out here over deep roads and there's a six-cent gas tax. You'll save money and I'll save my job if you'll—"

"I aim to keep right under your feet."

"If you come back here I'll scald you!"

"You mean that?"

"Try it and see."

Akers rose to go and under his hat was an angry flush. "Sorry to bother you, lady. It won't happen again."

"Thanks, mister. That's fine."

Frankie stood for a while staring after the young man. When she turned back to her work there were tears in her eyes.

It was several days before Cad Whipple awoke to the fact that his incendiarism had proven costly in that it had seriously damaged that pasture, the use of which had led to his clash with John Ellers. The fire was eating potholes into the muck and it could not be quenched.

THE SOIL did not blaze, it merely smoldered in spots; the ashes hid it from sight, but the pit-walls glowed sullenly. Several head of Whipple stock broke through the ash crust and were burned so badly it was necessary to shoot them. Meanwhile, however, the ghost-glow which had troubled father and sons had disappeared; the "ha'it" had been quieted, which was a distinct relief.

Then one night a fiery hand appeared on the Whipple door. The imprint actually gave off a wavering illumination and no longer was there any doubt about the odor. More appalling even than the phenomenon itself was the fact that there were only three fingers to the hand. Ellers had lost a finger from his right hand; plainly, he had begun to "walk."

Other manifestations, equally weird, occurred at intervals. One night Cad

discovered a phosphorescent eye glaring at him out of the gloom when he opened the barn door. Again, the word "Repent" appeared in an unexpected place, glimmered for a few hours, then faded.

The stockman became convinced that Ellers had risen from his grave to point out his sinners and bring them to judgment. It was hideous to think about; Cad himself became a sort of restless haunted. He slept little; he lost his appetite.

The boys suffered almost as keenly as he. Fire, instead of destroying the "thing"—that supernatural presence which they never mentioned except in whispers—had roused it, brought it closer to them, and Ma Whipple was bound to discover it. Then what? John Ellers' death had preyed on her; it would not require much to break her down.

The boys discussed this possibility and Sid planned to save himself. He asked Frankie to run away with him.

Again, as on that night when he had first tried to kiss her, she seemed willing but confessed to an abysmal terror of Harvey. He could not determine any reason therefor. When he questioned her, she was mute. This he took as proof that his brother had forced his attentions upon the girl and that afternoon he and Harvey quarreled over nothing.

In collecting the eggs one morning Mrs. Whipple found one with a peculiar shell. A portion of its surface was roughened, raised into a sort of pattern. Mrs. Whipple turned the egg and her eyes bulged. She screamed for Cad. Raised in bas-relief but written in the very line of the shell itself was the date "June 11." That was the day John Ellers had been killed.

Cad broke into a sweat; haltingly he told his wife of the flickering "ghost-glow" and Ma Whipple went pale and brown.

Examination of the eggs in the store-room revealed two others similarly marked. One bore the words "John Ellers"; upon the other was written "Murdered." Cad smashed the eggs and that evening for the first time in years he took down the family Bible and read painfully from it.

Two days later another egg was found and it was marked, "Confess." The letters were a part of the shell.

Mrs. Whipple was carried shrieking to her bed, and when Frankie offered to undress her Cad ordered her away.

All that day the boys listened to the incoherent cries of their mother.

"What ails her?" Frankie inquired of Sid. "It's awful, her being so sick and me doing nothing."

"Listen!" he said guardedly. "I'm leavin' tonight an' you're goin' with me."

"Oh, Sid!" The girl cast a frightened glance over her shoulder.

"You slip out at nine o'clock an' wait for me at the cow pen."

"Hells! I'll follow you." "He'll kill us."

"He better not! Nobody better lay a hand on me. I got to get away afore we all go crazy. Remember! Nine o'clock."

About half past ten that night Deputy Sheriff Akers was called to the telephone and heard an excited voice saying:

"Hello! Hello! That you, Mr. Akers? This is Frankie Dunn."

"Oh, hello!" Henry spoke in his most casual tone.

"Come down to the Whipple place right away. Please!"

"Who? Me? I'd get scalded."

"Over the wire came a hysterical sound. I never meant that. Honest! I'll tell you all about it."

"What's the trouble, Frankie?"

"Plenty! It's fierce! I'm culling from the store at Blue Lake. Hurry, please, and bring a doctor. You better bring

another officer and some handcuffs, too. For heaven's sake, hurry!"

Forty minutes later, Frankie Dunn stepped out from the inky shadows of the chinaberry trees at the Whipple place and into the glare of Akers' headlights.

"Harve is dead and Sid is hurt. They got into a fight. But that isn't all. Cad's ready to confess he killed Mr. Ellers and you must get it in black and white before he weakens. Make haste!"

Akers had not taken time to fetch another officer; he and Doctor Whitelaw strode to the door and opened it.

CAD WHIPPLE sat in the bleak living room; his head was in his hands. From the rear of the house came the moans of Sid and the sound of his mother's voice. The cattleman lifted dull eyes to the visitors and mumbled something. At intervals he shuddered.

"Well, Cad," Akers said sharply, "here's the doctor for Sid. Are you all ready to tell us who shot John Ellers?"

Whipple nodded. "We done it. Satan was in me in reason, but—his fiery hand is on us now. Or maybe it's the hand o' God." Again he was shaken. "I rather hang than see them fiery eyes. Hands, too, all over hell-fire."

"You willin' to sign on the dotted line?"

"Plumb willin'. Get me out o' here, Henry, afore somethin' worse happens."

Akers heard a sound, half sigh, half sob, from Frankie and turned in time to see her leaving the room.

Dawn was just breaking when Henry returned from the Pineridge jail to find Frankie waiting in his office.

"Well, he came clean! Plumb crazy, I reckon."

"He's not crazy. He's only scared."

"I can't make head or tail out of his gabble. Ha'nts! Devil eggs! Fire! Say, it don't seem like Sid would ever walk again, but it serves him right to kilt his own brother. Lord! You look wore out, Frankie."

"Sure! That was my job and I knew what I was doing. That's why I went out there to work in the first place. That's why I threatened to scald you. I was afraid you'd spoil everything. You remember me buyin' some things at the drug store? It was phosphorus and acid and such stuff. We had a magician with the show—he was a terrible faker—and there was a guy ran a hick-trap where he put fancy designs and motes on eggs and sea shells. All you do is use acid. I helped him."

"I got into the works, a little bit at a time. That acid fixed the grave and nothing would grow and I kept it swept off. They began to imagine things—all I did was drop a hint now and then. I know how to dissolve phosphorus in carbon disulphide and mix it with sweet oil so it'll glow in the dark. But it does look as if God took a hand with me. I mean, they set fire to Pop's land and Sid fell into a muck-pit trying to get away."

"Whose land?" Akers inquired sharply.

Frankie looked up at him in surprise. "Pshaw! I should think you'd have guessed who I was when I missed Cad at the fairgrounds. I'm that Ellers kid."

Akers uttered an explosive sound. Admiringly he said, "I liked your father. He had grit and you've got it, too."

The girl smiled wearily. "Anyhow, I finish whatever I start. And by the way, if that job you spoke of is still open—I mean that permanent position—why, I'm ready to take it. But you better be sure I'm the right party."

"It's open, and you're the only party in the whole town could fill it."

"Then I guess I can afford to—have a good cry. Gosh! It'll be a relief."

"My San Francisco"

(Continued from page 59)

devoid of this rich background of colors, accents, entangled languages. It was natural to hear Spanish, Mexican, Chinese chattered all about us; all house servants were foreign-born, and certain sections of the straggling, hilly, open city were given over to the different races.

There was "Spanish Town" and "Mexican Town" and "Chinatown," and Tuckertown and North Beach and "the Mission." There were French families, too, fine quiet folk who lived a life apart in brick-walled gardens and dim old three-story mansions.

There was a French church on the steep slope of Bush Street above Chinatown, and there was a Spanish church on another sharp hill in the Latin Quarter. The latter was a favorite with children because it was so entertaining: fat dark babies circulated along the aisles, draping rosaries at their small ears, and Señoras wept into their mantillas.

But most interesting was the statue of Our Lady, dressed as we felt entirely fitting, in beautiful watered black brocade, with fine lace frills at her wrists and a real lace handkerchief in her ringed hand. The Spanish used to throw small sweet candies after a bride, and there is a faded, shameful memory in my heart of certain American children in long-ago San Francisco who once concealed themselves behind the old nail-studded doors of the church foyer, where they gathered up handfuls of the tiny colored sweets, and probably gathered up plenty of dirt, mud, dust, germs with them, for their contraband feast.

Those were unsanitary days everywhere, and especially in San Francisco, the pioneer port of the great Orient. Malaria and mosquitoes flourished everywhere. The children we knew sometimes boasted queer diseases: hip disease and fits and convulsions, and one bustling and crimped friend of my mother elegantly explained that "all her children were bilious babies." The eleven young and charming sons and daughters of a Spanish family, right on our corner, were succumbing to consumption one after another all through the first years I remember, and smallpox was an everyday affair.

Well, that was long ago. That was old sandy San Francisco, the gay, young, wind-swept, fog-shrouded city scattered about on seven times seven hills; a city ringed with dunes, and with steep cobbled streets going down to wooden piers, and masts and hulls, and the blue waters of the bay. That was the San Francisco of Nob Hill and Seal Rocks; the San Francisco of the "Monkey House," where men went to drink beer in grape arbors on Sundays, and monkeys climbed and swung and chattered overhead.

But the real fascination there was neither the monkeys nor the beer, but the famous spiderwebs and their horrible tenants. The webs hung softly, fold on filthy swinging fold, two feet, three feet below the hidden ceiling of the saloon, and great fat spiders rushed and sidled darkly in their shadows.

In that old San Francisco, as today, there was found the most delicious sour, crusty, webby French bread in the world and the most exquisite hand laundries.

All up the steep hills below Chinatown were restaurants in the old days. Some were in balconied French houses with Nottingham-lace curtains at the windows and heavy glass carafes on the coarse white tablecloths. Some were in dark downtown lairs, betrayed only by a

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wilted orange or two in the street window. All were alike in the plainness of their service and the glory of their food. There has never been such food in the world—such shrimps and crabs fresh from the bay; such soups, served magnificently from enormous tureens that were passed many times; such bread, such coffee, such chicken. And the bill ran to thirty-five cents a head!

The grace, the charm, the flavor of those long-ago meals! At the really French restaurants decorum prevailed; the mirrors, with their soapy scrolls, reflected many a decorous family group: Papa bearded and patriarchal, and even the breast-baby on Mamma's lap getting a sip of red wine. But at Coppola's, at Solaris', at the Trovatore and at San-guineti's young Bohemian San Francisco wilted free, and struggling artists arose between courses to embellish the walls with dancing pierrettes and demons.

Stevenson, Bret Harte, Mark Twain were but memories then; they had loved our city, and left their mark upon her, and gone their way. But George Sterling, Gelett Burgess, Will and Wallace Irwin, and a hundred other newspapermen who were to make their names famous one day, were all a part of it, and the days of high revelry on Telegraph Hill are wonderful to remember.

It is all wonderful to remember: the peppers and eucalyptus trees in the old gardens; the sand blowing over the wooden sidewalks in hot spring gales; the city where Santa Claus sweltered in sunshine, and the flags hung wet and still on a foggy Fourth of July.

And wonderful to remember is the April morning when we awakened in a hazy dawn to feel our familiar world rocking, to hear it creaking and groaning, to see it go to pieces before our eyes.

We knew all about earthquakes; the story of 'sixty-eight was a favorite one. Had not my great-aunt Sarah Alden slumbered ever since that event with her famous "paddysoy" laid on a chair beside her bed, awaiting the next earthquake? The paddysoy—could it once have been *peas de soier*—was a wrapper, in whose deep pockets were money, valuable papers, a New Testament, handkerchiefs, slippers, stockings, soap, pen, photographs and other small articles indispensable to the happiness of Aunt Sarah.

And on April 18, 1906, Aunt Sarah, in extreme old age, was justified in her precautions, and while we all fled in ecstatic dismay into the shaken streets, she stepped forth in complete possession of her valuables and her dignity.

At twenty minutes past five, with the sun just up and the birds singing, down came the chimneys, down crashed china in dark kitchens, down went lights, and the world had gone mad. How I wish that to every life there might come, if once only, such days of change and freedom, so intoxicating a draft of realities, after all the artificialities of society.

Everyone talking, disheveled, excited, running to see what was happening elsewhere, running back, endlessly diverted, satiated for once with excitement. Youth led forbidden forays into the forbidden kitchens, came forth to cook at curb-stones. The triumph of extricating one's cumbersome kitchen from chaos of bringing forth the laundry stove upon which to cook; the thrill of standing in line for hot, badly baked bread, as in a real siege—these things survive in our memories as the very cream of living!

Our parks were great refugee camps; our only newspaper a sheet printed across the bay, containing nothing but personals. No news of the real world; our wires were down, and anyway, we were making all the history there was.

No news of our own catastrophe, for could we not walk to the corner to look down on it, smoldering and crashing in the jaws of a fire twenty blocks square?

No, our paper was all personals. The Smith family was with grandma in Oakland. The Brown family, Tent 343, Presidio, couldn't find their smallest boy. The Robinsons were all together except Mary; would Mary come to Uncle Frank's? Page after page of desperate messages were scattered abroad, and as families sat on their steps eating their canned meat and spongy bread, other families trailed by, thirsty, weary, homeless, hungry, and bread and water and the news were shared.

"If you're the Kings of Howard Street, your little boy is safe, it says in the paper." "If your name is Roberts, maybe it's your little girl that was found."

These were days of high emotion, of change, of bewildered partings and ecstatic reunions; presently everyone could get food, and nobody had a job, and to certain young hearts wearied with routine and responsibility these conditions spell complete satisfaction with life.

San Francisco has had her great Exposition since then. Rebuilt in enthusiasm and courage and love, again her buildings shadow decorous downtown streets; again flowers bank Lotta's Fountain, and green-lace balconies, blooming dimly with gilded fretwork and great paper lanterns, hang above the narrow, odorless, enchanted streets of Chinatown.

For months the Oriental beauty of the fair lay between the shining hills of the city, and the blue waters of the bay. It was a world of creamy surfaces and walls on which blue-and-umber shadows lay, the Exposition City. Its walls were pierced with tiny Turkish balconies and screens; its courtyards spurted with fountains and were laid with a succession of flowering flowers; some of its trees, transplanted with flowers from home and care, rose a hundred feet in blue air.

Not a great country's industrial exhibition; it was more like a glimpse of some dreamy palace in Peking or Lucknow; it was Bagdad. The people loved it with a deep, personal love; they lived their new world of jewels and perfumes and blossoms and strange lights. And when the fair was over, they left it sorrowfully, slowly, with the enchanted lights dying away behind them, and the music of the fountains stilled, and a solitary bugle sounding taps.

All that was characteristic of San Francisco. She manages mysteriously through all the years to preserve the romantic, the dramatic attitude of her younger days. She is still as surprising, as fascinating, as original as ever she was in the first days of all, when a hundred ships, deserted by gold-mad sailors, rotted in her harbor, and bells rang in the old Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Coming home from other cities and ports, one crosses the bay to reach San Francisco, and sees first the gray silhouette of her hills, shingled with roofs and roofs and roofs; the royal fringe of masts and spars along her water fronts; the gray fog circling and tumbling softly over it all, and the gulls flying and crying. The little boats, plying to and fro, sound their hoarse, sweet notes of warning, and perhaps the Angelus bells take up the sound in a long chant that to some hearts says "Welcome home!"

Each to his own city. But do you love them as we do, I wonder, you whose cities are not steep and narrow-streeted, scented with the spices of the Orient and the good tarry smell of ships and fishing, lulled by the deep rushing of ocean surges over a long beach and the lapping of bay water against piers?

Kennel Murder Case

(Continued from page 25)

chair, where he could rest both elbows on the top and thus insure a steady, accurate aim."

"His arm is on the end of the desk," put in Heath.

"Oh, quite—and in a rather awkward position—eh, what? Considering how low the easy-chair is, Coe could not possibly have had his elbow on the desk when he pulled the trigger. If so, the shot would have gone over his head. His arm was necessarily lower than the desk when the gun was fired—if he fired it. Therefore, we must assume that after the bullet had entered his brain, he lifted his right arm to the desk and arranged it neatly in its present position."

"Maybe yes and maybe no," muttered Heath, after a pause during which he studied the body and raised his own right hand to his forehead. Then he added aggressively: "But you can't get away from that bolted door."

Vance sighed. "I wish I could get away from it. It bothers me horribly. If it wasn't for the fact that the door was bolted on the inside I'd be more inclined to agree that it was suicide."

"What's that!" Markham looked at Vance in amazement. "Now you're talking in paradoxes."

"Oh, no," Vance shook his head slightly. "A man of Coe's intelligence wouldn't plan suicide and then deliberately make it difficult for anyone to reach his body."

"But," argued Markham, "your very theory contradicts itself. Who but Coe could have bolted the door on the inside?"

"No one, apparently," answered Vance with a dispirited sigh. "And that's what makes the affair so dashed appealin'. The situation reads thus: A man is murdered; then he rises and bolts the door after the slayer has departed; and later he arranges himself in an easy-chair to make it appear like suicide."

"That's a swell theory!" grunted Heath, disgustedly. "Anyway, we'll know more about it when Doc Doremus gets here."

Vance's eyes were moving over the desk. "Markham, here's something else rather significant." He pointed to a small pile of blank note paper in the middle of the blotter. "This paper is lying a little on the bias, in the position that a right-handed man would place it if he contemplated writing on it. And also, note that at the head of the first page is yesterday's date—Wednesday, October tenth."

"Ain't that natural?" put in Heath. "All these birds who commit suicide write letters first."

"But sergeant," smiled Vance, "the letter isn't written. Coe got no further than the date."

"Can't a guy change his mind?"

"Oh, quite. But in that case the pen would, in all probability, be in the holder set. And you will observe that the pen container is empty, and that there is no pen visible on the desk." Vance knelt down and looked under the desk. Presently he reached out his arm and, from beneath the right-hand tier of drawers, drew forth a fountain pen. "Coe dropped the pen, and it rolled under the desk," he said, rising. "Men don't ordinarily drop fountain pens in the middle of writing something, and then fail to pick them up."

Heath glowered in silence, and Markham asked:

"You think Coe was interrupted in the midst of writing something?"

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"Interrupted? . . . In a way, perhaps." Vance himself seemed puzzled. "Still, there are no signs of a struggle, and he is reclining in an easy-chair at the end of the desk. Furthermore, his features are quite serene; his eyes are closed peacefully—and the door was bolted on the inside. Very strange, Markham."

He walked to the shaded window and back, smoking leisurely. Suddenly he stopped and lifted his head.

"Interrupted—yes! That's it! But not by any outside agency—not by an intruder. He was interrupted by something more subtle—more deadly. He was interrupted while he was alone. Something happened—something sinister intruded—and he stopped writing, dropped the pen, forgot it, rose, and seated himself in that easy-chair. Then came the end, swift and unexpected—before he could change his shoes."

"And the gun?" asked Heath.

"I doubt whether Coe even saw the gun, sergeant."

A STARTLING DISCOVERY (Thursday, October 11; 9:30 A.M.)

At this moment the front door downstairs opened and shut with a bang, and we could hear a rather strident feminine voice address the butler.

"Morning, Gamble. Take my clubs and tell Liang to rustle me up some tea and muffins."

Then there came a sound of footsteps on the stairs, and Gamble's appealing voice said: "But Miss Lake, I beg of you—just a moment, please."

"Tea and muffins," came Miss Lake's voice curiously.

Markham and Heath and I stepped toward the door just as the young woman reached the upper landing.

Hilda Lake was a short, somewhat stockily built woman of about thirty, strong, resilient and athletic-looking. Her blue-gray eyes were steady and, I thought, a trifle hard; her nose was small and too broad for beauty; and her lips were full though unemotional. Her yellow-brown hair was cut short and combed straight back from a broad low forehead. A soft felt hat was tucked under her arm. She wore a tweed suit and heavy tan Oxfords with rubber soles.

As she reached the head of the stairs and saw Markham she came forward.

"Greetings," she said. "What brings you here so early? Business with uncle, I suppose." She ran her eyes appraisingly over Heath and me as she spoke, and frowned. Then, before Markham could answer, she brushed past us and entered the room. The moment she caught sight of Archer Coe she went swiftly to him and knelt down, putting her arm about him.

"Hey! Don't touch that body!" Heath barked.

She swung toward him angrily, both hands sunk deep into the outer pockets of her tweed jacket.

Markham stepped diplomatically into the breach. "Nothing must be touched, Miss Lake," he explained.

She regarded Markham calculatingly. "Is it also against the law to tell me what's happened?"

"We know little more than you do," Markham returned mildly. "We have just arrived, and we found your uncle's body."

She turned, without taking her hands from her pockets, and contemplated the inert figure in the armchair. "Well, what do you think has happened?"

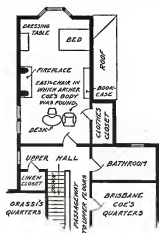
"There is every appearance of suicide."

"Suicide?" She turned back to Markham coldly. "I wouldn't call it that."

Vance, who had been standing at the rear of the room near the bed, came forward. "Neither would I, Miss Lake."

She moved her head slightly and lifted her eyebrows. "Ah! Good morning, Mr. Vance. In the excitement of the moment I didn't see you . . . You are quite right—it's not suicide." Her eyes narrowed. "It's been a long time since you called. Ceramics and corpses would seem to be the only attractions this house holds for you."

Vance ignored the unfriendly criticism.



"Why do you repudiate the suicide theory, as asked."

"Very simple," she replied. "Uncle was too great an egotist to deprive the world of his presence."

"But egotism," Vance submitted, "is often the cause of suicide. Suicide gives the egotist his one supreme moment."

"Uncle Archer needed no supreme moments," Hilda Lake spoke contemptuously. "He had such moments every time he acquired a Chinese knickknack."

"You are unquestionably right," Vance returned. "But neither Mr. Markham nor Sergeant Heath agrees with us. They are quite ready to dismiss the case as suicide."

She looked from Markham to Heath with a hard, cold smile. "And why not?" she asked. "It would be easy—and would save a lot of badly scandal!"

Markham was piqued by the woman's attitude. "Who, Miss Lake," he asked in his typical courtroom manner, "would have any reason for killing your uncle?"

"I, for one," she answered bitterly, looking Markham straight in the eye. "He irritated me beyond words. He stood in the way of everything I wanted to do; and he was able to make life pretty miserable for me because he held the purse strings. A nice cold arctic day it was for me when he was appointed my guardian and I was made dependent on him. His death at any time these past ten years would have been a godsend to me. Now that he's out of the way I'll get my patrimony."

Markham and Heath regarded her in amazed indignation. There was something icily venomous in her manner—a calculating hatred. It was Vance's languid voice that broke the momentary silence.

"Really, you know, Miss Lake, you're dashed refreshin'. Are we to accept your comments as a confession of murder?"

"Not at present," was the even reply. "But if the authorities are set on calling it suicide, I may come forward later and claim the credit for his demise—by way of upholding the honor of the family."

The blood was mounting to Markham's cheeks. "This is scarcely the time for jesting," he reproved her.

"Oh, of course," she looked at him with chilly eyes. "It's the perfect occasion for solemnity. . . . Well, I was never partial to emulating the owl."

Markham regarded her sternly, but her fixed eyes did not waver. "Who besides yourself," he asked, "would have had reason to murder your uncle?"

The woman looked up at the ceiling with meditative shrewdness. "Any number of persons. *De mortuis*—and all that kind of rot—but there are several people who would prefer him dead to alive."

Heath had stood solemnly by during this astonishing conversation, puffing at a long black cigar and studying the woman with puzzled belligerence. At this point he spoke sourly.

"If you think your uncle was such a washout and you were so glad to find he'd been croaked, why did you run over to him and kneel down and pretend to be worried?"

Hilda Lake gave the sergeant a withering, yet whimsical, look. "My dear Mr. Policeman, I wanted to make sure he was dead. Then she looked down at Archer Coe's body. Yes," she mused, as if reverting to her conversation with Markham, "there won't be any great mourning at dear uncle's passing."

Markham returned to the point. "Would you care to name anyone in particular who might be pleased with Mr. Coe's death?"

"That wouldn't be cricket," she returned. "But I'll say this much: there are several Chinese gentlemen whom uncle has swindled and tricked out of rare treasures, who will be delighted to learn that his collecting days are over. And you probably know yourself, Mr. Markham, that there were many unpleasant rumors after uncle's return from China last year—gossip about his desecrating graveyards and removing funerary vases and figures."

Vance yawned and strolled between Hilda Lake and Markham. She looked up at him and gave a hard smile.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Vance?" she asked casually.

"Dashed if I know," he spoke lightly. "Your suggestion of a Chinaman is most fascinating. I wonder if there are any objects *d'art* missing from the room."

"I wouldn't be surprised. Personally, I hope they're all gone. I'd infinitely prefer Wedgwood and willow ware."

Markham again took the floor. "I'm afraid we're all talking a bit dramatically. If your uncle's death was not suicide, Miss Lake, how do you account for the fact that the door of this room was bolted on the inside?"

"Bolted on the inside?" she repeated, puzzled, turning toward the door. "Ah! So you had to break in!"

A bell sounded downstairs, and Markham stepped to Hilda Lake's side.

"The medical examiner is probably coming. Will you be so good as to go to your room and wait there?"

"Right-o." She strode to the door, her hands still in her pockets. Before she went out she turned. "But please tell Gamble to send up my tea and muffins."

A minute later Doctor Emanuel Doremus was ushered in. He was a wiry, nervous man, cynical, hard-bitten and with a jaunty manner. He wore a brown topcoat, and a derby set far back on his head. He greeted us with a wave of the hand, teetered back and forth on his

toes, and pinned a baleful eye on Heath. "More shenanigan," he complained. "I was in the midst of hot cakes and sausages when I got your message. You always pick on me at mealtime, sergeant. Well, what have you got for me now?" Heath grinned and jerked his thumb toward Coe's body.

Doremus turned his head and let his indifferent eyes rest on the dead man. "The door was bolted on the inside, doctor," Markham volunteered.

Doremus turned back to Heath with a grunt of disgust. "Well, what about it?" he asked impatiently. "Could you have let me finish my breakfast? All you needed was an order to remove the body." He reached in his pocket and drew out a small pad of printed blanks. "If you'd have given me the low-down, I'd have sent an assistant." His voice had become peevish.

"Mr. Markham told me to call you personally, doc," Heath explained. "It ain't my funeral."

Doremus, with poised fountain pen, cocked an eye at Markham. "Straight case of suicide," he announced breezily. "Nothing to worry about. I'll give you the approximate time of death, if you want it. And the routine autopsy."

Vance was lighting another cigaret leisurely. "I say, doctor," he asked languidly; "would it be unprofessional if you looked at the body?"

Doremus spun around. "I'm going to look at the body," he snapped. "I'm going to give it a post mortem. What more do you want?"

"Just why, doctor," pursued Vance, "do you conclude that it's suicide?"

Doremus sighed impatiently. "The gun's dead," he replied acidly. "With a bullet hole in his right temple. He's holding a gun in his right hand. It's just the kind of wound that could have been self-inflicted. His position is natural—and the door was locked on the inside. The rest of it is up to the Homicide Bureau. If the bullet from the gun don't fit, the autopsy'll show it."

Vance sat down placidly in a chair near the west wall. "Would you mind, doctor, taking a close look at that bullet hole before you return to your hot cakes and sausages? And you might also scrutinize the dead man's mouth."

Doremus stared at Vance a moment; then he approached Archer Coe's body and bent over it. He inspected the wound carefully, and I saw his eyebrows go up. He lifted the hair from the left temple, and there was visible to all of us a dark bruised indentation on the scalp along the hair line. Doremus touched it with delicate fingers and for the first time I got a distinct impression of the man's professional competency. Then he lifted Coe's upper lip slightly, and seemed to inspect his teeth, which appeared bloodstained from where I stood. After a close inspection of the dead man's mouth, he again focused his attention on the bullet wound.

Presently he stood up straight, pushed his derby even farther back on his head, and fixed a calculating gaze on Vance. "What's in your mind?" he asked truculently.

"Nothing at all—the brain's a mere vacuum." Vance took his cigaret from his lips and yawned. "You still think it's suicide?"

Doremus crammed his hands into his pockets and made a wry face. "Hell, no! There's something queer here—something damned queer." His eyes shifted to Coe's body. "There's blood in his mouth, and he's got a slight fracture of the skull on the left frontal. He's had a dirty blow by a blunt instrument."

Markham, his eyes mere slits, came

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

"WELL, I START MY NEW JOB
TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS
ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING
TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER
GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE
GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL
ABOUT LITTLE THINGS



2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS
ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T
THE LEAST IDEA



3

A MONTH LATER he found out

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT! LITTLE
THING! IF YOU HAVE TO WORK
NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS
ARE COMPLAINTING. HE'LL HAVE
TO REFORM—OR GO!

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGIT
AND HARDWORKING,
BUT CARELESS ABOUT
"B.O." SURELY THAT'S
A LITTLE THING



4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE
SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." AD, BUT
NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE
GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—
AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL
GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY



5

NO "B.O." NOW

to spoil his chances

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE.
HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT
TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?



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(body odor)
bar your way

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forward. "What about that bullet wound in his right temple?"

Doremus looked up, took one hand from his pocket and pointed toward the dead man's head. "Mr. Markham," he said, with precise solemnity, "that baby had been dead for hours when that bullet entered his head!"

A STRANGE INTERRUPTION (Thursday, October 11, 10 A.M.)

The only person in the room who was not staggered by this unexpected announcement was Vance.

"Interestin' situation—eh, what?" he murmured. "Really, Markham, a man doesn't ordinarily shoot himself after death."

"But the bolted door?"

"A dead man doesn't ordinarily bolt doors, either."

Markham turned, with slightly dazed eyes, to Doremus. "Can you determine what killed him, doctor?"

"If given time."

"I say, doctor," drawled Vance, "what's the state of *rigor mortis* in our victim?"

"It's well advanced. Dead eight to twelve hours."

"Can't you come closer than that?" asked Heath sourly.

"Give me a chance." The medical examiner was irritable. "I'm going to take a closer look at this guy before I go. Lend me a hand, sergeant."

"Just a moment, doctor." Vance spoke peremptorily. "Take a look at the hand on the desk. Is it clutching the revolver tightly?"

Doremus shot the other an angry look, hesitated and then, bending over Coe's hand, fumbled with the dead man's fingers.

"He's clutching the gun tight, all right." With difficulty he bent Coe's fingers and removed the revolver, taking great care not to make fingerprints.

"Heh came forward and gingerly inspected the weapon. Then he wrapped it in a large pocket handkerchief."

"And doctor," pursued Vance, "was Coe's finger pressed directly against the trigger?"

"Yep," Vance was Doremus' curt answer. "Do the caliber of the revolver and the wound correspond?" asked Markham.

"I'd say so. The gun's a thirty-eight, and the wound looks the same size."

"And," put in Heath, "one chamber of the gun's been fired."

Markham nodded, and looked again at the medical examiner. "If it should prove to be true, doctor, that the revolver in Coe's hand fired the shot in his head, then we could assume, could we not, that the revolver had been placed in the dead man's hand before *rigor mortis* had set in?"

"Sure you could," Doremus had curbed his irritation. "Nobody could have forced the gun into his hand and made it appear natural after *rigor mortis*."

"Though Vance's eyes were moving idly about the room he was listening closely to this conversation. "There is," he remarked, in a low voice, "another possibility. Men have been known to do queer things after death."

"We all looked at him with questioning astonishment."

"Don't go spiritualistic on us, Vance," Markham snapped. "Just what do you mean by dead men doing queer things?"

"There are recorded instances of suicides who have shot themselves and then thrown a weapon thirty feet away."

"But that hardly applies here."

"No—o." Vance drew deeply on his cigarette. "Quite so."

Markham studied Vance a moment;

then turned back to Doremus. "Did Coe die of that blow on the head?"

The medical examiner made another examination of Coe's head. Straightening up, he looked Markham in the eye.

"There's something funny here. There's been an internal hemorrhage—that might be expected from a severe blow on the head. Blood in the mouth and all that. But Mr. Markham—Doremus spoke impressively—"that blow on the left frontal wasn't powerful enough to kill a man."

"And he didn't die of the revolver shot," added Vance. "Most fascinat! Still, the Johnny's dead, don't y' know." Doremus swung jerkily about to Heath.

"Come on, sergeant."

"He said Heath lifted Coe's body and carried it to the bed. Together they removed the clothes from the dead man, hung them over a chair by the bed, and Doremus began his examination."

"Fifth rib broken," he announced. "And a decided bruise."

"Did it happen before or after death?" asked Markham.

"Before. Otherwise there'd be no epidermal discoloration."

"And that blow on the head was also before death, I take it."

"Sure thing."

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the blow on the head and the broken ribs are related. He may have been stunned and, in falling, struck his rib against some object."

"Possibly," Doremus nodded.

"Was the blow on the head powerful enough to have rendered him unconscious?" Vance was looking around the room at the various pieces of furniture.

"Oh, yes," Doremus told him.

"Vance's gaze came to rest on a heavy teakwood chest near the east windows, and going to it, he opened the lid and looked in."

"But that's not what's bothering me," Doremus continued. "There are a couple of small abrasions on the inside of the right-hand fingers and a slight cut on the knuckle. I'd say he'd put up a scrap with whoever cracked him over the head. And yet his clothes were certainly neat—no sign of having been mussed—and his hair's nicely combed."

"Yeah, and there was a gun in his hand, and he was sitting restful-like and looking peaceful," added Heath with puzzled disgust. "Somebody musta dolled him up after the battle."

Vance gazed mildly at the sergeant for a moment. "Why should anyone re-dress a person he has just knocked unconscious, and then comb his hair? It's a sweet, kind-hearted thought, sergeant, but somehow it's not the usual procedure. No, I'm afraid we'll have to account for Coe's coiffure and sartorial condition along other lines."

Heath studied Vance critically. "You mean I changed his clothes himself and combed his hair after his head was bashed in?"

"It's not impossible," said Vance.

"In that case," Markham asked, "why did he not also change his shoes?"

"Something intervened."

During this speculation, Doremus had turned Coe's body over so that that now lay on its face. I saw him suddenly lean forward. "Aha. Now I've got it!" His exclamation brought us all up short. "Stabbed, by George!" he announced excitedly.

We all drew close to the bed. Just below Coe's right shoulder-blade and near the spine was a small diamond-shaped wound about half an inch in diameter.

It was a clean-cut wound etched with black, congealed blood. Apparently there had been no external

bleeding. This fact struck me as unusual, and Markham must have received the same impression, for, after a moment, he asked Doremus about it.

"All wounds do not bleed externally," Doremus explained. "This is especially true of clean, quick stabs that pass through thin membranes into the viscera; they frequently show little or no external bleed. Like contusions. The bleeding is internal. This stab closed immediately and the lips of the wound adhered."

"Well," Markham commented, "we now know what stopped him in the middle of changing his clothes."

"I wonder," Vance picked up the silk-wool dressing gown which Coe had been wearing when we found him. He held it up to the light and inspected minutely. There was no cut or hole of any kind in it.

"No, Markham," Vance said, placing the gown over the foot of the bed. "Coe didn't have on his dressing gown when he was stabbed."

"Still dead all," Heath argued, "the guy might have his hands under the robe when he did the stabbing."

VANCE SHOOK his head ruefully. "You forget, sergeant, that the gown was buttoned tightly and that the belt was neatly tied around Coe's middle. But let us see if we can verify the matter."

He walked quickly to the clothes closet in the west wall, and stepped inside. A moment later he emerged with a clothes hanger from which depended a coat and waistcoat of the same somber gray material as that of the trousers Coe had been wearing.

Vance ran his fingers over the coat in the vicinity of the right shoulder, and there he revealed a slit in the material the exact size of the wound in Coe's back. There was a similar slit in the back of the waistcoat.

"There's no doubt that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed," said Vance, replacing the hanger in the closet.

After a moment Markham expressed the thought uppermost in all our minds. "That being the case, Vance, the murderer must have taken Coe's coat and vest off, hung them in the closet, and then put the dressing gown on him."

"Why the murderer?" Vance parried. "The indications are that someone else came here after Coe was dead and sent a bullet through his head. Couldn't this other hypothetical person have made the change in the corpse's habiliments?"

"Does that theory help us any?" Markham asked gruffly.

"Not a bit," Vance cheerfully admitted, "even if it were true."

Doremus was becoming bored. Criminal technicalities were not in his line. He gave a cavernous yawn, and reached for his hat.

"Well, that lets me out." He drew a sheet over the prone figure on the bed, and made out an order for the removal of the body. "Get him down to the morgue for the autopsy as soon as possible." He shook hands cordially with everyone and walked briskly away.

Markham stood for a time looking unhappily at the floor. Finally he made a commanding gesture to Heath. "You'd better notify the boys, sergeant. Get the fingerprint men and the photographer."

Before Markham had finished speaking, Heath was on his way to the extension telephone which stood on a taboret beside the desk. A moment later he was in touch with the Police Headquarters Telegraph Bureau. After turning in a brief report to be relayed to the various departments, he ordered the bureau to

notify the Department of Public Welfare to send immediately for Coe's body.

Vance had seated himself in a low-backed chair near the windows and was smoking placidly, his eyes on the ceiling. He now spoke.

"Let us summarize, for the sake of clarity, before we proceed with our interviews of the family and guests... First, Coe was struck over the head and perhaps rendered unconscious. Then he probably tumbled against some hard object and broke a rib. All this was evidently preceded by some sort of physical contretemps. Coe was, we may assume, in his street clothes at the time. Later on, he was stabbed in the back through his coat and waistcoat with a small, peculiarly shaped instrument, and he died of internal hemorrhage.

"At some time subsequent to the stabbing, his coat and waistcoat were removed and carefully hung up in the clothes closet. His dressing gown was put on, buttoned, and the belt neatly tied about him. Moreover, his hair was correctly combed. *But his street shoes were not changed to bedroom slippers.* Furthermore, we found him sitting in a comfortable attitude in an easy-chair—in a position he could not possibly have been in when he was stabbed. And his broken rib indicates clearly that he was at one time prostrate over some hard object.

"Then, as if all this was not incongruous enough, we know that after he was killed by the stab in his back and before *rigor mortis* had set in, a bullet crashed into his right temple. The gun from which the bullet was presumably fired was clutched tightly in his right hand, so tightly that the official *Merculapius* had difficulty in removing it. And we must not forget the serene expression on Coe's face: It was not the expression of a man who had been struggling with an antagonist and had been knocked unconscious by a blow on the head. And this fact, Markham, is one of the strangest phases of the case. Coe was in a peaceful, or at least, a satisfied, state of mind when he died."

Vance puffed again on his cigaret.

"So much for the present situation as it relates to Coe's dead body and to the hypothetical events leading up to his demise. Now, there are other elements in the situation that must be taken into consideration. For instance, we found him in a room securely and powerfully bolted on the inside, and with no other means of ingress or egress. All the windows are closed, and all the shades drawn. The electric lights are burning, and the bed has not been slept in. What took place here last night, therefore, must have happened before Coe's usual time for retiring. Furthermore, I am inclined to think that we must also consider the implied fact that, just before his death, he had started to write a letter or make a memorandum..."

At this point we could hear hurried footsteps mounting the stairs, and the next moment Gamble stood at the door.

"Mr. Markham," he stammered, "excuse the interruption, sir, but—there's something queer—very queer, sir—down in the front hall."

THE WOUNDED SCOTTIE

(Thursday, October 11; 10:30 A.M.)

The butler's attitude was one of amazement rather than fear.

"Well, what's in the hall?" barked Markham.

"A wounded dog, sir!"

Before Markham could answer, Vance had leaped to his feet.

"That's the thing I've been waiting

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fort!" There was a suppressed note of excitement in his voice. "A wounded dog! My word!" He went swiftly down the stairs. "Come along, Gamble."

We all followed in silent amazement. "Where is it?" Vance demanded when he had reached the lower hallway.

Gamble stepped to the heavy portières at the right of the entrance door, and drew one of them aside. "I heard a strange sound just now," he explained. "Like a whine, sir. It startled me terribly. When I looked back of this curtain, there I saw the dog."

As he held back the portière, we could see a small, slightly brindled Scottish terrier lying on its side with its four short legs stretched out. Over the left eye was a clot of blood; and on the floor was a black stain of dried blood. The eye beneath the wound was swollen shut, but the other eye, dark hazel and oval, looked up at us with an expression of tragic appeal.

VANCE was already on his knees beside the dog. "It's all right, lassie," he was murmuring. He took the dog tenderly in his arms, and stood up. "What street's this?" he asked of no one in particular. "Seventy-first? ... Good! Open that door, Gamble."

The butler hastened to obey. Vance stepped into the vestibule, the dog held gently by his breast. "I'm going to Doctor Blamey*," he announced. "He's just up the street. I'll be back presently." And he hurried out.

Markham stood staring at the front door through which Vance had just passed, chewing his cigar nervously. Suddenly he fixed Gamble with an angry look. "You never saw that dog before?"

"No, sir." The man had become oily again. "Never, sir. No dog has ever been in this house."

"No one here was interested in dogs?"

"No one, sir. It's most mysterious."

Wrede and Grassi had come to the drawing-room door.

Markham, seeing them, addressed himself to Wrede. "Do you, Mr. Wrede, know anything about a small, black, shaggy dog that might have found access to this house?"

Wrede looked puzzled. "Why, no," he answered. "No one here cared for dogs. I happen to know that both Archer and Brisbane detested pets, and Miss Lake has no use for dogs."

Markham frowned. "Well, a dog has just been found back of those curtains."

"That's most remarkable," Wrede seemed genuinely astonished. "It must have followed someone in."

Markham did not answer, and Heath, taking his cigar from his mouth, stepped forward belligerently.

"But you like dogs, don't you?"

Wrede was taken aback by the sergeant's sudden aggressiveness. "Why, yes," he said. "I'm very fond of them. I've always kept one till I moved into the apartment next door."

"What kind of a dog?"

"A Doberman pinscher." Wrede told him, and turned to Markham. "I don't exactly understand this man's questions."

"We're all a little on edge," Markham apologized. "Some very peculiar things went on in this house last night. Coe did not commit suicide—he was murdered."

Grassi now gave a guttural exclamation, and stepped into the hall. "Murdered?" he repeated. "Mr. Coe was murdered?" His face was abnormally pale, and his dark eyes stared at

Markham in frightened wonderment. "I understood he had taken his own life with a revolver."

"He was stabbed in the back," Markham informed him. "The bullet did not enter his head till after death."

Again the Italian gave a curious guttural exclamation and leaned heavily against the drawing-room door.

Markham stepped forward. "You gentlemen will have to wait in the drawing-room for a while," he said. "And please be so good as to keep the door closed."

At these words, Hennessy waved the two men back into the drawing-room and drew the sliding doors shut.

"Come, sergeant," Markham said. "We'd better make a once-over of Coe's room before the boys get here."

During the next five minutes or so, Markham and the sergeant walked about Coe's quarters, giving them a cursory inspection.

"Here's a funny one, sir," Heath remarked. "The windows are all shut tight—but that ain't all. Every one of 'em is locked. And this room is on the second story, so that no one could get in from the outside. Why all the precaution?"

"Archer Coe was a peculiar man, sergeant," Markham replied. "He was always afraid of burglars."

"Who'd want this junk?" Heath grumbled skeptically. He was now standing in the middle of the room, gazing about him disgustedly. "It's a cinch that nobody could get in or out of this joss house except by the door. It beats me."

The fact was that the only door in the room, other than the main door which we had found bolted on the inside, was the door which led into the small clothes closet. There was no private bathroom: the house had been built in an era when one common bathroom on the second floor was considered the height of sanitary luxury. We learned later, however, that Miss Lake had installed another bathroom on the third floor. Archer Coe and his brother Brisbane, whose bedroom was at the front of the house on the same floor, had shared the main bathroom which led off of the hall between their quarters.

"I've seen nothing of the weapon that killed Coe," Markham remarked.

"It's not here," Heath asserted dogmatically. "I'll bet the guy cached it away where it wouldn't be found."

"That's possible," Markham agreed. "Anyway, I think you'd better open the windows—it's close in here."

"Nothing doing." The sergeant was indignant. "You see, sir," he hastened to explain apologetically, "somebody pressed those window catches. And I want to know who it was. I'm going to have Cap Dubois* get me the fingerprints."

A few minutes later, Vance returned to the house. As he entered the room, anger smoldered in his gray eyes. "There's a good chance she'll live," he reported; "but that was a vicious blow someone dealt her. A blunt instrument of some kind. Doctor Blamey is fixing her up."

"What does it all mean?" Markham asked him.

"I don't know yet." Vance sank into a chair and took out his case of Régies. "But that little dog is the one totally irrelevant item in this whole bloody affair—she's our one contact with the world outside. She doesn't belong here, and therefore we have something important to say to us. Furthermore, no

one in this house cared for dogs. There's never been one here, and I've often heard both Coe and his brother express themselves on the subject."

"You think an outsider brought it in?"

"No, that wouldn't be reasonable, either," Vance frowned meditatively. "That's the strange thing about the dog's presence here. It was probably a terrible accident—a fatal miscalculation. That's why I'm so deuced interested. And then there's this point to be considered: the person who found the dog here was afraid to let her out. Instead—for his own safety—he tried to kill her and hid her behind the portières."

"Could the doctor tell at what time she was hurt?"

"Not exactly. But from the condition of the swelling about the eye and the dried blood in the wound, he said it might have been as long as twelve hours ago."

"That coincides."

"Oh, yes—quite. The dog either witnessed the stabbing or was present in the house shortly afterward. But once we trace the dog's ownership, we may know something pertinent."

Markham looked doubtful. "How in heaven's name are we going to trace a stray dog?" he asked dispiritedly. "The city is full of them. And if it belonged to the person who entered here last night, the owner is certainly not going to advertise for it."

"True," Vance nodded. "But the matter isn't as obscure and difficult as that. That little Scottie is no mere pet-show companion. Far from it. She'd make trouble in the ring for some of our leading winners. I went over her as carefully as I could when she came on Blamey's operating table. She has a short back, a fine spring of ribs and a perfect tail; and she's low to the ground, with well-bent stifles and sturdy hind quarters. Also she has amazing bone."

"I know a little about Scotties, Markham, and I have an idea she's got both Laurieston and Ormsay blood in her. Her sturdiness and substance, coupled with her bold and slightly light-colored eye, indicates the Laurieston strain—a great strain, by the by, but not sufficiently sensitive for my taste. On the other hand, she has certain very definite refinements—a lean, clean head and a sensitive muzzle, small ears and a slightly receding occiput—all of which spells Ormsay."

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL"—Markham was annoyed by Vance's technicalities—"but what do those things mean to anyone but a breeder? I can't see that they get us anywhere."

"Oh, but they do," smiled Vance. "They get us very far indeed. The breeding of certain blood-lines in this country is known to every serious dog fancier. And a bitch like this one is the result of years of intensive breeding. There are such things as pedigrees and studbooks and A. K. C. records and professional handlers and licensed judges; and it is not altogether impossible to trace a blue-blooded dog, once you have a few clues as to its blood-lines and cross-strains. Furthermore, the chances are that a dog as good as this one has been shown—she's in perfect show condition now. And whenever a dog is shown, another set of facts is put to record."

Heath had been listening to Vance with bored skepticism. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Vance," he asked, "that you can find the owner of any good dog you run across?"

"Oh, no, sergeant," Vance hastened to assure him. "I only say that, provided

* Edwin Reginald Blamey, M.R.C.V.S., the official veterinarian of the American Kennel Club, whose offices and surgery are at 11 West Seventy-first Street.

* Captain Dubois was the fingerprint expert of the New York Police Department; and he was especially called upon because he is so used to the house.

a dog has been put to record and shown, and also provided one has a definite idea of the dog's progenitors, there is a good chance that, with patience, the owner may be found."

"Huh!" Heath was unimpressed. "But even if you did find the owner of this mutt, where would you be? The owner might simply say, 'Oh, thank you, kind sir. The little devil ran away.'"

"So he might, sergeant. But well-bred dogs don't follow strangers into unknown houses. Moreover, dogs as good as this one are not generally permitted to roam the streets unattended." He lay back in his chair and partly closed his eyes. "There's something particularly strange about that dog's presence in this house."

THE IVORY-HEADED STICK

(Thursday, October 11; 11 A.M.)

What Vance was going to say further was interrupted by the arrival of the fingerprint experts—Captain Dubois and Detective Bellamy—with the official photographer, Peter Quackenbush. Under Heath's orders they went systematically about their work.

"What I want most," the sergeant told them, "are the prints on those window catches, the push button of the electric-light switch, and the doorknob. We'll get the fingerprints of the people in the house later for comparison."

Dubois went to work, but after a few moments Heath interrupted him.

"Say, cap; take the right thumb-print of the body on the bed, and see if you can check it with the prints on the window catches and the light switch."

Dubois turned from one of the east windows, where he was sprinkling a light saffron powder over the flat surface of the lever of the catch and, picking up his small black satchel, went to the bed. A few minutes later he returned with a piece of cardboard on which was an ink impression of Coe's thumb. Holding it under the light he inspected it through his jeweler's glass. Then he laid it on the desk and, going back to the window, closely inspected the flat surface of the catch. After a moment he gave a grunt.

"You had the right dope, sergeant," he said, taking the glass from his eye. "It looks like the guy on the bed locked this window." He then went through the same process of minute comparison with the catches on the other windows. When he was through, he came to Heath. "All the same—as far as I can see."

"Now, cap," said Heath, "try the switch and the doorknob."

Dubois went to the switch and, after sprinkling the powder over it, blew upon it gently and studied it through his jeweler's glass. "Same here," he nodded. "I can't be sure, you understand, until I get the photographic enlargements and compare 'em. But the prints look the same—the whorl type with a pronounced ridge dot and several bifurcations."

"Never mind the enlargements," Heath told him. "Try the knob."

Again Dubois used his insufflator to puff the powder over the doorknob, and inspected the result closely. "I'd say the same person handled the knob," he told the sergeant.

Heath grunted. "No use trying the outside knob," he said. "Too many people have handled it this morning." He smoked awhile in silence. "Try that gun on the desk."

Dubois obeyed. "Nothing here," he told the sergeant after a few minutes. "The trigger's incised and wouldn't take a print. And on the left side of the butt there's a blur on the ivory which may or may not be the dead bird's thumb-print. Looks to me as if it had been wiped



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clean before the fellow picked it up." "It had," Vance spoke lethargically. "It's a waste of time to inspect the gun. If there are any marks on it, they're Coe's."

The sergeant stood glaring at Vance. Finally he shrugged, and waved his hand in dismissal to Dubois.

Dubois and Bellamy and the photographer had scarcely quitted the room when Detectives Burke and Snitkin came in.

Markham had sat down in the Windsor chair at the desk, and after telephoning his office that he would be delayed, he lighted a fresh cigar and made a peremptory gesture to Heath. "Let's see what we can find out from the people in the house, sergeant." He deferred to Vance. "What do you say to beginning with Gamble?"

Vance nodded. "Quite. A bit of domestic gossip to start with. And don't fail to pry into the movements and whereabouts of brother Brisbane."

There was, however, another interruption before the examinations took place. Hennessey called up the stairs.

"Hey, sergeant! The Public Welfare chariot is here."

Heath bawled out an order, and presently two men bearing a coffin-shaped basket entered the room. They lifted Coe's body into it and, without a word, carried their gruesome burden out.

"And now let's have the windows open," ordered Markham.

Snitkin and Burke leaped to obey him. Markham drew a deep breath, and looked at his watch. "Get Gamble up here, sergeant," he said.

Heath ordered Burke to the lower hall. There he disappeared down the stairs, returning presently with the butler in tow.

Markham beckoned Gamble to the desk. The man came boldly forward, but despite his effort, he could not disguise his nervous fear.

"We want some information about the conditions in this house last night," Markham began gruffly.

"Certainly, sir; anything I know, sir." The man tried to meet Markham's stern gaze, but his eyes fell.

"First, take a look at that revolver." Markham pointed to the ivory-inlaid weapon on the desk before him. "Ever seen it before?"

GAMBLE GLANCED at it quickly, and nodded his head. "Yes, sir. I've seen it often. It was Mr. Archer Coe's revolver."

"Where did he keep it?"

"In the drawer of the library table, downstairs."

"When did you see it last?"

"Yesterday morning, sir, when I was straightening up the library."

"Now, sit down over there," Markham pointed to a straight chair by the door. When Gamble had seated himself, Markham continued: "Who was in the house last night after dinner?"

"Yesterday was Wednesday, sir," the man answered. "There is no dinner here on Wednesdays. It's the servants' night off. Everyone dines out—except Mr. Archer Coe occasionally. I fix a cold supper for him sometimes, before I go."

"And last night?"

"Yes, sir. I prepared a salad and cold cuts for him. The rest of the family had engagements outside."

"What time did you go?"

"About six-thirty, sir."

"And there was no one but Mr. Archer Coe in the house?"

"No, sir—no one. Miss Lake telephoned from the country club early in the afternoon that she would not be home till late. And Mr. Grassi, Mr. Coe's house guest, went out shortly before four."

"Do you know where he went?"

"I understood he had an appointment with the curator of Oriental antiquities of the Metropolitan Museum."

"And Mr. Brisbane Coe, you said over the phone, was in Chicago."

"He wasn't in Chicago at that time, sir," Gamble explained. "He was en route, so to speak. He took the five-thirty train."

"How do you know Mr. Coe took the five-thirty train?"

"I didn't exactly see him off, sir," Gamble replied, after blinking several times. "But I phoned for the reservations, and packed his suitcase, and got him a taxi."

"What time did he leave the house?"

"A little before five, sir."

Vance roused himself from apparent lethargy. "I say, Gamble"—he spoke without looking up—"when did Mr. Brisbane decide on his jaunt to Chicago?"

The butler turned his head toward Vance in mild surprise. "Why, not until after four o'clock."

"Does he usually make these sudden decisions?"

"Never, sir. This was the first time."

"Ah!" Vance raised his eyes languidly. "Does he make many trips to Chicago?"

"About one a month, I should say, sir."

"Does he tarry long on these visits?"

"Only a day or so."

"Do you know what the attraction is in Chicago?"

"Not exactly, sir," Gamble was growing restless. "But several times I have heard him discussing the meetings there of some learned society."

"Yes, quite reasonable. Queer chap, Brisbane," Vance mused. "He's interested in all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects. . . . So he made a sudden decision to migrate West after four o'clock yesterday, and departed before five. Most interesting! And by the by, Gamble, did he tell anyone but you of his decision?"

"I hardly think so, sir—except Mr. Archer, of course. The fact is, there was no one else in the house."

"And now, Gamble," said Vance, "think carefully before you answer. Did you notice anything unusual in Mr. Brisbane Coe's manner last evening?"

The man gave a slight start, and I noticed that the pupils of his eyes expanded. "I did, sir—so help me God, I did! He was not altogether himself. He's usually very calm and even-going. But before he left here he seemed distracted and—dazed."

"Oh, really now!" Vance was studying the butler closely. "As I understand it, then, when Mr. Brisbane had gone you and Mr. Archer were left alone."

"Why, yes, sir." The man was breathing heavily: all of his obsequiousness had departed. "But I only stayed long enough to prepare Mr. Archer's supper."

"And left Mr. Archer alone?"

"Yes! He was sitting in the library downstairs, reading."

"And what other servants are there in the house?"

For some reason the man breathed a deep sigh of relief. "There's only two, sir, besides myself. The Chinese cook—"

"Ah, a Chinese cook, eh? How long has he been here?"

"Only a few months."

"Go on."

"Then there's Miss Lake's personal maid. And that's all, sir."

"When did the cook and Miss Lake's maid leave the house?"

"Right after lunch. That's the usual order on Wednesdays, sir."

"And when did they return?"

"Late last night. I myself came in at eleven; and it was about half past eleven when Myrtle—that's the maid's name—returned. I was just retiring—about midnight, I'd say, sir—when I heard the cook sneak in."

Vance's eyebrows went up. "Sneak?"

"He always sneaks, sir." There was a note of animosity in Gamble's voice. "He's very sly and tricky and—and devious, sir."

"PROBABLY HIS Oriental upbringing," remarked Vance casually, with a faint smile. "So the cook sneaked in about midnight, eh? Tell me, is it usual for the servants to stay out late Wednesdays?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then if anyone were familiar with the domestic arrangements here, he would know that he could count on the house being free from servants Wednesday nights."

"That's right, sir."

Vance smoked thoughtfully a moment. Then:

"Do you know at what hour Miss Lake and Mr. Grassi returned?"

"I couldn't say, sir," Gamble shot Vance a curious look from the corner of his eye. "But it must have been very late. It was long after one o'clock before I went to sleep, and neither of them had returned at that time."

"Mr. Grassi has a key to the house?"

"Yes, sir. It was an extra one made for him at Mr. Coe's request."

Vance was silent for a moment. Then he put an apparently irrelevant question to Gamble.

"Did Mr. Brisbane Coe take a walking stick with him when he set forth for Chicago?"

Gamble drew himself together and gave a puzzled nod. "Yes, sir. He never goes anywhere without a stick."

"And what kind of stick did he take with him?"

"His ivory-headed stick, sir. It's his favorite."

"The one with the crooked handle and the carvings?"

"Yes, sir. It's a most unusual stick, sir. Mr. Brisbane bought it in Borneo years ago."

"I know the stick well, Gamble. I've seen him carrying it on various occasions. . . . You're quite sure, are you, that he took this particular stick with him in Chicago?"

"Positive. I handed it to him myself, at the door of the taxicab."

Vance kept his eyes on the man, and stood up. He walked very deliberately to where Gamble sat, and looked down at him searchingly. "Gamble"—he spoke pointedly—"did you see Mr. Brisbane Coe in this house after you returned last night?"

The butler went white, and his lips began trembling.

"No, sir; no, sir!" he cried. "Honest to God, I didn't."

Vance shrugged and turned away. "Still, he was here last night."

Markham struck the desk noisily with his fist. "What's back of that remark?" he demanded.

Vance looked up blandly, and said in a mild tone: "Brisbane Coe's ivory-headed stick is hanging over the back of one of the chairs in the lower hall."

With the discovery of a second murder in Archer Coe's house on West 71st Street the Kennel Murder Case takes on proportions taxing the utmost powers of Philo Vance—in S. S. Van Dine's Next Installment

Honesty's Policy

(Continued from page 33)

conveniences and some of the luxuries. I'm giving a house party. You're all invited."

Four acceptances were instant. Bill continued:

"And I'll get Kit Carson there if I have to break his beautiful neck. He'll come," said Bill cunningly, as the twins expressed ecstasy and unbelief, "but you two necessary evils are to lay off him, mind? And meantime I'll ingratiate myself with Penny, and see if she won't lend us little Cinderella for a long weekend. She ought to be damned glad. Now, let's dig out of here and go somewhere loose and care-free. I feel as if I needed a couple of drinks."

While Bill conducted his party on a personal tour of the sin-spots of a jaded town, Mrs. Ballister Pennington sat in the bedroom of her late brother's child, and between asthmatic puffs and whorls of smoke read her charge the riot act.

Honesty, looking gorgeous and amused, reclined upon the bed in a pair of superlative pajamas. Her aunt entertained her. She said soothingly, "Your wig's slipping, darling. I wish you'd get a gray one. Red makes you look too terrible. And your lipstick's off color."

She spoke gently, even affectionately. She liked her elderly and active aunt who had rescued her from the frightful boredom of a summer school on the coast of France, a school conducted by an efficient American female who had lucratively realized the need for a place in which parents might park inconvenient offspring. Honesty was nineteen. When her father had died a year before, leaving her to the joint guardianship of Mrs. Pennington and a Trust Company, Mrs. Pennington had been away on a world tour and the Trust Company had taken charge, and its most tactful officer had interviewed Honesty and had come away wiping cold sweat from his brow.

It had been decided that Honesty should leave the island off the coast of Georgia where she had lived since infancy and be sent to France under the aegis of Miss Marlin. A few weeks previously Mrs. Pennington, returning from her tour, had swooped down upon the school, beheld the startling beauty of her niece and with loud cries of joy taken passage home, ready to launch upon a magnificent campaign.

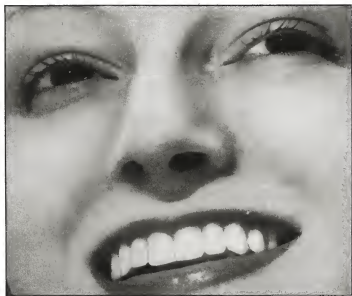
Mrs. Pennington, like her wig, was slipping. She was not encumbered with a husband or many financial worries, but she had no children. And in order to keep a firm grip upon the social reins a child or two was quite necessary. Grand dukes and Princesses of the Blood might visit but they didn't stay long, not if you knew your strawberry leaves. Besides, Mrs. Pennington's position needed no shock troops of royalty to maintain it.

What she needed was—Honesty. Young, beautiful, cultured. Honesty would keep her in the limelight up to and even after Honesty's excellent marriage.

But she hadn't counted on Honesty. Now she regarded her, over three shaking chins. She said: "Never mind me. I may dress as I please. I am perfectly aware that I look like a fool. But a noticeable old fool. If I went gray and washed my face no one would ever notice me. But I want to talk about you. What did you think of Bill Tracy?"

"Who's he?" asked Honesty, yawning. "He danced with you—big, blond—"

"Insufferable," said Honesty; "he



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TOOTH BRUSHES



walked all over my feet. I told him so. I gave him some excellent advice, also." Her aunt sighed. "Young Tracy is very popular. He has money, even in these days. His family is impeccable. He could do a good deal for you. Honesty, can't you be more like other girls? When I think of the way you behaved on shipboard!" She shuddered.

Honesty shrugged her charming shoulders. "I was simply natural." "Oh, I know," said her aunt. "I know, too, that it isn't your fault. Your absurd father—"

"He wasn't absurd!" cried Honesty with savagery. "He was the most marvelous person who ever lived and if you say one word about him—"

"I'm not saying a word— He was my brother before he was your father and I was devoted to him. Of course, he had a very intense nature," said Mrs. Pennington. "and the trouble with your mother, poor thing, completely changed him. Off he dashes to that ridiculous island and brings you up there for eighteen years. I wasn't even permitted to visit him, my own brother!"

"He didn't want you," Honesty replied. "He said you were a clever, scatterbrained, worldly woman, with many good qualities but absolutely no sense of values. He said you couldn't tell the truth if your life depended on it. That no one except a practiced liar could hold your position in New York society."

"I know. He wrote me that," said her aunt, flushing "and it's beside the point. The point is that he himself supervised your bringing-up, selected your tutors—tutors, mind you!"

"Father believed that it would be easier to find an honest man making his way by teaching than a woman."

"He would," said her aunt gloomily. "He to continue. You are excellently educated. You have looks, a fair for dress; you play adequate tennis, golf and contract. You can drive a car and sail a boat. You can cook a meal and conduct a household. You swim like a minnow and you even play the piano. In short, a paragon," said Mrs. Pennington, regarding her supine niece, who merely nodded in indifferent agreement, "and one to whom your father gave every advantage save the most important. And that is the art of living with your fellow humans in social concord."

HONESTY sat up against varicolored pillows. Her hair was an ebony fault about the natural paler of her face. She said:

"It was father's theory that women are naturally liars and to be distrusted. He said that I was in the nature of a noble experiment. He wanted, he told me, to give to the world one female creature who was devoid of any artifice. He named me Honesty; and he expected me not to deny my name. I haven't, and I won't. Why should I say I'm not bored, when I am? Why should I concoct lies in order to make people feel comfortable? It isn't sensible."

"You lie," she told her aunt, "twenty-four hours a day. To your friends, your creditors, your servants and yourself. It's too much trouble," raved Honesty, "and now I want to go to sleep. I have rarely spent a more stupid evening."

Helplessly and hopelessly, Mrs. Pennington tottered away. The girl was utterly impossible. Neither her money nor her looks would do her one iota of good. There wasn't a man in the universe who would do more than look at her twice and listen to her once.

Mrs. Pennington was beaten. She couldn't send her niece back to school.

She might send her to college but Honesty didn't want to go. College, she said, was mostly yewash; she could tie knots in any curriculum. She had been really educated, and no mistake. Even to current argot. Her father had seen to that, and she had had a course in current fiction, and also in motion pictures. The house on the island contained a motion-picture theater. At times Honesty talked like an encyclopedia and at other times like a tabloid.

What in the world shall I do with her? thought Mrs. Pennington.

Bill Tracy helped. Bill Tracy, it appeared, was unshaken by his recent encounter with this amazon. He came to call. He sent flowers; he telephoned; he arranged a theater party. And finally, in Honesty's honor, a house party. His sister and her husband would chaperon, he assured Mrs. Pennington, and would drive Miss Ross down.

The only trouble was Miss Ross.

"I don't think I want to go, Bill," she said. She now called him Bill, not, as she kindly explained, out of any feeling of intimacy, but because it was easier. Bill beamed wistfully upon her and urged her gently. "Come on, be a good sport. Of course you'll hate it, but it's pretty there and the people aren't too bad. You'll just despise them mildly. I've one man coming—I had to include him—whom you'll hate. Most women fall in love with him but you'll hate him. But come anyway. Just as long as you know that I know you don't want to come, it's all right, isn't it? Do sacrifice yourself a little."

"What's his name?" asked Honesty. "Kit Carson. No, no relation. It's a nickname," said Bill, scenting victory.

Honesty came. Out of curiosity, she took Bill with her usual frankness. He drove her down, with his sister Jinny and her husband Tom.

They arrived in advance of the others. After luncheon the Lorrimer twins, Milton Dodd and the other young man of the St. Regis party came. A little later Kit Carson drove over from Southampton with Sherry Anderson, the girl who hoped to fall in love with her, and Dora Deems, Bill's current excitement. It had been hard work persuading Kit to come, and finally in desperation Bill had said: "Kit, you've got to. I've a most terrible girl coming—had to ask her, social duty and all that rot. She loathes men. She's simply appalling."

"Cross-eyed?" asked Kit Carson. "No, she's quite good-looking," said Bill, with restraint, "only arrogant as hell. Thinks every man she meets should be at her feet so she can kick 'em in the pants."

"Me, too?" inquired Kit with a grin. "She's never heard of you," said Bill cannily.

That settled it. Carson came. It was lovely, the woods and the white beach and the blue-green Peconic. The "shack" was lovely too, an enormous lodge in which one needed a guidebook to get around. The girls were lovely. The food was good and the liquor superlative. The radio was excellent, and the game-room floor perfect for dancing. There were tables for backgammon and for contract. There was a bar. There were servants. There was everything.

Kit had his first glimpse of Honesty in a bathing suit. There wasn't much of it. She did not tan: even the sun was unable to impress her. Her back and throat and shoulders were white as cream against the wisp of jade-green which revealed her. Kit, racking down to the beach for a swim before dinner, was duly presented. In awed silence he climbed up on the float beside her.

"Bill told me you were merely quite good-looking," he remarked.

"Bill lied," she said indifferently. "I am by far the best-looking girl here. The twins," she admitted, "are enchanting but too artificial. I haven't seen the other girls yet but Bill has shown me the picture of one. She looks rather intelligent. And the other girl you brought over—Miss Anderson, isn't it?—was pointed out to me in town. She looks anemic," said the healthy Miss Ross.

Kit was laughing. Then he ceased to laugh. He gaped. This girl was perfectly serious. He said gravely, "Perhaps you are the best-looking girl here—but should you really say so?"

"Why not," asked Honesty, "if it's true?" She observed him a moment. "You're rather handsome yourself, so I suppose you are intolerably vain. Most handsome men are."

KIT'S DARK SKIN was suffused with color. "I see. But you don't consider yourself plain?"

"No," she replied instantly; "why should I? Oh, because I said I was the best-looking girl here!" She laughed. "You don't understand. I'm not responsible for my looks. My appearance is an accident of nature and heredity. I admire it as I'd admire anything—a sunset, a flower, a painting. It doesn't, however, interest me. I haven't yet decided whether beauty is an asset or a liability. But most handsome men permit their appearance to dominate their lives."

"I'm glad," he said meekly, "that you think I'm attractive."

"I didn't say that. I don't know yet. There's Miss Anderson, isn't it, vowing to you from the dock?" she said, and dived neatly into the crystal water and swam easily and gracefully away.

Kit walked off the float and back to the dock like a man who is bereft of his senses. Pretty blond Sherry Anderson regarded him with concern and envy.

"Where did you get it?" she demanded. "All I've had is one measly cocktail."

"Talk to me!" ordered Kit wildly. "Say sweet nothings. I know you don't mean them, but say them. Tell me I'm strong and devastating and—and—"

"Why, Kit darling!" said Sherry, looking up at him with long green eyes. "Of course I mean everything I say to you—"

He recognized the warning. "No, never mind," he said hastily. "Let's swim."

During the rest of that day and evening he continued to stalk Honesty Ross as warily as if he had been Frank Buck bringing 'em back alive. Miss Ross permitted it until it got on her nerves. Then she asked crossly:

"Why do you sneak up on me all the time? I wish you'd let me alone. I came out here because I wanted to look at the moon."

"I don't look at it with you?"

"I suppose so," she said ungraciously, "only please don't spoil it by chattering. And if you want to hold my hand, hold it, by all means—it doesn't mean anything to me—but for heaven's sake get it over with and don't paw around. And if you want to kiss me, go ahead. That doesn't interest me either but it seems to be a sort of routine here."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Kit, and stared at her. She looked almost ethereal in the silver radiance. He could have shaken her till her teeth rattled. "Have you had much experience," he asked slyly, "in—hand-holding and—kissing?"

"Quite a bit," she admitted, yawning. "No, no, no, no, while my father was alive, although the last tutor was a little hard to handle. But coming back

on the boat with my aunt! You see, I'd read a lot, in novels and all that. How girls gasped and swooned and closed their eyes and were swept to Paradise; how their hearts pounded and their pulses throbbed. So I tried it. It was very boring, and a little messy."

"And since you've been down here, have you made further experiments?"

"No; why should I?" she inquired. Then she laughed. "Oh, I see. You mean Milton Dodd and the other boy, I forgot his name. They've both had too much to drink," she explained, "and any part in a storm. I didn't mind."

"Look here," said Carson, sitting on the steps beside her, "don't you ever expect to fall in love?"

The music came to them faintly. The rest was silence save for the ripples on the shore and the wind in the trees.

Honesty considered this while he waited. "Why, I hope so," she told him. "I'd like to fall in love. I'd like to marry, even," she went on thoughtfully, "and have children. I don't suppose it is sensible to have them and not be married, although if you want children, and don't particularly want a husband, it seems foolish to have to go through the conventional gestures. But as long as the world is as it is, it's fairer to the children to marry, even if, without marriage, you could support them. I have, you know, a great deal of money."

"Yes, I'd like to fall in love. But I doubt if I ever shall. Penny—that's my aunt—says that no man would consider me twice. Because I was brought up to tell the truth. No man, she says, wants that in his wife. He'd rather be lied to. So," said Honesty, laughing, "if that's the case I fancy I shan't fall in love—I couldn't, with a man of so little intelligence and so absurd an idea of women."

Choked by varying emotions, Carson said feebly, "But what about the children?"

"Oh, no doubt in time," replied Honesty. "I'll find some man willing to marry me for my money. I'd pick him carefully for health and all the rest of it. And no doubt we'd get along as well as most people. Father married for love, but it didn't click. My mother left him."

Carson rose. He was animated by anger and by something else. He leaned down, took her hands and pulled her roughly to her feet. She stood there facing him, and he was glad that she was forced to look up.

"Why, you little idiot!" he said furiously. "I don't believe you're even human."

He swept her into his arms and kissed her, hard and angrily, not once, not twice. The third time he forgot his anger. Then he released her. "Well!" Honesty stepped back from him and leaned against the porch rail. She was breathing quickly; her eyes in the moonlight were dark pools of astonishment. Then she took a step closer to him and commanded: "Do that again. I liked it."

Utterly confounded, he made a move toward her; checked himself.

"I'm damned if I will!" he said, and turning, left her alone. He went directly into the house, finding the others in the long game room. Sherry flew at him with plaintive murmurs. He shook her off. "Let me alone," he said, and sought out Bill. "For the love of heaven," he pleaded, "give me a drink."

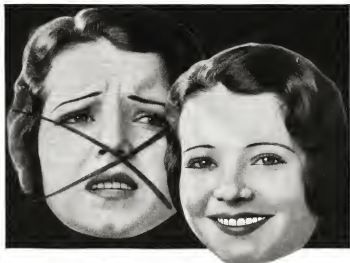
"Been beausing Honesty?" asked Bill. Glass in hand, Kit stared at him. "Is that her name?" Bill nodded. "Yes, Kit began to laugh. After a long while he stopped laughing and set down his glass."

"Where are you going?" asked Bill.

"Back," replied Kit, "on the porch. And keep off, will you?"

Honesty was where he'd left her. "T've

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changed my mind," he announced, striding toward her. But she shook her head.

"I've changed mine, too," she said. "I'm sleepy. I'm going to bed."

She passed him, a flash of whiteness in the dark. "I'll be a son-of-a-gun," said Kit Carson to himself. "It isn't real; it can't have happened."

Upstairs in her room Honesty Ross pondered as she undressed. It was quite as they had said in the novels. It came to you, just like that. At one moment you were cool and indifferent and cared for nothing and no one. And the next...

Why had she left him when he came out that second time? She considered her motives dispassionately. Anticlimax, perhaps? Yes, that was it. It had been exactly right as it was. Tomorrow was another day.

TOMORROW HE avoided her. She became aware of that, presently. So she cornered him at the picnic luncheon on the beach. "Why," asked Honesty, "are you running away from me?"

"I didn't know that I was," he answered carefully, wondering if it were safe to eat olives with her around. She said things, and you swallowed suddenly. It did not add to his peace of mind to find her even more radiantly lovely than by moonlight.

Honesty said, "I didn't sleep well. I was thinking about last night."

He stared at her, looking almost foolish. The words had a familiar ring, but they issued from the wrong mouth. He said the conventional thing.

"Have you forgiven me?"

"There was nothing to forgive," Honesty informed him. "I liked it. I told you so."

The others had wandered up the beach. Bill was pursuing Dora Deems and Sherry was hounding Kit. The green eyes glared at Honesty.

"Well, that's very generous of you," Kit was saying uneasily.

"Not at all." Honesty regarded him with level eyes. "I—you excited me, here." She laid her hand on her alluring breast, and her eyes on his did not falter. It was he who flushed. "I loved it, and you are even better-looking than I believed. I'm crazy about you, and I see no reason why I shouldn't tell you so. I was wondering if you thought it just a physical attraction."

He faltered into speech. "My dear girl—you mustn't—that is—You're kidding!" he said with a forlorn hope.

"No." Her eyes, blue as poppies, were sorrowful. "You're all the rest," she told him mournfully; "you can't endure hearing the truth."

If there was anything he loathed it was to be clasped with the mob. He defended himself angrily.

"I'm not. It's refreshing. I'm exceedingly honored, but—" He sank into silence. She was a witch; her eyes were azure spells. He must be going, he thought, far away. What a girl! He wondered wildly how he could get back to Southampton, to town, to Tibet...

"If," pondered Honesty, "I decide it isn't just a biological trap—" She looked at him suddenly, her gaze clouded. "I'm right in assuming that you felt—the same way about me?"

"If you mean," he asked, lost to all reason, "do I think you are the most damnable seductive and beautiful creature ever put on earth to trouble a man's pulses, you're one hundred percent right."

"That's what I thought," she agreed calmly. "Then, if you and I both feel the same way and if time proves that—these mutual emotions are enduring, wouldn't it be wise if we married?"

The most confirmed bachelor on a couple of continents looked as if he were about to faint. He had been in shipwrecks and the stock market; he had hunted big game and had been charged by a tiger; he had almost stepped on poisonous reptiles and he had been marked down by every anxious mama in Manhattan. But for the first time in his life he was afraid.

"M-married!" he stuttered.

"Why not? You'll have to marry sometime, and—it's a suitable match, isn't it, if we look at it from a common-sense angle? Youth, health, money, social background on both sides. A nice heredity. I've asked Bill about you."

He inquired irritably, "Still thinking of your children?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "although I wasn't tell you mentioned it."

Kit began to laugh. It was hollow laughter. "You're amazing," he told her. "You'd better be careful, Honesty; some day some man may take you up."

Her eyes, he perceived, were hurt.

"I'm quite serious," she said; and then, "Of course, if you don't want me."

She was valiant young thing. Kit was moved to something so near tenderness that he was frightened.

"Any man in his senses would want you, darling, but has no one ever told you that men prefer to believe themselves the pursuers and not the pursued?"

"No," said Honesty, "but that's silly of them. Everyone knows they're not."

Kit choked. "Something," he explained, "down my windpipe. Back," he gurgled, "in a few moments."

He dashed frantically up the beach and to the house. Someone else could get Sherry and Dora back to Southampton. He left a note for Bill. "Awfully sorry. Suddenly down with smallpox. Must return to town," he wrote. He climbed in his car and drove away at high speed. What a girl! She needed someone to look after her, someone to protect her... When he realized whither his thoughts were taking him he nearly ran into a tree.

He'd rather free-lance than be under contract, he reflected. This had been a near thing. Just to look at her—well, he wouldn't look at her; he'd stay so far away that he couldn't look at her, unless he became clairvoyant.

He went South. Honesty came South. He went North. Honesty came North. He came back to town and barricaded himself in his apartment. He was sorry for Mrs. Pennington, dragged at the relentless heels of Diana—Diana of the Chase.

Kit accepted no invitations. Bill Tracy rang him up. "What's happened to you? Where've you been? Haven't seen you since you took it on the lam, down at The Shack. And I had it all worked out," mourned Bill. "You were going to put that awful Ross girl in her place."

"Where is her place?" asked Kit.

"I haven't decided whether it's a nursery or a state institution," Bill replied. "Come over to the flat and have dinner. Strictly stag; we'll order ourselves a meal and a time. Deuces wild."

But it wasn't stag. Honesty dropped in. She had worried it out of Bill an hour after the phone call, running into him at the Ritz. So she dropped in after the theater, very radiant, white soft fur about her throat, a gown of coral satin.

"Honesty," said Bill, "don't you know you mustn't come to men's apartments? We're having a poker session."

"But I wanted to speak to Kit," she explained mildly.

Bill came into the living room. "She's out in the hall," he reported to Kit. "She won't take no for an answer."

Exactly what Kit had feared. He came into the square foyer, his jaw as square. He demanded, "What's the big idea?"

"I wanted to see you. I've phoned, I've written."

Only brutality would do it. He wrenched his eyes away from that heart-breaking loveliness. He said, "You're a glutton for punishment."

"That's all right," she told him. "You see, I've made up my mind. It's you, or no one else. If you didn't care for me, I wouldn't persist. But you do. You're afraid," she taunted him, "and so you run away."

"I'm not afraid." His black eyes were dangerous.

"You are. You don't dare to be alone with me." Said Honesty. She rose from the chair in which she had been sitting and walked to the door. "I'm tired of lying awake nights and wondering where you are and if Sherry Anderson's been with you—and—"

She paused with her hand on the door knob. "I don't like being in love. It hurts like the dickens." The door closed softly. Kit went back to the game. Europe, he thought. Darker Africa. He'd get away from her somehow. She was too disturbing, too lovely. But he didn't want to marry. He abominated the idea. Fetters. Houses. Children. Responsibilities!

He heard, a few days later, of an expedition into the Gobi. He joined it. He spent for months, deep out of the papers, for heaven's sake.

But they didn't.

A few nights before he was to start, he came home to his small apartment. It was very late; he had been dining with the expedition's leaders, discussing details. He had let himself in when, after ringing, no one answered. His servant slept in the building, and usually waited up for him. He swore, and went in.

A light burned in the living room. He turned it off. He went into his bedroom, touching the wall switch. There she was, curled up on his bed, reading a book. "Honesty!"

She nodded. "I came," she said, "to see if—what I think is true."

"You're crazy. Where's Davis?" he demanded, staring.

"He's gone. I came in an hour or so ago. I told him I was spending the night. That was all that was necessary. He went. He put my bag in here," she said, nodding at the small overnight bag.

FOR THE first time he noticed her pajamas. She had a pretty taste in pajamas.

"You damned little fool," he said slowly. He started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Honesty. "To the club, of course. What do you think I am?"

"What you called me, without the 'little'." You stay here," she said, her eyes brilliant. "Or don't you dare?"

He asked, "What about your aunt?"

"She won't be home till tomorrow. When she gets home she'll find my note. I told her where I'd be."

"You didn't!" He was purple with rage. He said, after a moment, "What of it? Look here, this is 1932." You can't get away with it. Don't you know that girls aren't compromised any more?"

"Of course. I didn't come here to be compromised," she said, and laughed at him, to his infinite dismay. "It doesn't matter to me what people think or say or do. Except you. That matters. You—you have avoided being alone with me ever since last fall. You can't, now. Unless you're an ardent coward."

"I'll stay," he said grimly, and dragged things out of a clothes closet. "On the

living-room couch." He glared at her. She said mildly, "Of course I didn't expect you to stay anywhere else."

He went to bed, on the living-room couch. He found it uncomfortable. He couldn't sleep. He kept thinking: Honesty, Honesty, the breadth of a hall away.

Of all the asinine positions! He cursed; he tossed. And slept.

When he awoke he smelled coffee. He got up and huddled a bathrobe about him, and feeling like something the cat would disdain to notice, went into the small kitchen. Honesty was there, making coffee, frying bacon, boiling eggs. She said cheerfully, "I thought you'd be up early. Have a shower and dress and I'll be ready by the time you are."

When he came back, somewhat refreshed, she had set the kitchen table. She wore, he observed, a charming frock, soft sheer wool, high-throated. A bath towel improvised an apron.

"Now," said Kit, as she sat down opposite him and began to eat—"now, don't you feel absurd? Look, you'll go back home and your aunt will throw you out."

His tone was light, but his eyes were anxious. He hated to think of that. He'd be safe on his trek into the Gobi, but what would happen to Honesty?

"That's all right," she said. "It doesn't matter. I have the income from the trust fund." She rose and began to clear the dishes. "So you're going to the Gobi?"

"Yes—"

"I saw it in the paper." Her tone was dull and even. "That's why I came. I took a chance—and lost. You needn't worry about me any more, Kit."

He rose and took a dish from her hand. He looked at it abstractedly and then threw it on the floor, with irritation. There was a crash and a clatter.

"What do you mean, you lost?"

"You," she said, and her voice broke. "You could sleep on the living-room lounge!"

"But you said you expected—"

"Of course I expected you to. But I had hoped it would be more of a struggle. I came out about three. You were snoring."

He was staggered. Then he said, "Look here, Honesty, why did you do it?"

"I love you," said Honesty slowly; "that's why I did it. I thought, if he shows any agitation—if it—then I'll know I'm right. But I was wrong."

"Sometimes sleep is the only possible escape." He took her in his arms. "I give up." He kissed her lovely red mouth.

"I haven't wanted to marry. Now I find I've changed my mind. A bachelor's life holds too much peril. I love you," he told her and kissed her again. "Get on your hat and powder your nose. What time does the license bureau open?"

She said, "The Gobi?"

"Blast it, I won't go!"

"You must; you gave your word." She smiled at him and her eyes danced. "Isn't there room for me? I can speak five languages; I can type and cook."

"There'd better be room for you," he said. Then he looked at her severely. "But see here, Honesty, once we're married, you'll have to mend your ways. You'd have to conform a little, even in the desert. I wouldn't change you, and yet—" He frowned. "How about this—always, always tell me the truth," he ordered, with some misgivings, but courageous to the last, "but—soften the blow for other people, will you?"

Honesty kissed him. "As long as we live," she breathed into his infuriated ear, "I'll do exactly as you tell me to."

And as he kissed her in return, he did not know that he was listening to Honesty's first lie.

Only half a minute



—and the
perspiration
odor problem
is disposed of
for the day!

■ There never was a time when women were so unafraid of facts, so direct in dealing with them. Take the unpleasant fact of underarm odor, for instance . . .

They no longer whisper about it. They no longer ignore it. They simply say, "Of course, we're all in constant danger of perspiration odor. That's the way Nature made us. We know the only way to be safe is to use something made specially to neutralize unpleasant odor."

. . .

And what is this "something" women use?

More than a million smart, busy women use Mum—a snowy, fragrant cream which acts instantly to destroy disagreeable odor and gives all-day protection.

What is there about Mum that so appeals to these modern women?

Perhaps the thing they appreciate most

is that it takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, then into your dress and on your way! No time wasted for these busy women!

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MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
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INVALUABLE IN ANOTHER WAY, TOO—For that protection which every woman wants to be sure of, use Mum on the sanitary napkin. No more nervous self-suspicion when you depend on Mum! Its deodorant service here is a great comfort.

Big Game! Big Thrills! by Edison Marshall (Continued from page 37)

animals in the world, but for a long time his massive horns will be seen only in museums, not in ordinary trophy rooms. By the same token, I leave out the snow leopard.

Nor shall I list the mammals of the far arctic. I have taken some of them on the polar ice pack north of Point Barrow—walrus and polar bear—but they remain curiosities, not trophies. Killing a walrus, once you have run your boat to the ice cake where he lies snoring, is less exciting than shooting a clay pigeon. Polar bears and musk oxen are food for hungry explorers, not big game.

Finally, I shall not include the European stag. This list is for Americans, by an American, and no herded animal goes. All my beasts are wild.

There are several factors that enter into the worth of a trophy. One, of course, is the ferocity of the beast—his ability to fight back. But even on this point sportsmen's lists would differ greatly. For instance, I believe that Stewart Edward White, one of the greatest sportsmen and deadliest shots that ever crossed the Red Sea, regards the lion as the most dangerous African animal. One hesitates to argue with White. He knows the wild folk tooth to tail. Yet every white hunter to whom I talked in East Africa believed the elephant far more dangerous than the lion.

Another point in grading big game is the difficulty of the chase. An animal you shoot on Rocky Mountain peaks, risking your neck on ledge and pinnacle, is far more of a trophy than one taken in a comfortable shooting box on a southern plantation, regardless of what the animals may be.

For instance, it is no trick to shoot a mountain goat, once you climb to his fastnesses. Yet his white whiskers and shiny black horns mean far more to a trophy room than a fine Virginia deer driven by dogs to a stand. However, this same species of deer, stalked with consummate care in the forests of Wisconsin, is a far finer trophy than an African topi killed for meat two hundred yards from camp on the veld before breakfast.

IN GENERAL, the animal's wariness and intelligence, and the natural difficulties of his range make up one of the chief factors in his worth as a trophy. When I list Virginia deer, I mean the fellow you find in brown October woods, hunted on foot on his own ground, not his brother who is chased by dogs and slain with buckshot.

A third point is the duration and difficulty of the expedition by which any species may be procured. Other things being equal, an African head has more value than one equally sporting taken in a week's jaunt to Ontario. Distance lends enchantment to a trophy.

In figuring distance, I start from the population centers of the United States. Therefore, my list is for Americans only. A planter in Sumatra might not think twice about laying a bait and killing a tiger, but would give a year's income to visit Saskatchewan to shoot a moose.

A fourth point is the intrinsic beauty or utility or grandeur of the trophy itself. Some rare animals are not only useless but ugly; while comparatively common beasts, like mountain sheep, add dignity to any trophy room. The common African "palla, with delicate head and neck and long, symmetrical horns, is a better trophy than the equally common kongoni or topi, with big ungainly heads and small horns.

A fifth and last point is almost too vague to put in words. It is the glamour that surrounds certain animals. Partly this may be their fame in song and story. Partly it may be their rarity, or the beauty of their native haunts, or their dignity and impressiveness.

In the first group, I shall list five animals and grade them on the basis of one hundred. The latter figure means the perfect trophy, in which all five factors—pugnacity, elusiveness, remoteness, intrinsic beauty and value, and glamour—combine in a superlative degree.

Sladang (Indo-China).....	100
Elephant (Africa).....	99
Tiger (Southern Asia).....	98
Lion (Africa).....	97
Kadiak Bear (Kadiak Island and westward).....	96

Why should the sladang head the list? Thousands of my readers have never heard of him. Yet I venture to say that no man who has ever seen a wild sladang would omit him from the list of the five noblest and finest big-game animals in the world.

On my desk I have a letter from Theodore Roosevelt, stating that the sladang is the true king of beasts, and the only animals he has ever killed that he values more are his Marco Polo sheep and his panda, both of which are too rare to be included in any ordinary sportsman's list. The sladang, on the other hand, hangs on many a sportsman's wall, and is practical to hunt. He is the special goal of most of the hunters who visit Indo-China.

When Miss Alicia Patterson went there and reported in one of the magazines that she regarded the sladang as a finer trophy even than the royal tiger, I suspected that the thrills of some hair-raising shooting scrape with an old bull sladang had affected her judgment. But when I saw my first wild sladang, wounded him, followed him, walked into the trap he set for me, and finally shot him and took his horns after a run-and-dodge, shoot-and-jump close-range battle under the trees, I changed my mind.

He is an enormous wild ox, sometimes standing seven feet at the shoulder. He is the biggest ruminant in the world. He is not a buffalo, but far larger and more splendid. He wears wonderful blue horns that fade to ivory-yellow at the tips. He lives in dense jungle, emerging only to feed in the elephant grass. He is incredibly wary, yet when finally brought to bay he fights like an elephant and a tiger and a Cape buffalo all thrown together in a bawling, rushing, wild-eyed ton of fury.

He is simply the grandest beast I know. His background is marvelous—beyond words—great trees, whose trunks are clean and clear for sixty feet, with lofty interlocking branches shutting out the sun; lush vines; gaudy flowers.

Many will disagree with my choice of the African elephant for second place. Some think he should be first; others, below the lion and tiger. What can be beautiful in five tons of flesh? No one who has seen him in his own flesh will ever question. He represents the beauty of living, intelligent power. His huge tusks gleam. He takes nine feet at a stride. When he wishes to steal away, he drifts through the jungle like a gray cloud of smoke. If he stampedes, it is like a cataclysm of nature.

To stand up to him is to take your life in your hands. You cannot be sure of dropping him except with a bullet in his armored brain, and if he once gets

his trunk about you, there is no escape. You hunt him awhile, and then he hunts you. He can chase you faster than a wild stallion. He will not forget you and go away—he has been known to search an hour for a concealed hunter whom he can smell but cannot see—poking his trunk into every thicket. Nerve-racking business, that!

It so happens that I am sentimental about elephants. I have made two trips into elephant country, but never hunted or shot at one. They seem too old and wise for me to molest. Yet this is purely a personal matter. A bull elephant shot by license is as fine and as fair a trophy as Africa affords.

THE OLD TUSKER who meets his death from a high-power bullet probably has a merciful end, as African mercy goes. When a sportsman owns elephant ivory, fairly taken, it means that he has risked his life in the most evenly matched battle that can exist between rifleman and beast.

True, all hunting is cruel—but man's whole reign is cruel. He has always held it his right to kill for pleasure. People who do not believe this must live up to their beliefs and order no more delicious tenderloin steaks. They can get along on rice and herbs as the Brahmins do; the roast domestic turkey on the table and the lustrous bear-skin on the floor are both pleasure-giving luxuries differing only in degree.

No one will deny that the tiger and the lion are among the elite of wild beasts. But many sportsmen, with more experience than I, will pick a bone with me for naming the tiger first. Most people say "lions and tigers," rarely the reverse. Yet I believe I am on solid ground.

In the first place, a tiger is a more difficult trophy than a lion. I dare say there are ten lion skins for every tiger skin in America today. A hunting expedition to Africa almost always brings back lions; but neither "bomas" nor trained elephants can guarantee a tiger skin for the sportsman in southern Asia.

In the second place, I think that cat for cat and skin for skin, the tiger is the more beautiful animal of the two. He is the ultimate of feline grace. His gay stripes take the eye. In the speckled light and shadow of the jungle he is simply a dream.

Third, and last, to me the tiger has the illusive quality of glamour to a superlative degree. He is the Jungle incarnate. He is chain lightning in fancy dress. I love even his smell—strong, rank, pinching the nostrils, but marvelously stimulating to man's adrenal glands.

Either the lion or the tiger is a trophy to boast of in Valhalla, as most men who have looked them in the face agree. In all, I have shot three lions and four tigers, and each one gave a thrill that simply cannot be described in human speech. Only the pale, tingling flesh, the erect hair, the bulging eyes and the panting breath can reveal the hunter's feelings when the brute's fierce head drops on his breast and he launches his charge.

I have read of some men who are indifferent to lions. They chuck stones into their ribs, and take other liberties. Not for me! I stand with that old King of Egypt, when he saw fit to record in the imperishable stone of his monument, "I hunted the lion."

As my fifth choice, I have named the Kadiak bear. With him I include his

Immense cousin on the Alaskan peninsula westward from Cook Inlet—a different bear according to hair-splitting naturalists, but essentially the same marvelous brute. In a rather arbitrary fashion, however, I am excluding from this ursine royal family the brown bear of the Alaskan forests. From a zoological standpoint he may be the identical beast; but to the sportsman he represents a different set of values. By the Kadiak bear I mean the giant of the Aleutian range, the wanderer of the waste lands in barren western Alaska.

How is he able to rank just under the royal tiger and the fierce lion? Certainly he is not a ferocious beast. He is not nearly so pugnacious as the brown bear of the eastern islands. The Kadiak bear will charge if he is followed and molested and wounded enough, but as dangerous game he simply does not rate.

He weighs twice as much as the biggest lion, and one of him would make a dozen leopards, but there is more danger to the hunter's life and limb in one leopard than in a whole family of Kadiak bears. Offhand, I can think of thirteen animals far more dangerous to man.

Yet no man who has seen a wild Kadiak bear can ever question that he is one of the grandest mammals the world has ever known. For sheer size, he is fabulous. Occasionally he reaches the weight of eighteen hundred pounds, three times that of a record tiger. He is the largest land carnivore on earth.

I shall never forget an old scarred veteran that I shot in western Alaska nearly ten years ago. I found him around behind Mount Pavlov, in from Iznaback Bay; and he loomed like one of the features of the mighty landscape. I met him at the head of one of the most wonderful mountain valleys human eyes ever beheld. Its rock walls rose sheer, save for an occasional deep cleft from which little wild streams, half bridged with snow, came roaring. Above him towered immense pinnacles, sheathed in glittering ice. It was a scene as of the beginning of the world—rock and snow and waste, and saw-toothed peaks newly heaved up from the sea.

The green skin of that bear, laid out naturally on the ground, was just twelve feet from tip to tip. His plantigrade rear pad was precisely eighteen inches—half a yard—from the end of the heel to the tip of the short, blunt claws.

But size alone cannot make an aristocrat. The Kadiak bear has not half the bulk of a hippo wallowing like a hog in an African river. His great qualities are his intelligence, dignity and repressed power. I shall never shoot another of his kind. I cannot feel toward him the superiority with which man regards most of his animal subjects. He is one of the last of the giants. Many a cunning brain has mastered him, but he accepts the indignity like the prince he is. When he is wounded he does not roar and bellow like his cousin the grizzly, but bows his great head in silence.

Were he not so easy to track and kill, he would head my list of all big game. His huge pelt is a perfect trophy; but there should not be more than one such rug on any sportsman's floor.

Just as the tiger is perfectly framed by the shadowy jungles of the tropics, the Kadiak bear has his perfect setting in the crags and tundras of western Alaska. To see him there is an esthetic experience. This mist-sweet land, where no tree dares raise its head, is haunted by many ghosts, but none more impressive than this wandering ghost of the Age of Mammals, the Kadiak bear.

I have named above what I regard as

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EVERY day you are competing in a Beauty Contest with many other lovely women. You can triumph—attract men's admiration—if your skin is soft and clear and immaculately clean. Let gentle Camay keep your skin exquisite!



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Keep your precious skin deeply clean with delicate Camay. The Soap of Beautiful Women is pure, refreshing, *safe*—and leaves your skin immaculate and blooming. And Camay, you know, costs less today than ever before! Never in your lifetime has so fine a soap sold at so low a price.

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

the monarchs of big game. Now for the princes and the grand dukes:

Asiatic Elephant.....	95
Buffalo (Africa).....	94
Rhinoceros (Africa).....	93
Giant Moose (Alaska and Yukon).....	92
Sable Antelope (Africa).....	91
Lord Derby's Eland (Africa).....	90
Greater Kudu (Africa).....	90
Canadian Grizzly.....	90
Alaskan Brown Bear.....	90
Bighorn Sheep (The Rockies).....	90
Bongo (Africa).....	90

In some respects, the Asiatic elephant is the equal of the Kadiak bear in intelligence and nobility and character; he is a deadly adversary and is found in most enchanting country. But as big game he should not rank so high. Indeed, I wish he were not considered big game at all. If any mammal deserves preservation for posterity, it is the Asiatic elephant. I like to think of him not as man's prey, but as his friend and most engaging companion.

The hunter in Indo-China finds him difficult and dangerous game, but when he lays low the five tons of intelligent life, he has little of value to show. Unlike the African elephant, his tusks are small.

The buffalo should rate above the rhinoceros mainly because he completes his charge with his eyes open, not closed. This is a very important thing to the big-game hunter. Of the two tempera, I should say the rhino's was a shade the worse. Out of six grown rhinos I met on one safari, two charged at their first glimpse of my unimposing form. I dodged one—and the big forefoot of the other, the huge nails highly polished, serves as a tobacco humidor as I write. Both the rhino and the buffalo are superb trophies of adventure on the wild.

The giant moose is the biggest true deer that lives or has ever lived, not even excepting the extinct Irish elk. He is found and hunted under thrilling conditions in a most engaging country. To hear a big bull answer the birch-bark horn (at this point a few Alaskans will rise in their might and inform me that the Alaskan moose cannot be called with a horn, which would be very disconcerting if I did not happen to know better)—to see him rush out from his black spruce into the beaver meadow and stand, a giant in bronze, swinging his five-foot horns—is one of the memorable experiences in the world of sport.

THE GIANT sable antelope, Lord Derby's eland, the greater kudu, and, at the end of this list, the bongo, are all four rare and beautiful African trophies. The Canadian grizzly and the Alaskan brown bear will rank high on any sportsman's list. Both have given me wonderful, unforgettable days in the snow and the spruce forests of the North. Next to the last of the big-game elite I have named the bighorn sheep. I am only sorry that I cannot find a place for him higher on the list.

Like the Rocky Mountain goat, he lives on dizzy grass slopes and inaccessible ledges. Otherwise, there is no comparison. Suppose a hunter spots a goat through his binocular. If he is reasonably sound of wind and limb—if his heart will stand the strain and his soul the gall of a day's bitter climb over treacherous and steep, along six-inch ledges—he is very likely to get his shot. But when he hunts sheep, the story has a different ending. He climbs and suffers and risks his neck and his arteries, only to see the quarry vanishing up the next mountain. With the

best luck, it is a long, quick shot. No wonder the massive horns of *Ovis canadensis* occupy the place of honor in many a trophy room.

This list completes the higher aristocracy of big game, according to one man's opinion. Below we have the earls and viscounts and barons:

Leopard (Africa and Asia).....	89
Water Buffalo (Asia).....	88
Banteng (Southern Asia).....	87
Reed Antelope (Africa).....	86
Common Eland (Africa).....	85
Oryx (Africa).....	84
Lesser Kudu (Africa).....	83
Woodland Caribou (Canada).....	80
Wapiti (American elk).....	80
Common Moose (Canada).....	80
Canadian Black Sheep (<i>Sitomus</i>).....	54
Yukon Sheep (<i>Oreamnos</i>).....	53
Alaskan White Sheep.....	51
Wild Boar (Africa and Asia).....	51
Rocky Mountain Goat.....	50

Many hunters will wonder that I grade the leopard as low as eighty-nine. With-out any question of doubt, he is one of man's most dangerous adversaries in the whole animal kingdom. Every year, white hunters and their followers are mauled by leopards, and not infrequently killed. Martin Johnson has declared this spotted cat the most dangerous animal in Africa. I do not agree with him here, but I have learned to walk warily when there is the slightest feel of leopard in the air.

I recall a certain patch of yellow grass in a far-off corner of Tanganyika Territory. Out of that grass came a snarling streak of yellow that landed on the shoulders of my gun bearer. We got him off in approximately four seconds—his punctured hide is now thrown over a chair in my trophy room—but in that brief period he scalped K'Ninny as cleanly as might an Indian brave.

A leopard is not only a ferocious, but a cunning, wary quarry. Almost every sportsman has back-lon pets, while leopards are few and far between. But they are not so rare on Broadway! And this is the crux of the whole matter. A leopard skin is a fur piece, not a trophy. They are trapped and poisoned by thousands. The old guides at Nairobi regard them not as game, but as vermin.

The water buffalo is easily killed in the dry season in southern Asia—shot safely from a distance on the plains. Yet he is a strong liver and a hard fighter, and he deserves a high place on the list. The banteng—the red wild ox of Asia—is a doughty antagonist and is hunted in the beautiful green glades of Indo-China. I skip seven points to the roan antelope, beautiful, rare, wary, but not dangerous game. The common eland of Africa is a splendid beast, but too easily obtained to rank with the better trophies. I know the oryx and the lesser kudu only by hearsay.

The common moose ranks below the woodland caribou and the American elk because, in these days, he is easier to hunt and kill. Both of the others must be climbed and suffered for, particularly Osborn's caribou. These three giants among the deer family were my first trophies, and I prize them highly.

The wild boar is considered vermin in Africa, and only gives a good show when hunted with lance on horseback. The very idea of such a thing sends a nervous chill down my back.

At last we come to the knights and the commoners—and even more specious guessing:

Puma (Western America).....	45
Mule and Virginia Deer (America).....	40
Sambur (Southern Asia).....	35

Barren Land Caribou (The Far North).....	30
Water Buck (Africa).....	25
Palla (Africa).....	20
Grant's Gazelle (Africa).....	15
Common short-horned African antelope:	
Topi.....	
Tommy.....	
Koonson.....	
Wildbeest, etc.....	10
Columbia Blacktail Deer (Western U. S.).....	5
Shotgun deer.....	1

The puma (cougar or mountain lion) can feel lucky to rate forty-five. Certainly he does not do so on account of ferocity. True, he is armed as formidably as any leopard, but he lacks the fighting heart. Fluted against man, I should say that he is not quite so dangerous as a wounded coyote. But he is a cunning, elusive quarry, and no lazy sportsman shall have his hide.

The Barren Land caribou of the sub-arctic prairies, the Asiatic sambar and the common antelopes of the African veld all rate lower than our own mule deer and the Virginia deer. I think this is only fair. Far places give value to any trophy, but not enough to balance the spikes of swarming palla with the branches of antlers of a lone mule-deer buck.

I HAVE OMITTED from these lists several rare and beautiful African antelopes. I did so because they are essentially collectors' trophies, far off the hunting trails. No doubt I have forgotten several species that should be listed. I left out our American pronghorn because he is too near extinction to be regarded as big game.

For can I include the giraffe. He is a beast to gaze at, but never to kill. No one will quarrel with me for omitting American bison. True, there has been a kind of "open season" on them lately—domestic bulls herded past riflemen at so many dollars a shot—but the proper name for this enterprise is hardly sport. And those who hunt black bear—that old buffoon of the woods—will look in vain for him here.

If we graded animals purely by the difficulty of their pursuit, the big timber wolf of the North would lead the list. Yet for some reason, hard to explain, he is not even considered big game. I think it is a pure case of sour grapes. He is simply one too many for even the cleverest hunter. If man wants his hide, he must take the mean advantage of trap and poison. To stalk him fairly on his own ground is practically a human impossibility.

One old hunter whom I knew in the Northwest called these animals "Invisible Wolves." They were all about camp—killing deer, laying elaborate ambushes for our dogs, tracking up the snow and howling like lost souls at night—but we never saw hide or hair of them.

I have not discussed the big animals of South America—jaguar and various kinds of horned game—simply because there are as yet few facilities for hunting them, and they are taken only as curiosities or museum pieces by occasional expeditions. I have also omitted the overgrown, extremely rare Siberian tiger.

Finally, I have made no mention of the gorilla, or any of the apes or monkeys. The man who would kill such for pleasure is not a sportsman, but a head-hunter. The half-human countenance of a gorilla hung in a trophy room is nothing more or less than a grisly memento of bloody crime, and the owner should be socially ostracized forevermore.

Live Decoy

(Continued from page 35)

gettin' old, Peter. Next time you do that, I'm goin' to wipe your eye!"

"Blue-nosed braggart!" retorted Strain without animus. "I'm three birds ahead of you already. Besides, the drake is flummoxed. He belongs to another man, maybe the devil himself!"

From down the marsh came a wind-muffled boom. Then another, and silence. Harbinger clicked his tongue.

"That would be Jorian. Either that flock or the drake must have swung low over his blind. Jorian's a good shot." Again there was a boom, and still another.

"Now, who'd you reckon shook out the last two loads?" Jeff seemed more than curious. "Myra Thornton's near him, but I'd swear she's afraid to shoot a gun. Sounded like Tom Bender's twelve. Still, that can't be right; all those shots came from about the same place. Jorian and Myra are in Number Three blind, and Waldron is in Number Four. Tom Bender is in Six, away off to the left."

Strain slipped fresh cartridges into his gun, and closed the breech with a vicious snap. "Wrong there," he stated. "Bender's in Number Four, next to Jorian and Myra. I heard him fixing up a trade with Waldron after lots had been drawn."

Old Jeff regarded his partner reproachfully. "You never said a word about it—until now," he chided gently.

"Why should I?" Peter defended himself. "Nothing that concerns us, does it?"

"No-o," Harbinger admitted. "But I don't like it, Peter. Doesn't seem proper, somehow. Doesn't seem right," he amended.

Peter smiled derisively. "Old Granny Grundy!" he jeered. "What's wrong with it? Everybody knows that it's all over between Tom and Myra. He'd be an ingrate as well as a fool to try to keep her away from Jorian. Why, Jorian's done plenty for that boy! Took him in the bank when Tom came back from the war, and boosted him along until the boy's got a fine future. If it wasn't for Jorian, Tom Bender would be a nobody. Tom's got a spark of sense. He's young, yet it seems that he thinks enough of Myra not to interfere. He'll find another girl, but he won't find another job like Jorian gave him, nor will Myra find another husband like Jorian. You should know something about this—you've got a big piece of Jorian's bank!"

Jeff nodded. "I do know somethin' about it," he averred a bit grimly. "And what you've just told me, Peter, sums up things just about as Jorian gave 'em out. Still, you can't kill love, Peter, like you can't kill a duck. I'm dependin' upon Tom's spark o' sense that you spoke about."

He lifted his head alertly. Another gunshot, more muffled, beat faintly upwind. There was something odd about it.

"That would be a crippled bird," he hazarded. "Jorian doesn't believe in lettin' 'em get away."

Strain looked at him interestedly. "You don't like Jorian, eh, Jeff?"

"I don't like a man who is mean to a dog," Harbinger countered. "Jorian's got the best retriever in these parts, that little Irish spaniel, Killarney Dick. It's Jorian's boast that he trained the dog all by himself. Well, I saw one lesson out back of the clubhouse early this mornin'. He was usin' a broken gunstock, Peter!"

"Beating him?"

"Give you three guesses, Peter. You won't miss any of 'em—like you missed that drake!"

"I'm not guessing at anything!" said

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Peter irritably. "Go on, man, go on!" "I protested," Jeff continued. "Jorian was tryin' to make the dog retrieve his huntin' cap. But Killarney Dick couldn't see the sense of it. He wanted a duck to retrieve, not a cap. When I pointed this out to Jorian, he laughed and said I didn't understand. That it was part of an old theory he'd read somewhere, and believed in. In fact, he had it right down pat, in verse. He even quoted it to me. Then I looked around, and there was Tom Bender standin' behind me. You know how Tom loves dogs, and particularly Killarney Dick. Sometimes I've felt that Jorian resents the way the spaniel takes to Tom."

"Anyway, it was before daylight, so dark that I couldn't see Tom plainly. But I could make out his face because it was plumb white, and I knew that he'd seen what Jorian was doin'. Looked as though he wanted to say somethin', but instead he walked away. Jorian stood there with the gunstock in his hand, grinin' in a way I didn't like."

"What else could Tom do?" asked Peter. "He'd be crazy to quarrel with Jorian over a dog. None of Tom's business!"

"None whatever," agreed Harbinger. "I'd bank on Tom bein' too sensible for any such kind of foolishness. But I got to thinkin' afterward that he might have heard what Jorian said to me."

"Well, what did Jorian say?" "He rhymed it," was the reply. "A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree; the more you beat 'em, the better they be!"

Peter snorted impatiently. "Jeff," he demanded, "what's got into you, anyway? You're as full of omens and portents as a sick owl. When were sleeping well lately, Jeff?"

"I told him," went on Jeff, unheeding, "that I never liked poetry anyway. I've got a theory of my own about it, Jorian. I says, 'Just because it's verse doesn't make a thing so. A poet works by ear, and he's always listenin' for music. Give him the choice between tellin' a solemn, philosophical truth and makin' words rhyme, and he'll sacrifice his for fear.'"

"But," says Jorian, "you'll have to admit that it's worked with Killarney Dick. The dog loves me!"

"Maybe so," I says; 'but spaniels are funny that way. It might be because they were originally Chinese dogs, these Irish rat-tails. Early Spanish navigators discovered 'em in China and brought 'em home. Then they were taken to the Irish bogs to hunt waterfowl. But at heart they're still Oriental. Why, dog-gone it, they even look that way, with their queer topknots and curly coats! You may think you know what a Chinese has in his mind, Jorian, but you don't. You might train that dog to love you, too much!"

"Silence came upon the two old men after that, a silence broken only by the querulous muttering of the decoys. Jeff fumbled beneath his canvas coat and brought forth a crooked pipe which he tamped full of a villainous perique mixture and applied a match. Peter, with the disgust of a nonsmoker, sniffed at the manic odor."

"No duck would come within a mile of us while you're burning that!"

Jeff, however, appeared not to hear. His shaggy brows were drawn as though he were pondering something weighty. Peter Strain too, seemed wrapped in thought. The late afternoon wind was growing stronger, and now had a wintry edge on it. A high-flying flock of Canada geese drove across the zenith in a mighty spearhead, their mournful clangor trailing behind them. Peter Strain shivered, for no reason which he could have given.

"I got up at midnight for a drink of water," mused old Jeff. "Had to pass Myra's room. I'd have sworn that I heard her cryin', but when I tapped on the door there was no answer, so I reckon she must have been havin' a bad dream."

Peter stirred uncomfortably, and peered around. Another flock of mallards had come in and was wheeling over the lower end of the marsh. A brace of pintails whizzed along like feathered bullets and pitched boldly into one of the lower shooting ponds.

"Must have got their bag-limits already down there," remarked Jeff. "There's been no more shootin'!" And a moment later, Peter said:

"Here comes Jens! First time I ever saw him in a hurry!"

A lanky figure was running through the sedge toward them. Both old men stood up as he neared.

The caretaker was short of wind, for the clubhouse was a good half-mile distant, and he had not spared himself. Not since the night when, with perfect shooting weather and a household of members and guests, a miserable weasel got into the decoy pen and killed most of his choicest birds, had Jens appeared more disturbed.

"They say—come queeki!" he panted. "What for?" demanded Peter.

Words did not come readily to Jens' tongue when he was pressed for time and had much to say. Despite this, however, he made himself startlingly clear.

"Meester Yorian," he replied. "He is det. Meester Bender shoot him!"

When the two oldest duck-hunters reached the clubhouse, herded along by Jens, they saw a large sedan draw up before the steps. A tall man was waiting for them on the porch, and old Jeff regarded him with mild astonishment.

"Howdy, sheriff," he greeted. "Got wings on that car of yours? You must have flown!"

McShane took Harbinger's hand. They were old friends. "We did step some," he admitted, "and luck was with us. Doc Storrs, the coroner, happened to be in my office when I got the call. And I knew you folks would want this cleared up just now."

"Just so," agreed Jeff. "From what Jens told me, you've done that very thing."

THE SHERIFF nodded. "Looks that way. It's murder, too. Bender made no bones about it. I'm darned sorry a thing like this had to happen. Tom's always been a fine boy. Never cared for Jorian, myself. Most folks didn't, I guess. And there's bound to be some loose ends here. Sure is a tough break for Myra Thornton. Everybody figured she was making a mistake in planning to marry Jorian. This murder proves it!"

Jeff made a clucking sound. "Now, now, that's bad! Murder? Tom Bender? Gosh, it just doesn't sound right!"

"Things like that seldom do," declared the sheriff. "But this is straight enough. Sam Waldron found Jorian lying at the edge of the shooting pool. The heavy duck-load had caught him in the head. Not at close range, either, because there were no powder burns. One barrel of Jorian's gun was empty, but that meant nothing because he had been shooting at a flock of ducks."

"And Bender was there when Waldron came along?"

"Well, no," replied McShane. "He was over in Number Four blind. Myra had just gone up to the clubhouse. Waldron yelled to him, and when Bender came

over, he admitted the whole thing. But he wouldn't tell why. . . . Come on in. There's a few details to be straightened out, and then I'll be taking Bender and the coroner back to town. We've been questioning Tom."

Once away from the bitter wind souging over the marsh, it seemed that in the big living room with its comfortable furnishings there was a cheerfulness which could not be hidden even under the pall of tragedy. Jens had piled fresh logs in the big fireplace, and the flames were roaring up the smoke-blackened throat.

HIS HEAD ALSO turned on all lights, for dawn was at hand, and the day was unusually dark. The place had almost an atmosphere of congeniality, rather than that of death. Nevertheless, in the air was a certain tautness.

There were perhaps twenty persons in the room, divided almost wholly into two groups, on each side of the fireplace. The herd instinct drew the men together at such a time. Consequently, the women were grouped back of Myra Thornton, who sat there in a great rustic chair, a slender, dark girl, undeniably pretty. She still wore hunting clothes, and she was leaning forward, staring fixedly at the crackling flames.

The women, mostly wives of members, were silent, as though intuitively in deference to her mood. And yet there was no sign of grief in her face, unless it was a set expression as of one steeled against emotion. With the fingers of her right hand she gently massaged her left wrist. If nervousness it was, this was the only evidence. She was listening, as were all, but she was not looking at Tom Bender, who sat opposite the corner.

Yet, at the entrance of Harbinger and Strain, with the sheriff closing the door behind them, the eyes of others in the room turned their way; and it seemed in that instant as though the tension was eased a little. Old Jeff had been club president since the first lease was signed for the great marsh, and Peter Strain was held in no less respect. Jens took their guns, carried the weapons over to the rack; and then both followed McShane across the floor to where Doc Storrs was interrogating Bender.

The coroner jumped up at sight of them, smiled and bowed.

"Glad to see you!" he announced. "But sorry, too, that the meeting should be in these unfortunate circumstances. It's a pity, a pity!" Somehow, one gathered that the little man did not dislike his role. He and old Jeff were on opposite sides of the political fence. He shuffled several sheets of paper on which he had written notes. "Bender, here, has confessed everything," he went on. "I think I have the facts in general, a rather full outline. There's nothing more, sheriff, unless you can suggest something."

McShane shrugged. "Not me," he replied. "Of course, I'll talk with Bender later. You got anything to offer, Jeff?"

Harbinger rubbed his chin reflectively. Tom Bender sat stiffly in his chair, a little pale, his lips pressed together. The old man eyed him quizzically.

"Tommy," he asked, "is this true? Did you shoot Jorian?"

Bender nodded quickly. "I did. And I'm ready to suffer the consequences, Mr. Harbinger!" He spoke almost defiantly.

Old Jeff inclined his head. "Just why?"

For a moment Bender hesitated, then stubbornly set his jaw into his eyes. "I won't answer that," he declared. "I've said I was guilty. Isn't that enough?"

"Then I'll make a guess," the old man

ventured. "You heard what Jorian said to me this mornin', and you got to broodin' over it. You reasoned that if Jorian believed in that creed—that if he'd beat a dog, he'd—"

"Please, Mr. Harbinger!"

Old Jeff sighed. "All right, Tommy,"

he said kindly. "I won't press the point."

Silence came over the big room. With it there returned that indefinable feeling of suspense in the place.

"Mr. Harbinger," said the coroner with stiff formality, "I think it is your duty to explain. Evidently you know the motive for this killing. I cannot understand why you should wish to conceal it."

"Seems like it's a matter for Tom Bender to discuss, not me," said old Jeff. "No doubt you'll get it out of him eventually. I don't mind remarkin', however, that Tommy, here, is lyin' when he says he killed Jorian!"

"Lying? Why? How do you know?"

Jeff grinned bleakly at Strain. "Just a hunch," he answered. "Peter will tell you I'm full of omens and portents to-day. Besides, I've known Tommy Bender since he learned to walk. He's a poor liar now because I reckon he's never had much practice!"

"I resent your attitude, Mr. Harbinger," barked Storrs. "You are helping Bender hide the truth, and introducing a spirit of levity that is unbecoming to this solemn occasion. I warn you."

But Bender broke in. "Don't pay any attention to him, coroner!" His voice was strained, harsh. "I've told you that I did it; that I traded places with Waldron so I could be near Jorian!"

Storrs whirled on him. "So you did, Bender," he agreed, "and very straightforwardly. What is more, your explanation is clear enough to suit me, even though the motive may not be plain. To me it is evident that you planned this deliberately, and I intend to have you charged with murder in the first degree!"

They swung about quickly, then, for Myra Thornton had cried out, and leaped to her feet. She was very white. "No!" she exclaimed. "Tom didn't do it. Mr. Harbinger is right. Tom is trying to take the blame to shield me. He knows I killed Mr. Jorian! I thought that I loved Mr. Jorian, but it came to me last night that I was really in love with the things his money could buy for me. I knew him to be heartless, cruel, and yet I would have married him because I had given my word. To the world he might be cruel, but not toward me. Today, I learned what a fool's paradise I had been living in."

"He killed ducks, not for sport, but because it gratified his blood-lust. It sickened me, the way he gloated over his kills. We were together in the blind when a beautiful mallard drake, apparently wounded, came dropping out of the air toward our pool. I didn't hide myself quickly enough, and the bird saw me. Mr. Jorian shot twice at the bird, and missed. Then he whirled on me, murder in his face. He caught me by the wrist—she held out her left arm—and twisted it until I screamed. We struggled. I managed to pull the trigger of my gun. He fell dead there beside the pool!"

Tom Bender started from his chair, shouting denial, but Doc Storrs pushed him back. There was almost a sneer on the coroner's face as he asked her:

"You were very close to him? You held the gun against his head?"

The girl nodded, wide-eyed. His lips twisted in a superior smile.

"It won't do, Miss Thornton," he declared. "No matter how noble your purpose may be in trying to save Bender. A very theatrical story, my dear, but

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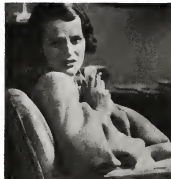
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decidedly thin. Jorian was shot from a
distance of several feet, for there are no
powder burns at the edge of the wound.

"However, you have suggested what I
believe to be a motive for this killing.
Doubtless Jorian did twist your arm, as
you explained. Bender was near by and
heard you scream. This infuriated him
so that he killed Jorian in cold blood!"

"No!" she cried hysterically, but the
coroner ignored her, turning triumphantly
to McShane.

"Sounds logical enough, don't you
think, sheriff?"

McShane nodded. "Sounds air-tight
to me," he agreed. Apparently it did to
the others.

"And it is air-tight!" declared Storrs.
"Sheriff, take your prisoner!"

Jeff, however, held up a protesting
hand. "Wait a minute, Storrs," he begged.
"You're faster than a teal duck with a
fifty-mile gale behind him. Instead of
your case bein' air-tight, the holes are
so big that a man could shoot a ten-
gauge through it. After what Jens told
me and what I've heard here, it looks
that way to me. Waldron found Jorian
at the edge of the pond. But it
wasn't until Waldron raised the alarm
that Tom Bender admitted the killing.
Seems like he would have spread the
news himself, doesn't it?"

The coroner sniffed. "A minor detail.
Besides, Bender admits the crime. Surely
you don't believe Myra Thornton's story!"

"Certainly not!" replied old Jeff with
warmth. "I'll give you credit, doc, for
seem' through that as quick as any of
us. But your whole case hangs on one
thing, Tom's confession. Suppose he
was to get up in court and retract it?
How'd you prove that he killed Jorian?
You haven't a single real witness; your
evidence is all circumstantial!"

"Wrong, coroner, Mr. Harbinger! Either
you have something very important in
mind, or else you have clumsily set out
to waste my time—"

"Not me, Storrs!" broke in Jeff. "Never
wasted anybody's time but my own.
What I'm gettin' at is that this hearin'
isn't finished by a long shot. There's one
witness you haven't produced, the most
important of all, for he saw the killing!"

"What?" yelled Storrs. "An eyewitness?
Why haven't you—"

"Now, now, doc," soothed old Jeff.
Then he turned to the caretaker. "Hi,
Jens! Bring him in—and the evidence!"

Jens vanished. Not more than six
seconds elapsed before he was back. In
one hand he carried a tiny paper packet;
in the other was the torn and soggy remnant
of what had been a canvas huntin'-
cap. And at the caretaker's heels
limped a queer-looking little brown dog,
with long, drooping ears and a thick coat
of tight curls. A topknot which broke
over his eyes added no more to the
grotesqueness of his appearance than did
the fact that at least six inches of his
tail was as devoid of hair as a rat's.

Straight across the room to old Jeff
he hobbled painfully, sniffed at Jeff's
legs and wagged his tail, then searched
about the room until he found Tom Bender.
The dog came close to his knee
and lifted a gaze of adoration to the
man, who spoke softly and bent his head
as though to hide unspeakably emotion.

Old Jeff cleared his throat, his eyes
misty. "Jorian's spaniel, Killarney Dick,"
he announced. "The only eyewitness of
that tragedy down in the marsh!"

"Most of you know that Jorian trained
this dog himself. Broke him down to
describe it better! This mornin' I found
Jens beatin' him because the dog
wouldn't retrieve his master's huntin'
cap. Killarney Dick didn't understand
what was wanted of him then, but this

afternoon it came to him. In time, I
reckon, to save you, Doc Storrs, from
helpin' hang an innocent boy who fool-
ishly tried to sacrifice himself to save
the girl he loves!" He glared at the
coroner, but the latter's face did not
change its expression of polite incred-
ulity.

"We met Dick in the marsh when Jens
was bringin' us back from the blind a
little while ago," Jeff went on, "and what
do you suppose the dog had in his
mouth? The same huntin' cap that he'd
refused to retrieve this mornin'—Jorian's
cap! He was lookin' for his master,
cager to show that he had understood at
last. A funny thing, maybe, but spaniels
are that way. But Jorian had gone on
to a place where maybe he'll learn to
appreciate the love of a faithful dog!"

His voice rose. "You reconstruct the
thing in your own way, doc; now I'll do
it in mine! A flock of mallards, followed
by a jinxed drake which Peter, here, let
get away, swung near Jorian's blind.
Myra wasn't there; neither was Tom.
Only Killarney Dick crouched there with
his master."

"Jorian wounded the drake, but it
dived. He shot again as it showed its
head above water, but missed. The rest
of the flock had swung over Bender, two
hundred yards away. He shot twice, be-
cause I heard him."

"Meanwhile, Jorian reloaded, orderin'
Dick to retrieve the wounded bird. But
the duck had already reached cover in
the grass, and the dog wouldn't go be-
cause he couldn't see game. Jorian had
put fear into him, and the spaniel was
too blamed afraid of makin' a mistake."

"Then Jorian lost his temper, and
started beatin' him with the gunstock.
He hit the dog once, but the second time
he swung the gun, an orange Providence
ratched right down for the trigger and
pulled the trigger! The full charge
caught him in the head."

"His cap either fell off as he went
down, or it was blown off by the gun-
shot; in any event, it dropped in the
water, and the wind carried it into the
sedge, where it lay hidden until Killar-
ney Dick came on it some time later."

"Proof? Is that what you want, Doc
Storrs? Exhibit A!" He held up the
hunting cap. "It's half buried with
powder! That's why your examination
showed no powder stains around the
wound; the cloth had absorbed 'em. And
the cap is still wet from lyin' in the pool."

"Exhibit B!" He opened the paper
packet. "Here's a wisp of brown hairs
from Killarney Dick's shoulder, I've
caught in an old crack in Jorian's gun-
stock. Jens found 'em when he examined
the gun, and told me, although he didn't
understand what they meant at the time."

"Lastly, there's Exhibit C!" He strode
over to the dog sitting at Bender's knee.
Gently, solicitously, he stroked the
curly body, but the spaniel whimpered.
"Baken ribs and a broken cover!"
Jeff roared. "That's Exhibit C! And
by the Seven-Horned Hippopotamus, I'll
make every point of my case stand in
court! If you charge Tom Bender with
murder, I'll spend every cent I have de-
fendin' him! An' when he's acquitted,
I'll borrow a million and spend it makin'
you hard to catch, Doc Storrs!"

He ended suddenly, and stepped back
beside Peter, fumbling in his hip-pocket
for a handkerchief. But Storrs seized
Jeff's hand. It was evident that, for
once, Doc Storrs was deeply stirred, yet
he was grandiloquent even in surrender.

"Mr. Harbinger!" he exclaimed. "Your
threats don't move me, but your sincerity
does! It's bein' trainin' my own com-
science if I did not exonerate Bender.
There will be an official inquest, but you

may count upon the verdict being 'death by accident.' And—I'm glad, sir!"

They were driving home in Jeff's big car, the two old men, with Killarney Dick curled on the back seat. In his nostrils was the pleasant smell of familiar things—old hunting clothes, guns and a goodly string of plump ducks. He was tired and his body was feverish from the injured ribs; nevertheless, there was contentment in his soul, for the world had suddenly become a kindly place.

Old Jeff chuckled, as he watched the specimenizer needle snap over to sixty. "I'm takin' Killarney Dick out to my country place tomorrow," he told Peter. "We'll stop at the veterinary's and have him fixed up. Then, when he's well, I'll give him to Tom and Myra for a wedding present. Guess I didn't tell you

that when I caught Jorian beatin' the dog I took an option on his bank stock, at his own figure. You suppose that if I put Tom in Jorian's old job, he'd let me use Killarney Dick next season?"

Peter grunted. "At least, that's a year from now," he replied. "By that time you may be over the swell-headedness you've had since you put the run on Doc Storrs! Anyway," he added triumphantly, "there's a flaw in your picture. 'A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree,' you said when you set out to prove Jorian wrong. You accounted for the woman and the spaniel; how about the tree?" Again Jeff chuckled. "Peter," he said, "I guessed you'd be mentionin' that, and it worried me some how I'd answer you. Then I remembered—although you'll be sayin' it's far-fetched—that walnut is what they use in makin' gunstocks!"

Shadow Dance

(Continued from page 63)

stone-dead, sprawled grotesquely, darning the bloody waters, the girl found Vespasian Chancellor, one leg pinned under his horse, groping about to free himself, and all covered with blood and mud.

When he had managed to disengage his leg and rise to his knees:

"Sit down on that dead horse," she said harshly, "and don't move a finger or I'll have to kill you, too!"

He seemed dazed and shaken, but presently he sat down on his dead horse, closing both eyes. Then, after a moment, looked up at her in silence.

"Who told you I had come this way?"

She demanded, cocking her pistol again. "I reckon, ma'am, it was that fat Dutchman at the house."

"Who else is following me?"

"Maybe Captain Gaillard, ma'am. I reckon he'll try to find me."

The girl bade him remain motionless in a fierce little voice and, coming up behind him, searched him for weapons. And discovered he was entirely unarmed.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I don't carry weapons." But Operator 13 backed cautiously away from him, clutching in her left hand a bunch of papers she had discovered in his coat pocket.

"If Captain Gaillard comes here, and if you call out to him," she said, "I'll have to kill you, and then kill him."

"I understand, ma'am," he said softly. She managed to keep one eye on him and one on the linen-backed map which she had discovered in his pocket and which she now unfolded. She could make nothing of it.

"Where is Jeb Stuart riding?" she demanded.

"Ma'am," he said mildly, "I regret sofly that I must decline to answer questions."

"You won't talk?" she insisted.

"No, ma'am. I can't."

"You tried to catch me and have me hanged, didn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well then, if you don't answer me I'll have to kill you," cried the girl. "Pray do, ma'am," he said very quietly. "I reckon I'd like it better thataway than I would like hanging."

She knew she could not shoot him. But he didn't know it. Nobody could guess what such a devilish girl would do in a panic—a girl who had risked her life as a spy inside the Confederate lines; who had nearly killed Captain Gaillard and had ridden off on his horse; who had faced rifle fire and had forded the river in the midst of two thousand plunging Rebel horsemen; who had tricked Yellow Bob, stolen his horse and Jeb Stuart's two favorite mounts;

and who now had shot him down and was flourishing a loaded pistol and threatening him.

"Mr. Chancellor," she said, "I don't want to shoot you. But I don't wish to die, either. I'll go away if you'll tell me how to keep clear of the Rebel cavalry."

"No, ma'am, I won't tell you."

"Do you hope they will catch me and hang me?" she demanded angrily.

"I do, ma'am."

"Me, a woman?" she asked, infuriated.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but you are a deadly danger to my Government, and you may yet ruin General Stuart and a whole division of our very best cavalry . . . I have no personal animosity against you, ma'am. You are young, and fair to the eye"—he smiled faintly at her dark-stained skin—"and it's natural for any man to admire you—even when you are in Negro disguise. But with all that, ma'am, you surely ought to die because the safety of my Government is in danger as long as you remain alive . . . Now, ma'am, you may shoot if it's got to be that way with you and me."

She knew it was not to be that way.

At the point of her pistol she made him get up, drove him a little way into the laurel, and bade him stand there. Then she removed the bridle from his dead horse and with this, pistol in hand and her long knife clutched between her teeth, she secured his elbows and wrists behind his back.

Now she forced him to precede her up through the rock-guarded portal to where the three horses were tied. Her saddle and bridle she transferred to Sky-lark; then she tried to get Chancellor onto Yellow Bob's horse. But with his hands fastened behind his back, he couldn't mount the animal.

"If you'll give me your parole," she said breathlessly, "I'll trust you. Will you?"

"Why should I, ma'am? If you don't shoot me, Averell will hang me."

"You know I can't murder you," she cried with a sob in her voice. "I can't get you into a house with your wrists tied up. I'm afraid to untie you. I'm afraid to kill you. I'm—I'm afraid of you, anyway. Will you let me alone if I let you alone?" she sobbed. "I'll give you Yellow Bob's horse if you'll go away! Will you?"

He looked hard at her. "Ma'am, are you truly afraid of me?"

"Yes, I am. I guess I'm a coward."

"Ma'am," he said, "you have more courage than any woman I ever knew. And most men . . . You may untie my hands, ma'am. I give you my parole."

She went to him instantly and

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unbuckled the bridle that confined his wrists and elbows. He lifted his soft swollen hands and looked at them curiously. He was still stretching the aching fingers, when a horseman with a bandaged face trotted up, caught sight of him, called to him, scrambled out of his saddle and came running up the road leading a stumbling horse.

And found himself with his nose almost touching a leveled pistol clutched in the steady fist of a ragged Negro lad. "You drop that bridle and put up your hands, Captain Gaillard," cried Operator 13 excitedly, "or I'll shoot you all into little pieces this time!"

Captain Jack Gaillard's reckless eyes gave her one astonished look; then became painfully cross-eyed as they concentrated on that black, powder-ringed pistol muzzle close to his bandaged nose.

"Good God, Lucille," he gasped in an amazement almost comic, "don't do a thing like that to me!"

"Will you let me alone, then?" she asked tremulously.

"Let you alone? I should say I would. Please be careful with that horse pistol."

"Do—do you—surrender?" she stammered fiercely.

There was a moment's silence. Gaillard's battered features reddened above the bandage and his swollen eyes sought Chancellor.

"What kind of dirty business is all this, Vespasian?" he demanded hoarsely.

Chancellor's eyes narrowed. "I reckon, suh, you don't aim to cast any reflection on me when you ask that question?"

"But—good God!"

"Yaas, suh, that's my onliest prayer, too; may God be good to us in this hour, Captain Gaillard." Very slowly he extracted from his homespun pants pocket a section of Virginia twist, bit off a portion, savored it reflectively. "Yaas, suh, captain," he drawled, "I reckon we both belong to this young lady, now. Ef yuh jump she'll kill yuh. Ef yuh speak soft'y yuh can step out of 't this world o' trouble, ca'm an' polite, in a sunset square o' Yankee cavalry. All depends on how yuh want things fixed, suh."

Intense silence. The pistol muzzle always steady. Gaillard's fascinated eyes on it; then on the girl who owned it.

Then the boy sighed: "Very well, ma'am; you have my word of honor."

"I want your parole, also," she insisted. He looked miserably at Chancellor, who shrugged. "I gave the young lady my parole," he said peacefully.

"All right," exclaimed the boy. "I give you my parole of honor, then!" His voice was harsh with choked anger; he flung his bridle from him, rudely pushed past her into the rocky pass and strode up to the chief of spies. "Damn it!" he said. "Do you understand that this means a double hanging?"

"I do, suh."

The boy dashed under Chancellor's intent gaze, and turning away, covered his face with both quivering hands.

"I reckon," said Chancellor softly, "we both aim to face it ca'mly, suh."

Gaillard's hands fell to his sides; he turned slowly to the chief of spies. A moment they gazed at each other, then the boy's eyes flashed with tears and his hands sought Chancellor's arm.

"I don't know how she got you," he said, "but I don't doubt you."

"Yuh needn't," said she. She ambushed me an' shot down mah boss. An' thar I lay on mah back in the brook like a ole tarry-pin-turkle, suh, one laid pinned under mah dead boss, an' a roarin' noise in mah ears like the beat o' the sunset shadowin' off human handwork."

The boy made an involuntary movement at the repulsive suggestion; he had

grown very pale. "Do you think there is any chance?" he asked. "The cavalry are at Cashtown."

"Gawd, no," said Chancellor quietly. "They go South to Emmetsburg, suh. What would fetch them up heap into these Pennsylvania mountains?"

Operator 13, who had been watching them, pistol in hand, spoke now: "Gentlemen, I have two prisoners on parole and four captured horses to care for. And I should be on my way."

They looked at her in silence.

"Mr. Gaillard," she went on, "I see you have recovered your own horse. You will mount him, if you please, and lead Lady Margrave." She turned to Vespasian Chancellor. "Be kind enough to take the saddle from your dead horse, sir, and place it on this nag of Yellow Bob's. Here is your bridle."

Gaillard's face had become a sullen, ugly red again as he walked over to his horse, mounted, and riding up to Lady Margrave, groped for the sagging halter. He did not look at the girl again; but her dark eyes rested on him now and then, while Chancellor stripped his dead horse of its trappings, and came striding up to saddle Yellow Bob's rangy hunter. When all was ready he stood to horse, awaiting further orders.

"Mount," said Operator 13 briefly; and was lifted in Skylark's saddle before the word left her lips. She threw her curb and snaffle and put Skylark into motion.

Suddenly an unreasoning shaft of purest fear struck through her like an arrow. Pistol in hand, she turned in a panic, her dark-fringed eyes fairly glittering with terror and excitement. "Gentlemen," she gasped, "I—I am scared to death. Be good enough to set your p-pace by mine."

Vespasian Chancellor had ridden many a breakneck race with Death. So had Captain Jack Gaillard. Never before had they ridden so terrific a course, hurling their horses blindly over an unknown lumber-rod in the drizzle and obscurity of a dark October afternoon.

Suddenly, through the woods a red shaft of sunlight slanted across the trail—the most ghastly omen of it all for these two men who were riding headlong to their deaths. As though their distant Yankee executioner, with his cork-blackened hands and face, were already waiting impatiently in the red sunset light, where two noosed ropes dangled under the long crossbar cast sinister patterns across the withered grass.

They galloped out into a brushy clearing overlooking a flat valley of farm lands below; and the girl flung up one hand in signal to draw bridle.

It was very hot and moist and still in the clearing. At the eastern edge near a spring stood a lean-to, evidently just erected, and still fresh and fragrant with spruce, hemlock and balsam thatching. Nobody was there; the clearing was still as death, ringed by forested depths where wet leaves glistened crimson and gold and purple in the sun.

Operator 13 listened intently, searching the thickets with restless gaze. Nothing stirred there save a somber butterfly sailing on dark, ermine-bordered wings. Not a sound except the tinkle of a rill.

Again and again her weary gaze sought the little valley close below the knoll where they had halted. There were plowed fields there, and reaped fields and pastures; and this wood-road ran into them; but no house or barn was visible; no human handwork excepting a plankled platform with uprights, and a framed beam above them, which seemed

to be a structure designed to support a winter haystack.

The girl looked wistfully at the open country; but had no mind to venture into it until dark. She was very tired and hungry, but no longer frightened.

Stiffly she freed one bare foot from the stirrup, dismounted, unbuckled Ye- low Bob's saddlebag, and groped in it for food. She found a bottle of peach brandy, a loaf of bread, a large cold sausage, three onions and a chunk of salt beef. These she carried to the open-faced shed. Then she came back.

"Gentlemen," she said, "let us care for our horses, and then eat and rest."

"Are we to off-saddle, ma'am?" asked Chancellor in his pleasant voice.

She looked at him with a pale smile and nodded.

Jack Gailliard, also, got off his horse; and he and Chancellor and Operator 13 gathered dead grass with which to rub down the weary horses. There was enough browsing in the bushes; Chancellor cut stakes; the girl drove them with her pistol butt; and, with halber, bridle and picket rope, the four nags were tethered amid wild grasses and weeds along the tiny rivulet.

The girl glanced furtively from time to time at Captain Gailliard's sullen young face; but it was to Vespasian Chancellor she addressed herself, finally, inviting them both to share her food. "I thank you kindly, ma'am," said Chancellor, with a bow as courtly as any obsequious south of the Dixie line. But Gailliard gave her a sulky look and continued to pull grass for his horse.

"Will you please eat with us, Captain Gailliard?" she said firmly, the infection of her voice making the question a command.

"Very well," he growled.

They sat down on the carpet of balsam in front of the shack. Operator 13 carved bread and beef, and sliced the sausage and onions with her long knife. There was only one tin cup among them for water and peach brandy.

Operator 13 sat in such a position that she could see the valley below and also watch the road over which they had arrived, which ran straight away to the westward for nearly a quarter of a mile. Her loaded pistol lay beside her on the ground.

It was warm in the rays of the western sun; Chancellor, facing it, remained undazzled as an eagle; but Gailliard shaded his eyes with one hand while he ate with the other. And after a while the girl was aware that, in the shadow of his hand, the boy was stealthily watching her. When she realized it, to her consternation she felt a faint glow invade her face; and instinctively fumbled at a gap in her ragged shirt.

She said to Chancellor: "Pray, sir, let me offer you some of this peach brandy. We all need a little, I think."

The grave, lanky chief of spies thanked her, poured out a cupful, and offered it to her with a bow.

The girl declined, saying that she would take one mouthful after she had eaten. So he silently emptied the cup, rinsed and refilled it, and handed it brimming to Jack Gailliard.

The boy took the tin cup and looked the girl full in the face. "May I offer a sentiment, ma'am?" he asked smilingly. "If you wish, sir," she replied, startled.

"Then, to her—whenever she may be, wherever she may be—who holds my heart—whatever she may do with it!" He emptied the tin cup, still smiling, set it aside, and resumed his meal as tranquilly as though a lifetime remained ahead of him instead of a few hours.

Chancellor's long, dark, oblique eyes rested on him in quiet approval. Then, softly addressing Operator 13: "Ma'am, your life and ours is the kind of life that one lives to the full in a single day, I think. All that the human heart can experience of weal and woe, of pleasure and of dread, of hope and of despair, we sometimes experience between the rising and the setting of the sun."

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "Well, ma'am, we are fortunate, I reckon, even in misfortune. We have lived completely—no matter how briefly—before we take that darkened path to which we are all destined. As for death, ma'am," he said tranquilly, "the only pity of it is the fear of it. Fear, ma'am, is a wicked thing. The mind cursed with it has looked on hell. Fear alone is cruel; death is kind... Leastways, I reckon it is thataway."

"Yes," said Operator 13.

He smiled at her. He said softly: "Thought of God awes but does not frighten such as we are, who have lived as we have lived, and tried to do our best. You know that, ma'am."

"Yes," she whispered.

Captain Gailliard had finished his meal. He lay on his stomach in the ferns, listening and watching her.

Vespasian Chancellor also had finished. "Well, ma'am," he concluded, "you surely fooled us all. I reckon it must be right nice for you to feel that you have done your duty to your government."

"I have tried—I am trying—" Her voice died out; she looked out over the sunny valley; watched a bluebird alight upon the haystack scaffolding and listened to its warbled melody.

"Pennsylvania is a right pretty country," said Chancellor, "I never saw fairer land than yon, ma'am."

Gailliard, lying in the ferns, said dryly: "A pretty country to be hanged in." There was a painful silence. The girl knew what was the penalty for a spy taken out of uniform in enemy territory. And she had taken them in Pennsylvania. And was on her way to deliver them to the nearest Federal picket line.

"Well, sub, Captain Gailliard," drawled Chancellor, "we knew what we were about when we followed this young lady. An' we knew what our folks would do to her if we caught her. An' she knew, too... Yuh did know, didn't yuh, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Operator 13.

"Yes," said Chancellor gravely, "that it ain't a barbarous custom. I reckon it is. It always seems like to me that it would be both merciful an' safe to lock up spies until the bay'nets had argued it out." He sighed. "But military law is military law, an' hangin' is the verdict."

"No," said the girl, "the verdict of a military court is either right or not guilty. Courts-martial do not sentence."

"Quite true, ma'am," agreed Chancellor. "Yuh know your laws, ma'am."

Gailliard said to him: "Is there any doubt in your mind that they'll hang us?"

"None, suh."

After a silence Chancellor asked politely if he might find a quiet place in which to write a letter. "There is no harm in it, ma'am. It's just to say a pleasant word to those I am leaving. You may read it if you don't trust me."

She nodded, her velvet-dark young eyes fixed on the hayrick below.

So the tall, lanky fellow strode away and seated himself against a great tree where, with pencil and a scrap of butcher's paper, he began to write, carefully, slowly. After a long while the girl turned and looked at Gailliard, where he lay silent among the ferns with the

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sunset light red on his bandaged face. "Did you see me in the barn?" she asked coldly.

He gave her a surprised look. "Did you?" she repeated. Under his bandages his sunburned skin reddened. "You did see me," she concluded.

Another silence. Then: "Why did you let me go, Captain Gaillard?" No answer. "You disregarded your duty," she said coldly. "Why?"

If she had expected a passionate avowal she was disappointed. The boy merely shrugged and said: "If my government can't save itself without hanging a young girl, it can go to hell."

"Is that the reason?" she asked. "One of the reasons."

"Was there another?" "What did this girl want him to say to her? Whatever it was, she remained disappointed again, for he merely folded his arms and laid his head on them.

Chancellor, intent on his letter, wrote slowly, resting the bit of discolored paper on his bony knee. Forest and clearing were very still in the sunset light.

Operator 13 sat in the ferns staring down at the green fields and fringing woods below, out of the gold-and-scarlet foliage rode a lancer, his long lance garnished with a red pennon, the metal on horse, saddle and uniform striking fire in the rays of the sun. A little way behind him two more lancers walked their horses out across the grass; then came three more, abreast; then an officer and a trumpeter alight. Then, in column of fours, led by their officers, a squadron of lancers moved out into the meadow, forming a long single line facing the skeleton hayrick, about two hundred yards from it.

In her happy relief and excitement the girl began to quiver all over; was on the point of springing to her feet, when an ominous sound came from the depths of the gorgeous grove below—the low wail of fifes and the thudding of muffled drums. Gaillard lifted his head, sat up and looked down at the meadow.

Vespasian Chancellor, too, had heard the mournful sound. He rose and came over to kneel down beside Gaillard.

Nobody spoke. Neurer and Neurer sounded the wailing of the fifes and the deadened rhythm of the drums, still distant among the flaming maples.

Suddenly an entire regiment of cavalry in sky-blue overcoats trotted out of the woods, maneuvered smartly, and halted in single rank, forming, with the lancers, the three remaining sides of a square around the hayrick in the center.

After they rattled a light buggy driven by two civilians. The face and hands of one of the men were blackened. The buggy stopped beside the hayrick; both men got out and climbed to the platform, dragging with them a short ladder and a noosed rope. This latter they adjusted to the long beam between the two uprights, jerking it about, raising and lowering it until—finally satisfied—they slid the ladder to the grass and sat down on the platform.

The ghastly thumping and squealing of the Dead March filled the sunset silence, now, as a battalion of infantry marched out of the sugar bush behind the fifers and drummers, followed by a farm wagon guarded by dragoons.

In the wagon sat a man and a Catholic priest. The man, wearing only a collarless shirt, dark trousers and shoes, sat looking straight in front of him. The priest was whispering in his ear.

Now, in the red blaze of sunset, the wagon halted at the hayrick; the priest

and the man with him got out and ascended the short ladder. A cavalry officer and two troopers also climbed up.

Immediately the man with the blackened face rose and came close beside the priest—the whole forming a dark group on the hayrick platform.

When the little crowd parted, a far tenor command rang out along the ranks of halted horsemen: "Draw sabers!" The thin, whistling swirl of steel whipped the silence like a wind.

Now, under the crossbeam, the figure in collarless shirt and black trousers stood alone. A strip of cotton sealed his eyes; his colorless hands were bound behind his back.

The next instant he shot up into the air, then dropped, landing with a jerk.

On the floor of the hayrick the red sunshine set the shadows of his twitching feet dancing a silent shadow dance.

The Jolly drums and fifes in the meadow were playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Long lines of lancers, lances aglitter, pennons flickering like tongues of flame, were moving off at a canter. Blue-clad dragons formed fours and followed. Some infantry soldiers were digging a hole behind the hayrick. A long pine box stood near them on the grass. The setting sun's red blaze swept field and forest.

Now it was time for Operator 13 to join her own people in the fields below. She started to rise, but stumbled, and would have fallen had not Chancellor caught her and lifted her to her feet.

"It was too much for a lady to look upon, ma'am," he said soothingly. "I reckon we all need a little of that peach brandy before we are ready to go on."

"Get onto your horse," she said in a strangled voice. "Get into your saddle and ride away!"

"Ma'am?" "Don't you understand?" she sobbed. "I give you back your parole. Get away from here! Quick!"

The girl turned from him sharply, blind with tears, and stood swaying, sickened, faint. In her throbbing ears sounded the merry rattle of drums and the skirling of fifes; and there was a noise of drumming, too, as a man with blackened face and hands drove nails into the cover of a long wooden box.

Operator 13 made her way slowly to her horses, laid her quivering face against Skylark's saddle, and wept in silence. When at last she lifted her head she saw Jack Gaillard standing beside her, his face white, and her eyes few wide with fright.

"Have you gone mad!" she whispered. "What are you lingering here for?"

"You did not return my parole to me." Incensed, inarticulate in her rage and terror, the girl advanced toward him, her small hands clenched, her lovely mouth distorted. "Get onto your horse and go!" she gasped, beating at his breast with frantic little fists: "Go home and mind your d-damn b-business!"

He took her futile hands into both of his; kissed them again and again; raised her hot, wet face and kissed the whimpering red lips—until no sound came from them, only the hot fragrance of her awakened soul and body.

And at last the girl put her trembling arms around his neck and kissed him.

The zenith was afire in the crimson afterglow when Operator 13, riding Skylark, and leading Lady Margrave, rode into Emmetsburg, and wearily asked the way to the quarters of the provost guard.

Next Month Robert W. Chambers tells of Operator 13's thrilling encounter with the beautiful Confederate spy, Lady Green-sleeves

The Crackleware Jar (Continued from page 41)

earnest—"I don't want to butt in, but did you say Vincent Masset was there with you?"

Her irritation increased. "Yes; he is." A pause.

"Do you mind if I run over and see you for a few minutes, Helen?"

"I'll be here," she said noncommittally.

"Be right over."

She hung up the receiver and found Vincent Masset sauntering up and down the driveway. "Tom Kilborne's coming over," she announced.

Masset turned sharply. He made no comment but Helen saw he was not pleased. She was beginning to like her friend of the evening, Mary Masset's brother, and she was not unwilling he should know she shared his regret.

"C'est bien dommage," she said with a shrug.

He frowned. "I don't understand French," he said resentfully. He suspected she was making fun of him.

Helen laughed. "You merely said it was a pity," she explained. "Why Tom Kilborne should think it necessary to come 'way over here to find out if I'm all right I fail to understand. I hate busybodies."

"Perhaps he's worried about the money," He seated himself beside her.

"He doesn't know I have it, and I don't propose to tell him," she said firmly. "This is my home, and I intend to stay here tonight, whether anyone else is in the house or not!"

"You could always get me by telephone," her companion suggested. "I could be over in a couple of minutes."

"Well—that would be all right; but I won't need anyone."

Ten minutes later, Tom Kilborne's car turned into the stone gateway.

He was a tall young man, awkward and brawny, Helen had never liked him, although she loved his sister Carrie. He was the office manager of Maitland & Kilborne, and took himself, at barely twenty-one—so Helen thought—much too seriously.

"Carrie begged me to bring you home with me," Tom began. "How are you, Masset?"

The men's greeting of each other was cool.

"Kind of Carrie; but tonight I'd rather stay here," Helen said lightly. "I have letters to write and general fussing to do. You needn't have come over, Tom; we had supper on the porch and were quite—!" She hesitated, leaving the sentence unfinished, but Vincent completed it.

"Happy and contented. You shouldn't have troubled yourself."

"My dear Tom," Helen said, "I couldn't be safer than right here in my own home. It would seriously inconvenience me to go to your house tonight."

He frowned.

"Don't be silly," she urged. "Next time I come down, I'll let Carrie know."

"But your father—" he began.

"Father will understand. Now, do be sensible."

"Carrie will be awfully disappointed."

"Listen!" she said sharply. "That's thunder!"

"We're going to have a shower, all right," Masset said.

Out of the west, billowing pillars of dark clouds were fast obliterating the fading night. There was a flash, a crack, and presently a great burst of wind and downpour drove them into the house.

Helen decided the open hostility of her guests made conversation too difficult. She took refuge at the old square piano

and played whatever came to mind, while the men glowered at each other and the rain sluiced the windows. Now and then came a vivid illumination and a sharp detonation.

At the first indication of the storm, Helen had suggested Tom's making a quick run for his home rather than get his car wet, but he refused, and she foresaw his intention of sitting Masset out. She played on now, furiously.

Vincent capitulated. He saw her distress, and she was grateful. The storm was passing; only a sprinkle of rain remained. As she put her hand in his, she thanked him with a light squeeze. With the bang of the front door as he departed, she decided to punish Tom Kilborne, and turned on him sharply.

"Tom, you're impossible. If you cannot be polite to people you find in this house, you needn't come."

"Vincent Masset's no fit companion for you—or any girl," he defended himself.

"I'm the best judge of that," the girl flared. "Because you don't happen to like him, you behave outrageously and slander him behind his back! What have you got against him, anyway?"

"Enough," he answered sullenly.

"Well, I don't want to hear it! You have been extremely rude and—have embarrassed me."

He made no comment; rising, he reached for his hat. "You won't come home with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well," he said with annoying finality: "I'll call for you in the morning. I'll be here at half past nine."

"Frig!" Helen said petulantly, as she closed the door after him. She heard the sudden whirr of the motor, the crunch of wheels, and the lessening sound of the car as it turned into the road and headed toward the village.

A silence abruptly enveloped her. All at once she felt very much alone. The old house, with its familiar big rooms and halls, its twisting staircases, its nooks and corners, yawned around her. The portiere at the library doorway stirred with a draft from the broken window, and an armchair creaked.

"This is nonsense!" Helen said aloud, dismissing her apprehensions. "It's the suggestions of those men and the fact I've got you here," she added, addressing her hand bag.

But she made a careful tour of the house before she went upstairs, and wedged a brass paper cutter between the upper and lower sashes of the window which had been broken.

When she reached her room, she locked and bolted her door and slipped the key into a pigskin jewel box on the bureau. Her room was at the back of the house, on the second floor, and the branches of trees reached almost within arm's length of its windows. On the north side, the windows faced the automobile road, the garage and what was known as the "stoneyard."

Helen's room was her special domain. The German prints upon the brown stenciled walls, the gay chintz at the windows, the same material in chair-slips and bedspread, the stained floor, the dressing table with its triple mirror, the orderly desk with its red-painted telephone upon it, all reflected the individuality of the room's occupant.

Before she began to undress, Helen debated a suitable hiding place for her hand bag with its money and securities. There was a crackleware jar with a wide mouth on the mantelpiece, but it was an unlikely place to look for anything of

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value, she decided, but she paused a moment as she considered what she would do if, waking in the night, she heard a thief's stealthy tread, or the sound of his hands feeling along the wall, perhaps reaching beneath her pillow!

Her teeth clicked, and she caught in the mirror a glimpse of the wide whites of her eyes. She laughed, crammed her troublesome treasures into a hiding place, and resolved not to worry about it.

Unpacking her suitcase absorbed her for several minutes, but presently, when she had slipped out of her frock and was seated at her dressing table brushing her long yellow hair, her disquieting thoughts returned. It was then that slowly it was borne in upon her there was somebody else with her in the room. By what sense she knew this, she could not have said. An animal instinct, a faculty of the high-keyed senses. She was sure of the other's presence, of his malignant purpose. But the full horror of her predicament did not come to her until after she had seen him.

The even strokes of her brush proceeded mechanically while her eyes searched the room in the triple mirror before her. The bathroom, whose door stood wide, the clear space beneath the bed, the simple furniture, the slight angle of wall beyond the chimney, obviously possessed no possibilities for concealment. There were the two closets. One, half empty, she had already had occasion to use. The other, at right angles to the door of the room, was packed full of old dresses.

She was sure he was hidden there. She watched its door silently while she continued to draw her brush along the thick masses of her hair. Whoever was behind it had been spying upon her as she unpacked, had observed her when she had put her hand bag in the crackleware jar on the mantel.

Her heart leaped and stood still. Ever so gently the door moved—opened. One—two inches. She clutched the handle of her brush, her eyes riveted on the widening aperture. She saw no more than the glint of a peering eye, but it was enough. She recognized him. It was not Tom Kilborne. It was the other.

She sat frozen, her hand arrested, her throat contracting as though the thief's hand already gripped it. Then the brush clattered to the floor.

Moments passed. She stood facing the door which with her first movement had been swiftly drawn shut, struggling for control of mind and body.

Money the man behind the door wanted, but it would do him no good if she knew who the thief was, and told. He was prepared to steal and—worse!

Her thoughts flew, leaping, darting, doubling like a hare. Life was dear to her; her mother, her father loved her . . . She saw the headlines in the papers!

She forced herself to think. Picking up the brush, she began again its slow, steady sweep. She hummed, moving casually about the room, while she tackled her problem. She pieced together the thief's thoughts and movements. He had seen the money when it had fallen out of her bag and then, or a little later, had decided to steal it! When he had come upstairs to wash his hands he had reconsidered the premises, and when she had turned back into the library to upbraid Tom, he had slammed the front door from inside—not out!—and had crept to his hiding place in her room!

Vaguely now she remembered Mary Masset's equanimity over this younger brother; there had been a scandal—something ugly. And there was Tom's assertion: "No fit companion for

any girl." She began to tremble again and sat down to steady herself.

Vincent Masset wanted the money; but he could not risk discovery. Exposure would ruin him. Presumably he was prepared to stop at nothing. Would it be possible for her to snap out the lights, get into bed, and calmly wait for him to extract the hand bag from the crackleware jar and depart?

Nor, she could not do that. To lie still while he crept about the room, to steal upon her, possibly, in the darkness and catch her by the throat, was a greater tax than she dared put upon her nerves.

Nor was it possible for her to take the key from the pigskin jewel box, unlock and unbolt the door, and attempt escape. The closet door was at right angles to the room door and while she tried to find the keyhole, he had but to reach out and seize her. It would not matter how much she screamed. There was no one to hear. The nearest house was his own, half a mile away.

Helen gazed about her desperately. "I will think a way out of this," she thought fiercely. "I will not fail Father!"

She picked up his photograph in its small round silver frame and gazed into his warm, kind eyes, and found comfort in the firm, half-smiling lips.

Going to the windows, she looked down at the ground twenty-five feet below. The branches of the peppers and fir trees whose leaves brushed the west windows were out of reach. No escape there.

"The telephone!" She studied it. It was her only hope. Yet at the first word through it, he might burst open the door and bounding across the room strike her to the floor!

She sat down at her desk and pretended to write, while she concentrated. As she scribbled, she was aware that the closet door slowly opened again and he peeped to see what she was doing. Her heart hammered.

Mechanically she sealed and addressed the envelope.

"What shall I do! What shall I do!"

On the envelope she had written "Miss Caroline Kilborne." The homely face of Tom's sister rose up before her. If only there was some way of getting a message over the telephone to Carrie without the man in the closet knowing what she was about! She stood up and began to hum again, aware of vague hope.

Suddenly she pretended to laugh. A wild plan had suggested itself. Desperate perhaps, but desperation alone would save her.

She turned toward the telephone and said, as if musing aloud: "I wonder if it is too late to ring her up! After ten, but I don't believe she's gone to bed yet."

She laughed again, picked the receiver off its hook, giving a number. Her eyes were fixed upon the closet door, watching it intently, ready the instant it opened to scream his name and call for help in the hope that the operator might hear and understand. But it remained shut and presently a voice said:

"Hello—this is Two-seventeen W."

"Hello, Carrie dear." She spoke gayly, intent upon the effect her voice would have upon the listener. "This is Helen Maitland. It's terrible to ring up at such an hour, but I'm going to take an early train in the morning and I simply have to tell you something awfully funny that happened at the seashore yesterday!"

She stopped to laugh again and heard Carrie say: "Is that you, Helen? Why didn't you come over with Tom? I'm awfully disappointed."

"Couldn't, my dear; impossible. I'm all right. The hotel is as quiet as a tomb. I'm just going to bed but I had to tell you about what happened yesterday. You

know Ma'm'selle, Mother's French maid? Well, she spoke to Mother . . ."

Helen broke into French and rattled on, interrupting herself now and then to send a little laugh floating about the room. She heard Carrie's surprised voice trying to tell her she did not understand French, but she kept right on.

"... et le vieux coiffeur arrêta son fils et demanda avec grande colère, 'Où sont les deux poisons que je t'ai donnés?' Et le fils répondit, 'Mon père, quand je reposais pour un moment dans le jardin, une jolie fille . . .'"

She was repeating an old fable she had memorized many years ago.

"Helen! Helen! What are you talking about? I don't understand a word of French! I took German at school!"

"And then Mother said to her: 'Ma'm'selle, qu'est-ce que tu fais et que tu fais la porte?' and I said: 'Le soleil se lève'—and we all got laughing, and Ma'm'selle said: 'Ma'brouck s'en va-t'en guerre . . . ne sais quand reviendra.'"

Her voice broke, but she turned it quickly into a laugh.

"Did you ever hear anything more ridiculous in your life?" she went on. "Mamma was sick laughing, and I really died! . . . Well, good night, my dear; you are very good-natured not to be mad at being rung up at this hour. Good night. Love to all—and see you soon."

She hung up quickly, cutting off the flood of puzzled exclamations.

The room was still; she could hear only the sound of her own breathing and the ticking of the crystal clock. It was ten-fifty. It would have to be eleven before she could begin the second part of her plot. She prayed a moment with hands pressed close against her heart, and once more began to potter about the room, moving noisily. Always she watched the closet door, afraid to turn back upon it. Once she yawned audibly and said sleepily aloud:

"Goodness! I'm tired!"

At the last stroke of the chime, she took breath, straightened herself and flung open one of the windows. There was a screen in this window with spring catches on either side of the framework. She pulled these free, pushed the screen outward, and sent it clattering to the flagging below. Then, seating herself on the sill of the open window, she said:

"Come out! . . . Mr. Vincent Masset will please come out!"

She spoke as clearly as she could but her voice broke childishly. She had to repeat her order before he obeyed.

When he finally opened the door, she knew he was capable of the worst she had feared. His head was sunk between his shoulders; his eyes glittered. There was no mistaking his purpose. In that brief second, she recognized him as the natural criminal he was. She had not noticed, before, the low, receding forehead or the thick, protruding jaw.

He was frightened, she saw. Her discovery of him had surprised and alarmed him. His eyes shifted about the room.

"Well," he said, "you know what I want!"

As she noted his agitation, calmness came to Helen; she felt in command of the situation. Arresting him with a pointed finger, she said: "Take one step from that door and out of this window I go! They'll know whom to get!"

His head shrank perceptibly between his humped shoulders. Some instinct told him she had beaten him.

"I've got to have what's in there," he said, indicating the crackleware jar.

"Help yourself."

He fixed her intently. "You can't go squealing on me, you know. I couldn't take that chance."

"I've told them about you already;

they know you are here. They'll arrive any moment."

He glowered at her. "How do you mean?"

"I told Carrie Kilborne over the telephone there was a man in my closet, ready to rob and murder me, and for Tom to come over as quickly as possible. That was ten minutes ago; he should be here in a few moments. I spoke in French, which you confided to me today; you didn't understand, and I laughed to make it sound as if I were telling some silly story. Carrie understood; I explained that you were listening."

"Don't believe you!" Masset growled, taking a step toward her.

"Wait one moment!" she commanded.

"I'm devoted to your sister, Mr. Masset, and I know what love she squanders on you. As far as you personally are concerned, I'd gladly see you spend the rest of your life in jail. But I know what Mary's grief would be, and so—I didn't tell them who was in the closet, and I promise you I won't. Only be quick; Tom may be here in another moment!"

His eyes roved wildly. Swallowing, he twisted his head from side to side. His only thought now was for escape.

"The key of the room is in the pigskin jewel box on the bureau," Helen suggested coldly.

Masset reached for it, scattering the odd earrings, cuff links and tarnished pins upon the floor. But as he fitted the key into the lock, his hand suddenly stopped and he raised eyes to hers once more filled with evil.

"You didn't tell 'em who was here?" he asked quickly.

She read his thoughts. "No, but the information is written down here on this piece of paper and you couldn't possibly get the money and go round to the back of the house and wrench it out of my secret hand before Tom arrives. You're so despicable," she continued, growing angry, "that if you don't go this instant, I will tell who it was!"

But before she finished, he was gone. There was a brief fumbling with lock and key, the door was flung open and she heard his running feet upon the stairs. The faint rattle of the front door below reached her, and then silence. The deserted house yawned about her.

She sank to her knees, her head drooped against her locked hands and she slipped gently to the floor.

Presently she opened her eyes, and said aloud with a great intake of breath, "Oh—oh! That's much better!"

Carrie was bending over her.

"Dearest!" Carrie cried, pressing a wet handkerchief against her forehead. "You're better now, aren't you? Tom and I thought we'd better run over. What a blessing we did! You'd fainted—we found you over by the window. You'll come home with us now, won't you?"

Helen closed her eyes. She was spent; reaction already had begun. "Yes, I'll gladly come," she whispered.

"I told you, Tom," she heard Carrie say. "I told you if I came and asked her, she would. We thought something might have happened, Helen; you sounded so crazy over the telephone. What did all that French mean? You know I don't understand a word."

"Neither did he," Helen said.

"Who?"

"The man in the closet."

"But who was he?" Tom demanded.

"The police should be notified."

"No," Helen interrupted. "No police. He was just a tramp. Take me home. I've got to get that early train in the morning—and Tom, give me that crackleware jar on the mantle."

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Before—and After (Continued from page 51)

the choice of foods was to be optional with him as long as they fitted into the chemical category stipulated.

It was a cinch to work out such a diet, the doctor had told him. The trick was never to mix proteins and carbohydrates. All he had to do was to select the items containing the required number of calories from the textbooks recommended. Should he strike a snag, he knew Margaret would be relieved to know that the pretty little office nurse was prepared to give him what help he needed.

He certainly was relieved—of any intention of keeping two thousand miles between them indefinitely. Little more than a day later, she arrived equipped with every book on dietetics sold in Hollywood.

Together they experimented with various types of food combinations, underwriting the safety of their project by weekly medical examinations. Finally, after intensive study, they hit upon the diet by which Paul Whiteman lost one hundred and four pounds in sixteen months.

Each week contained six units of lean living and one starch-and-sweet day designed to offset the deprivation of the other. By employing this method there was never a week during which he did not get the quantity of fats, starches, sweets and dairy products necessary to keep his energy up to par.

The following menus were consumed during four lean days of the Whiteman regimen. The fifth is a typical starch-and-sweet day.

A LEAN DAY (LOW CALORIE DIET)

Breakfast	Calories
1 glass grapefruit juice	100
1 piece whole-wheat melba toast	100
1/2 ball butter	60
1 cup coffee	

Luncheon	Calories
1 cup jellied beef bouillon	15
1 lettuce and tomato salad	60
1 helping French dressing	25
3 tsp. carrots	20
1/2 ball butter	60
3 tsp. cauliflower	20
1/2 ball butter	60
1 piece watermelon	15

Dinner	Calories
6 stalks celery	15
6 radishes	15
1 helping lean round beef-steak	185
3 tbsp. red cabbage with lemon sauce	40
3 tsp. parsley	25
1 lettuce and cucumber salad	20
1 helping French dressing	25
1 dish peaches (1 peach)	50

Breakfast	Calories
1 glass grapefruit juice	100
1 slice whole-wheat melba toast	100
1/2 ball butter	60
1 cup coffee	

Luncheon	Calories
2 helping cottage cheese	200
1 mixed fruit salad with lettuce	100
1 helping French dressing	25
1 dish ice cream	300

Dinner	Calories
2 broiled lamb chops	300
3 tsp. cauliflower	20
1/2 tsp. butter sauce	60
3 tsp. summer squash	35
1 raspberry sherbet	150

THIRD DAY

Breakfast	Calories
1 dish stewed pears	90
1 slice whole-wheat toast	100
1/2 ball butter	60
1 cup coffee	

Luncheon	Calories
1 cup clear soup	15
1 tomato stuffed with celery, apple lettuce	100
1 helping French dressing	25
1 raspberry sherbet	150

Dinner	Calories
1 helping boiled salmon	260
3 tbsp. stewed tomatoes with onions	60
4 ripe olives, 6 stalks celery	60
8 stalks cold asparagus	40
lemon sauce	20
1 dish fruit jello	100

FOURTH DAY

Breakfast	Calories
1 glass orange juice	150
1 piece whole-wheat toast	100
1/2 ball butter	60
1 cup coffee	

Luncheon	Calories
1 cup purée of tomato soup	100
2 large mushrooms, broiled	150
1 piece whole-wheat toast	100
1 lettuce and vegetable salad	70
French dressing	25

Dinner	Calories
1 helping baked ham	300
1 stewed whole apple	100
2 large summer squash	35
8 stalks fresh asparagus cold, with mayonnaise	25
1 dish ice cream	300

A STARCH-AND-SWEET DAY (HIGH CALORIE DIET)

Breakfast	Calories
1 waffle	225
1 helping honey	100
1 cup coffee	

Luncheon	Calories
1 grapefruit and watercress salad	90
1 helping French dressing	25
3 tsp. creamed spinach	75
1 dish ice cream	300

Dinner	Calories
2 baked potatoes	200
1 ball butter	120
1 hot bran muffin with butter	225
1/2 ball butter	60
3 tsp. corn	100
lettuce and tomato salad, dressing	100
1 piece chocolate cake	350

The first thing to do after going on a diet, Mr. Whiteman will tell you, is to forget about it. Not the adherence to the diet but the fact that you are on one. Go about your business just as you have done before. The way look you see on dieting faces is often a result of worrying about it more than the diet itself.

"Spend a day at the tempo I do and you don't get much of a chance to become obsessed with the notion. I get up around ten, then breakfast on one of my diet schedules. At eleven I run through my mail, schedule broadcasts, arrange programs and finish in time for lunch. The afternoon is given over to rehearsals. Two afternoons a week are spent with music publishers, selecting tunes for my band to play and sing. From five until six I try to rest each day. I am called in time for a thirty-three dinner, after which I conduct my band atop the Biltmore Hotel until two

in the morning and find myself quite ready to call it a day."

Within a very few days after going on the diet, Mr. Whiteman began to lose weight and measurement visibly. "You always drop more at first than you do later on," he explained, "but it is in the beginning that you must particularly watch your step. The first five pounds you lose lift a load that fills you with a new-found pep. Then follows the temptation to overexercise which, if yielded to, can be fatal. In consequence, and because my work keeps me moving around a good deal, I go in for no regular or strenuous exercise."

Another phase of dieting on which Mr. Whiteman has very definite views is the danger in losing too rapidly. Ten pounds a month, he feels, should be the maximum.

A year of medical consultation may seem an exorbitant figure at which to acquire a figure but Paul Whiteman assured me that the doctor's bill, which in his case amounted to some five hundred dollars, is only the beginning.

The high sartorial cost of losing is a much bigger item. His tailor bill, he told me, was in excess of twenty-four hundred dollars, run up through constant alterations and finally the necessity of a brand-new wardrobe. His invoice from the orthopedist who makes his shoes was over seven hundred dollars, owing to the fact that he had lost more than an inch around his ankles.

At least one of his chins has disappeared and with it the justification for the humorous prediction that the next major world achievement would be a nonstop flight around Paul Whiteman.

No longer is he the butt of columnists' quips or the caricaturists' delight. All that people once knew as Whiteman has changed except his infectious smile, his innate good humor and the vigor and spark that was and still is his personality.

Paul Whiteman finds it difficult to understand why the impression prevails that a man's disposition or personality must suffer because of weight deflation. "Just the reverse was true of me," he told me. "I felt better right from the beginning and being in better health I am sure I became a much nicer person."

Dispositions, he contends, are usually

the reflection of one's physical condition. That being the case, a person who is improving his health by a slenderizing process should simultaneously be improving his disposition. When during the business of dropping superfluous fat a man becomes "ornery" it is his cue to ask himself whether he is not violating one of the Whiteman "Don'ts."

1. Don't use pills, drugs or medicines.
2. Don't wear rubber garments.
3. Don't go to Turkish baths.
4. Don't use rollers.
5. Don't exercise violently.
6. Don't use reducing salts in your bath.
7. Don't try published diets.
8. Don't starve yourself.

Just as a combination of any of the above follies or indulgence in the popular "pound-a-day" diets can induce one of a number of maladies, so can a sane method of weight adjustment add years to one's life.

Today, after more than a year on his regimen, Whiteman is, if ten medical examinations can be accepted as a criterion, in forty-seven percent better condition than he was when he was said to be the picture of health.

Again and again before reducing his weight Paul Whiteman had tried to get a straight life policy and was always turned down with the suggestion that he take out an endowment policy or agree to the alteration of certain clauses. It was not until after he was minus the hundred pounds that made him a poor risk that he was able to take out the kind of insurance he had always wanted.

Now, as a result of the year's self-denial that made a new man of him, not only has Paul Whiteman been able to take out life insurance but he has acquired a block of what the little lady who is his wife told me she calls "love insurance," which carries with it a guarantee of devotion for as long as the bathroom scales tell the same story.

Paul Whiteman smiled indulgently at the playful threat that implied that he was still on probation. Chivalry prevented a husbandly comeback. Still, one could hardly expect less of the man who was once called the most chivalrous man in town because when he got up in a street car he gave his seat to two women.



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Honey by Fannie Fox (Continued from page 71)

you do for me, I'd like to know! You sit in front of that darned radio all evening and read the paper. That's what you do. And as a gr-a-t treat, after I've slaved all day, we take a walk or go to a movie or—I'm sick and tired of it, that's what I am."

"What do you want me to do, honey?"
"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to play golf this afternoon with that young Hoefler next door, who happens to be smart enough to appreciate the company of a woman like me, and who do you know about that?"

Fred finished his coffee, rose, kissed a dodging cheek, and with a "That's fine, honey. Don't get all tired out," closed the front door behind him.

Vera lifted the taffeta doll from the telephone in the hall. "Ros? Hello, Ros . . . Fine. How are you? . . . Well, for goodness' sake, what do you know about that? Well, for goodness' sake, what do you know? We went over to the Paragon—Thomas Meegan . . . Yeah . . . Oh, I don't know, I like him—so sort of rough and yet—you know . . . Oh, you get out. Aren't you terrible! Well, I've got to hustle. Going to play a little golf this

afternoon. That Bob Hoefler next door here's been begging me. Young college fellow. You should've seen Fred's face. Jealous isn't the word—wild! . . . No, I don't care. I always say there's just as good fish in the sea as ever . . . Sure—if Fred don't appreciate me, there's those that will . . . Sure. Well, I've got to beat it. Be good . . . Sa-a-y, trust me . . . Sure. Call you tomorrow. G'by."

She cleared away the breakfast things, peeled two potatoes and prepared two glasses of strawberry gelatin. She'd stop on the way back for some chops and a can of peas. She made the two beds. In the living room she emptied Fred's ash tray, blew here and there, and darkened the room.

Then, rummaging in the back of the hall closet, she brought out the plaid golf bag with its four dusty clubs. She remembered hearing that clubs which had not recently been in use should be soaked in water. Lordy, it had been three years now. She propped them in the tub.

She and Ros had had a lot of fun when they took up golf, years ago. They had taken five lessons. Fun. They played

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about once a week, the first summer. Ros came right out one day and said she guessed she was too old to go lugging a bag around the park.

Vera always spoke of taking it up again. Ros was letting herself get awful old. Starting to wear black and letting her hair get gray. All she thought about was her husband and that boy. That big—the nerve of him, twenty-four years old, calling her "Aunt Vera." How did he get that way?

It was now ten o'clock and she'd have to hustle. When she was visiting with Mrs. Hoeffler the other morning, Bob had said, "Sure, Ma. I'll play with her some day."

Vera had said, "How about Thursday?" He had muttered something about one of the fellows, but his mother smiled a neighborly, "That'll be nice, won't it, Lover? Sonny is getting a grand rest during vacation. I let him stay in bed; he studies so hard, he—" She called to him, back in his room off the dining room. "What time, Bobbie?"

"What'ja talkin' about?"

"What time you going to play golf with Miz Capper Thursday?"

A mutter. Then a sullen, "One o'clock, I guess."

Vera had to let down the hem and press the brown knitted skirt of her "golf suit." Even worn low about her hips and anchored there with safety pins, it was short. The little stockings crowded her toes in the stubby white shoes with their flapping, fringed brown tongues. She wore an orange sweater blouse and, over that, the belted brown jacket of the suit. He hugged her arms and her back pretty closely, but wore open and pushed back a little, it didn't feel so tight.

In a box marked "Mild Trim" she found a tan-and-orange quill. It looked very jaunty on her brown felt hat.

At one o'clock, she yoo-hoed to her neighbor, who stumbled out, yawning. She hurried beside him to Fifty-fifth Street, her bag across one shoulder.

It is a good mile walk through Jackson Park to the links. The July sun was shining with a noontime directness. The benches were crowded with players awaiting their turns to play. A group of young people called out to Bob, then hushed and put their heads together when they saw Vera. The girls giggled.

Jerry, in the starter's booth, said doubtfully, "I don't—no—three-thirty's the best I can do for you today, Bob. That is, are you playing with the lady? I could get you in on that threesome right here—going to start soon."

Bob turned eagerly to Vera. "That's a long wait, Mrs. Capper. Want to—"

"Oh, my," said Vera, with a smile of amusement, "I'm used to waiting like that, unless I get here at maybe six or seven." Then, finding Jerry's dark eyes disconcerting, "Come on; let's find a nice shady place to sit down and talk."

Vera walked ahead, looking in vain for a shady bench. Bob had stopped to speak to his friends. After a while he came over to her, sitting in the sun.

"You look like you're hot, Mrs. Capper. Sure you want to wait? I don't mind, because I can play any time. But—"

"Now, don't you go and make a fuss over me. You'd think I was one of your girl friends, to hear you talk." Patting the seat beside her: "Sit down, you big, restless boy."

"It's hot here in the sun," he said.

Vera felt she had sounded motherly, so with animation said, "Let's go sit on the grass in the shade." She grasped his hand and playfully pulled him along.

He threw himself down and lay with his dark head near her knee. She had seated herself gayly, if carefully. The

grass was damp and she could feel it through her skirt. Her long corset prevented her from sitting comfortably, so she maintained a painful sidesaddle position, propped with a hand and an arm behind her.

"Isn't it grand to be out here like this?" She gave a great sigh. "The lake's so blue and all. I just get out and walk, even if I have to go alone. Mr. Capper just doesn't understand how I always have to be doing something."

"He's swell, Mr. Capper is," said Bob, with his face in his arms, now. "Ma was wondering why you and Mr. Capper didn't come over to play rummy with them."

"Well, you see, my friends naturally are all so much younger than Mr. Capper, and when you're older like Mr. Capper, you don't understand how a young woman feels and all. Goodness, there's time to sit home in the evenings when you're an old lady. But," laughing merrily, "that's a long way off for me."

No answer from the long young figure beside her. She touched the ends of the black hair with her finger tips. He turned his face and sleepy dark eyes up to her. She leaned over him, her hands still in his hair, and held her breath.

"Say, I'm hungry as a wolf. Let's go buy a hot dog." With one lithe movement he was on his feet and on his way to the refreshment stand.

Vera scrambled stiff and numb. A wide run had started in her right stocking. The back garter on that side had protested at the unusual strain and snapped off. She unfastened it and slipped it inside the top of the stocking. By the time she reached the booth, Bob was instructing a youth in a soiled white apron to put a tiny mustard and pickle in the sandwiches.

Vera, with horror, was looking at the one being prepared for her. She was very hungry, but the last time she had yielded to one of these; she had been ill all night long. The very thought of eating this now— But she couldn't say she didn't want it. He'd think she was an old—

With exclamations of joy and appreciation, she made away with it. Young Hoeffler, having ordered a second, was going through his pockets.

"Well, what d'you know. I only got one dime. Have—"

Vera brought out a quarter from the little purse in her pocket. The hot dog now lay like a rock inside her chest.

It was almost time for their numbers to be called, so they went back to the sunny bench. The unaccustomed hours of sun and air made Vera so drowsy that she felt herself being jerked back from actual sleep by Bob's, "Let's tee up. We're next." Then: "Holy Moses! Look at our foursome! Wow! Some baby!"

The baby and the young man with her had already placed their balls and were taking trial swings with their clubs. She was little, fluffy, blond and about seventeen. She wore a blue silk dress without sleeves. No hat, the slim brown legs bare and the small feet only partly covered by beach sandals.

Her brother, for his face was the masculine image of hers, had drawn over his long body a pair of slacks and a worn blue sweater. Long, slim feet in scuffed shoes. He had two iron clubs without a bag. She had three, but no putter.

Jerry signaled and the three stood back for Vera's drive. The little mound of loose earth upon which she had placed her ball crumbled just as she drew back for her swing, and the ball rolled off. She replied as then, grove hurriedly. The ball rolled two yards to the left. Silence from the other three. Smothered laughter from the benches.

"Well, I never!" Vera said, stepping back.

The blond boy indicated that his sister should play. But she slanted her little head toward Vera.

"No, that isn't fair." Turning to her, "Go ahead. Try it again. You were so nervous, that ball acting the way it did. Go get her ball, Bud."

Vera glared at the kind face. Bud's slim fingers placed the ball upon a perfect little cone of earth and in an awful silence, she drove again. This time, she actually prayed. And in answer, the ball sailed through the air and came to rest at the very edge of the lagoon, past the path, to the far right.

"O'wan, Fluff!" The beach shoes placed themselves firmly; the brown hands folded about the driver. Straight and true, the ball lifted and laid itself on the edge of the first green.

Bob played swiftly, with too much distance. With a "Go to it, Bud!" from his sister, the blond boy laid his ball within an easy putt of the hole.

When Vera finally joined them, having used her brassie desperately again, and again, Bud was holding the flag for her, Bob was bending over the girl in the blue dress, who said "Sh-h" to him, as Vera, after using her putter five times on the green, coaxed her ball to its destination.

This was but the very beginning of an afternoon which was to spell pure agony for her. After the fourth hole, she found herself counting those to come, as a cramped swimmer figures the strokes that will bring him to the other shore. The round-toed, leather-fringed shoes with their flat heels were a torture. When they had to wait at a tee for players ahead to get out of range, she slipped each off for a blissful minute.

It was now past the middle of the afternoon and the sun was still blazing in the sky. Through and through the rubber girdle, the orange sweater and the knitted suit, she was wet and sticky.

The girl was a magazine cover in blue and yellow. In the hot breeze her dress blew about the slim brown legs and exquisitely modeled the small breasts and round thighs. The yellow froth of curls streamed back from the pointed face. She told Vera that they were trick dancers, out of a job. They had come home to Ma, and she was tickled to have them. They practiced their routine all morning and came out here every afternoon.

By the time they had reached the sixth hole, the woman of nearly fifty and the great, spoiled boy in his first college year, were regarding the other two of this foursome with humble awe and brightest admiration. They were so sincere and straight. So young and sweet and kind, yet so hard and tough and wise and worn. Without apology, they used their five clubs between them, playing beautifully and joyfully.

At the start, Vera, as the big outdoor girl, had been bitterly resentful of their deference to her. Bud kept the score with a stump of crayon. When Vera confusedly tried to count her shots on each hole, he would ponder. "Le' me see. Three-five— Why, you made that in twelve, ma'am. I'll say that's good."

When, at the seventh hole, Vera's second brassie strap broke, the first having given way two holes back; when she kept them waiting at each green, and then, through sheer weariness and despair, sent the ball from one corner to the other; when Bob made disgruntled odds to the others about women who ought to stay home with their knitting, and how it was some nerve to come out here and spoil other people's fun; when

the pains of indigestion from the hot dog burned fiercely and she was a pale green under the perspiration; all through this, Fluff was the dearest of little hard-boiled angels. She found a safety pin for the brassiere in the only garment she wore under the blue dress. She admired Vera's suit.

"C'wan take off that coat. Here. See, like this. Strap it to your bag. Wadda you care? You got one grand figure, I'll say." And, "Don't you go and give a damn about them people waitin' back of you. Leave them wait."

By the time they had reached the ninth and last hole, Vera was not playing so wildly. Fluff had said, "Don't use your iron if you hate it. You're swell with a brassie." When Vera, plodding along behind them, made a shot that went any distance at all, she would look ahead and see the little figure waiting for her and waving a delighted arm.

Here at the finish, at the last hole—here was not the debonair, the stylish, the animated, flashing and handsome Mrs. Fred Capper. The carefully arranged hair had long ago been brushed back by a weary, dirty hand. The hard sun glared down upon the half-inch of white at each side of the part. The pinned brassie strap had broken its new mooring, and her opulent and usually sternly restrained upper half billowed under the wrinkled sweater. The stockings were folds about her ankles.

She had entirely abandoned the rôle of young matron playing her daily round of crafty golf. She was frankly a tired, sick, bored forty-six, playing a game of which she knew nothing, with three children, and that was that.

So, when she stood ready for her drive off the ninth tee, she grasped the driver, drew it back slowly and sent that hellish ball straight across the bridge path, to land softly and sweetly a foot from the flag. She stood and looked at it, her head and shoulders straightened with pride.

Fluff threw an arm across Vera's shoulders. "Didn't I tell you you could?"

"You're a corner, that's what you are!" Bud said, "Wonder if I can do that." And, by a quirk, didn't. Young Hoefler walked beside Vera as they crossed the fairway; she delighted that she could stand quietly while he had to drive again to line his ball with hers.

They were all through and out on the path now. Vera struggled into her knitted coat. The hat with its jaunty feather, long ago stuffed into the bag, she now pulled on, arranging the damp hair under it. She picked up the plaid bag.

Bud cried in astonishment, "You're not going to go round with us again? Why, we just get warmed up about now, don't we, sis?"

"Sure; I was just going to ask you if you were to play?" Vera said, "I want to play some more," said Bob eagerly. "This is just a sample. Tell you what, Mrs. Capper. You tell my mother that I'm going to play some more and don't know when I'll be home."

Vera turned to the brother and sister. "It's been real nice playing with you people." She smiled affectionately at them. "I hope you'll get a job real soon."

"Well, we was pleased to meet you. I'm sure," said Fluff, "and"—Vera could have kissed her for this—"I'd like to play with you again some day."

Vera looked at Bob. "Sure I'll tell your mother. She'd worry." She waved a hand and walked up the hill, across the bridge and out into the park.

At the edge of the golf-course entrance were seats comfortably placed under great trees. Vera sank down here and let her bag fall to the grass. Heaven!



SISTERS? it's her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

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We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program. Or if this department can be of assistance to you in making a selection, feel free to write us. The coupon on page 10 has been arranged for your convenience.

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just heaven. She took off both shoes and wriggled the cramped toes. She sagged upon the bench for ten minutes, and then, putting on her shoes, she rose stiffly and started for home.

The cool, dim front of the apartment. The exquisite frostiness of the small bathroom, with its orderly fresh towels. She clattered the plaid bag into the hall closet. Then she pulled the clothes from her hot, sick, tired body, letting them fall where they would.

She lay under the water in the tub, with her head on the edge at the top. She looked idly at herself there, relaxed. Lord, she was big. She guessed she'd return that tan skin tomorrow. Get a swell black one. She'd look tall, slim, mysterious—youth—in black.

Fred came home just as she was getting out of the tub. "Hoo-hoo, honey."

Vera opened the door a crack. "I just this minute got home, Fred. I was so hot." Then, "Oh, my Lord, Fred! Fred, I forgot about the meat for tonight. Won't you just run—"

"No, honey, I'll not run. It's been hell downtown and I'll be damned if I'll—"

"Fred, I'm not feeling so good, dear."

Fred, back in the bedroom, heard the tears in her voice, and just then stumbled over the wetter of sweaters, shoes, corset, hat—a heap upon the floor. A moment. Then: "Tell you what, honey. I'm not so hungry. Too damn hot to eat much. Got some bacon or somepin

in the house, haven't you? You get into your nightgown and you go to bed." A series of grunts and the sound of the bedside lamp falling over. "I've got your bed all ready for you, honey. I'll fix us some supper and you'll have yours right here. How's that? H-m-m?"

Fred had eaten his supper and Vera had drunk the hot, terribly strong tea and the thick, unctuous, scoured piece of toast. The indigestion pang was subsiding. She stretched her aching arms and burning feet under the cool sheet.

Fred came out of the bathroom, fresh from his second cool shower that day.

"How do you feel, honey?"

"Why, I'm all right," said Vera.

"Have a good time today, honey?"

"I should say I did."

"That's good. I bet you made them sit up over there, playing golf." Standing beside her bed, his kind face smiling down at her: "Honey, you look like a girl. Honest, you're great." A flap on her cheek and Fred shuffled into the living room.

Vera heard him settle down into the big chair next to the radio. The rustle of a paper. Then, "Geeve me shust w-a-a-n gurl," pranced from the radio.

Vera lay in the dusk of the bedroom and felt herself a young and radiant woman, a bit spoiled by an indulgent, elderly husband. But that black dress was a good idea. All the dressy young women were wearing black now.

Political Graybeards & Youth (Cont. from page 45)

and in some cases a leading part in politics.

That there is a decided difference in the point of view and consequently in the thinking of the European college students from that of the American is very noticeable to the observant traveler.

In Germany all college students are interested in the various political parties and discuss them spiritedly and intelligently in the *Biergartens* and clubs. It is a youthful majority that controls the Nazi (Hitler) party.

In Italy every college student knows what Fascism and Mussolini are about, and immediately asks one's opinion. Student demonstrations are frequent.

Every city-bred Frenchman, young or old, discusses measures of government.

Hardly a week goes by in Spain without a students' demonstration of some kind or other.

The English youth is well known for his keen interest in and knowledge of world-wide political and economic affairs. This mature faculty is developed, undoubtedly, through the vast and variegated interests of the Empire. It is extremely enlightening and gratifying to find this faculty a part of the well-rounded development of the outstanding athletes and sportsmen. It is evidence that the English youth can have his athletic and sporting interests without becoming oblivious of everything else. Our better type of student-athlete in America is the same. He, unfortunately, is part of the small minority.

Enthusiasm for athletics and sports is a wholesome tendency, and one that should be encouraged when kept within certain bounds. But when this enthusiasm reaches the fanatical stage and precludes any sort of intellectual interest, then it becomes a narrowing influence and should be checked in the student's interest, if for no other reason.

Too long the youth of America have left to the venerable politicians and their hand-picked candidates the business of making laws, fixing taxes, appointing

judges—or, in a word, the designing of government. Age is ever ready to condemn youth for immaturity, yet it proceeds to do the most insane things itself. The average college student has far more poise, dignity, imagination and judgment than the average old grad. And so it follows in politics.

The political-minded young man has far more energy, spirit, courage, vision, idealism and honesty than the usual run of graybeard politicians. It is claimed that youth is unreliable, is not in the habit of thinking through, is impulsive and dangerous when in high places. Yet, when complimenting the reputedly great secretaries of the Treasury, the flatterers invariably say: "The greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." Hamilton happened to have been at the ripe age of thirty-two when he established the system of government financing that has hardly been changed to this day.

It is thought by many of his friends and associates that Doctor Robert Hutchins, thirty-three, president of the University of Chicago, if called upon would do as good a job as Alexander Hamilton did. And Kingsland Macey, the young political leader of New York State, matches the Hamilton genius in party organization. Mr. Macey has the distinction of having told the governors of the New York Stock Exchange in 1928, during the early days of the stock-market inflation, that the whole thing was insanity—a crazy plot between important politicians and avaricious gamblers that would lead the country to ruin if it were not stopped. And accordingly, rather than be a party to it, he resigned his seat in the Stock Exchange. All his time and energies are spent now in the interest of good government.

Comparisons are usually futile and therefore rarely prove anything. But occasionally they serve to establish a point—the point being that young folk of today are equal to the accomplishments of those of other days if given the

opportunity. It appears, however, that they must make that opportunity. Such clean-cut, independent and intelligent young men as David Ingalls of Cleveland, Trubee Davison of New York, James A. Douglas of Chicago, and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney of Long Island, are a few who are determined to force the issue by entering their names as candidates for office.

Many others are taking a hand in different ways. At no period in our country's history has there been so ripe a time as the present for young people to break into the political picture. The bosses are tottering. Bankrupt, they

are living in the past. Tradition and custom are their only props. Fantastic government extravagance and corruption is their platform. Without imagination, they have no conception of what our new future is going to be like. Muddle-headed, they are dangerous.

Despite these shortcomings, which stand out so glaringly in the cruel, penetrating rays of this crisis, they should be treated kindly, though firmly, if only out of respect for the past and its glorious traditions, its periods of prosperity and industrial reserves for the stockholders and its charming spiritual vacuity. Now is the time, boys and girls—let's go!

Inside the White House (Continued from page 65)

blistered one of his toes. It wasn't much of a blister, and he thought nothing of it. But by Tuesday night his leg was slightly stiff. The muscles seemed to be strained.

He had been rather tired all day, and spent most of his time listening in at the Democratic Convention—now in full swing.

When Wednesday came, Calvin was drowsy. Falling asleep here and there on the big couches, he paid no attention to the Convention—no attention to anything. But no one thought of illness, because he had grown so fast that spring that we thought he was just tired from growing.

In the late afternoon, before leaving, I went to look for Mrs. Coolidge to ask if there was anything more she wanted done.

Not seeing her, "Where are you, Mrs. Coolidge?" I called.

"Here in the boys' room, Mary," came the answer; "come in."

I found her sitting beside Calvin's bed while he lay shaking with a chill, his eyes bright with rising fever, and as I entered the room by one door, the doctor came in through another, with a basin of antiseptic solution and dressings. Laying down my hand bag and gloves, I held the basin for him while he dressed Calvin's foot. It was badly inflamed, but the trouble seemed to be fairly well localized in one toe.

"I'll drive you home," said the doctor, as he finished his work, "if you don't mind stopping at the hospital." As we got into the car he said: "I must leave some blood specimens to be tested in the laboratory."

I waited a long time outside the hospital. When the doctor rejoined me his face was grave. "That's a serious infection," said he.

A pale, anxious John was waiting at my desk when I arrived next day. "Cal's awfully sick," he said. "There was a consultation in the night." I vainly tried to reassure him, but he seemed to have a premonition of what was to come.

A nurse was now on duty. Two others had been sent for, and two noted specialists from near-by cities were on their way to the White House, while from Walter Reed Hospital came Colonel Keller, that wizard of the knife who gives his life and his incredible skill to the army.

Even when the life of a dearly loved one is in danger, the White House routine continues—"the play goes on."

With a face somewhat drawn, the President fulfilled his appointments. The usual telephone calls were received and answered; for the world outside was still unaware of the creeping shadow.

The comfort and convenience of guests was looked after, and sight-seers thronged the lower corridors and viewed

the State apartments, while in another corner of the old house that had known so much human joy and pain, death stalked.

As the hours passed, Calvin grew steadily worse. The President and Mrs. Coolidge were much alarmed, and terror clutched at all our hearts. Suddenly the big, cheerful "Boys' Room" was a hospital ward.

All guests left the White House.

Again I see a picture of Mrs. Coolidge as she moved about the sick room, quiet, efficient, resourceful. She could have the inexpressible comfort of being always with her child.

But what of the President? Back and forth—back and forth from his desk to Calvin's bedside he went, doing his duty by the State to the last letter, while his heart was torn by suffering and his spirit racked with fear.

Desperately he longed to help his sick boy—to do something for him. He knew Calvin's love of animals; so when he found a little brown rabbit among the plants near a fountain in the garden, he gently picked it up and carried it to Calvin's room, hoping to take his mind from his pain if only for a moment. A lovely smile, and a look of happy interest in the wan young face rewarded him.

Major Coupal, the President's personal physician, and Commander Boone, medical officer attached to the Mayflower, were in constant attendance.

Consultations of doctors and surgeons followed quickly one upon another. On Saturday morning it was decided to take Calvin to Walter Reed Hospital, and to operate, in the hope of stemming the fierce and ever-rising tide of poison.

That afternoon the slanting rays of sunlight fell upon a long white stretcher, borne silently past my desk, a tall nurse in white walking beside it. The bearers carried it the length of the corridor, down the grand stairway—out through a lower entrance to the waiting ambulance.

In her own car, Mrs. Coolidge followed close behind it, and shortly afterwards the President went straight from his office to the hospital. Early that evening the doctors operated. And now the fight was desperate; and although everything known to science was done, we soon saw that it was a losing fight.

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns came from Boston, for they loved the boys as much as they did their own grandchildren, and now made John their special care.

Out at the hospital everything was put at the disposal of the President and Mrs. Coolidge, a number of rooms being set apart for them, because of the President's entourage. Wherever he goes—no matter what the circumstances—there also must be Secret Service operatives, secretaries, representatives of the press.

Not even in their personal agonies may the President and his family have the common human privilege of complete

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protection from the eyes of the world. Often—and now surely—those same eyes were full of kindness, sympathy—even tears. But they were focused upon the President and Mrs. Coolidge just the same. It has to be so; it always has been so. There is no escaping it—no privacy.

All day long and until late at night my telephone rang, as thousands of messages poured into the White House—inquiries, suggestions, offers of help. From all over the world kindly people wrote or cabled suggesting panaceas. Many sent remedies, gave us the names of doctors who had successfully treated their families—hospitals where cures had been effected. When it became known that blood transfusions had been resorted to, strong young men volunteered as donors.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge never left Walter Reed except for brief necessary trips back to the White House, so that the President might attend to the Nation's business. John went to the hospital and returned much shaken; Calvin had recognized him, but had traveled far toward the border line, and the sight of him wrung John's heart.

Sunday night—and the precious life now hung by a thread—and I stayed all night at the White House, sitting through the long hours, waiting—hoping—fearing. How could I have left at such a time?

The weather was frightfully hot, and as the coolness of deep night stole over the city, the great timbers of the old house groaned and creaked as they contracted in the changed temperature.

Gradually the sky grew gray and birds began to stir and chirp. But still no news. And then the day dawned bright and fair, and the President and Mrs. Coolidge came to town very early. Said the former, gently, when he saw me: "Why, Miss Randolph! Good morning! Are you here?" As though he meant, too: "Watching and sorrowing with us!"

That, and the little I could do for Mrs. Coolidge, more than made up for the fatigue of the night.

In a moment they were on their way back to the hospital.

Major Coupal and Commander Boone scarcely left Calvin's room. When they were about to administer oxygen, the top of a tank blew off, striking Commander Boone a severe blow above the heart.

Major Coupal suffered a serious infection of one finger which gave anxiety for several days. But I know that either doctor would have gladly given his own life, if that could have saved Calvin.

All day on Monday the battle raged, Calvin's strong spirit making such a fight as could never have been waged by the frail body alone. And all day long doctors and nurses worked with superhuman skill. But toward evening the child's strength began to wane, and nothing could stem the ebbing tide.

In his delirium Calvin had imagined he was fighting—fighting some terrific battle against terrific odds. He thought that his nurses were fighting with him, backs to the wall. Finally, after a great mustering of all his forces, in what seemed to be a last stand, he called out: "I surrender!" And turning to the nurse beside him said: "Now you say it, too! Say you surrender!"

When it was seen that nothing but acquiescence would quiet him, much against her will, the nurse said: "All right, Calvin, I surrender!"... A moment more, and he had slipped into coma.

From the Executive wing, the "Chief of Communications"—the Senior Telegraph Operator—for thirty-five years at the White House, called me. "No hope,

Miss Randolph," he said; "unconscious."

After that, it was only a question of breathing on for a few hours until the heart stopped, and the beloved child went peacefully home.

Swiftly the news came to the White House. It was brought to me first by one of the older colored servants, who quietly approached my desk where I sat waiting. Bowing low, he said only: "Miss Randolph—madam—" He could speak no more. He, too, had lost a child, and this sorrow was his sorrow.

Then the Chief of Communications called me again. "Miss Randolph," he said, "the poor lad has gone."

The Chief Usher, who had left for his home to snatch a much-needed rest, hurried back, sending for some of the servants who were off duty.

John was alone in one of the sitting rooms. How could I break this news to him? Yet it must be done, and quickly. He bore the blow like a soldier, but I felt like a murderer as I told him, for I knew that some of the light of youth was taken from him forever—that nothing would ever be the same again.

I was gone too soon, for Pennsylvania Avenue and all the streets about us were suddenly full of newsboys, while out of the darkness the cry of "Extra! Extra paper!" came through open windows, rending the quiet of the night.

Hospital authorities notified us that the President and Mrs. Coolidge were on their way back to the White House; two young Secret Service operatives remaining voluntarily with the body of the child.

For what seemed an eternity, John and I stood together at the window over the front door, waiting. At last the headlights of the President's car turned in at the northwest gate, and drew beneath the portico. Wearing up the steps and into the house they came—Calvin and Grace Coolidge; worn, exhausted by days and nights of watching and of grief—but still courageous!

John's only thought was for his father and mother. He ran to meet them...

The ache of that night will go with me all through my life. The ache to help them—the ache because I could not. There was no human help.

In the small hours of the morning I went home for a little. Major Coupal staying all night near the President and Mrs. Coolidge.

Soon after sunrise Calvin's body was brought to the White House and placed in the East Room, and a guard of honor stationed there.

When I returned to the White House, I was confronted with the urgent need of making quick decisions, and how we got through the next two days, I shall never know. There was so much to be done that it seemed impossible of accomplishment. Arrangements for the funeral had to be worked out, perfected, and pushed through without delay.

The President sent for his Military and Naval Aides, the former to remain near my desk where the President could easily reach him; the Naval Aide to discuss with the President necessary details, before going to see that these were carried out.

The funeral presented a strange contrast. Every Chief of Mission then in Washington was present, and all Chiefs of Executive and other Departments, as well as many friends from residential society.

No State occasion could have been more impressive or more formal; yet all seemed drawn close together in the flower-filled East Room, by a strong, unseemly bond. Those who had known the agony of losing a child lived through it

all over again in the grief of the President and Mrs. Coolidge; and those who had lost no children were anguished by the sudden realization of what such a sorrow would mean to them.

Soft music played by the orchestra from the yacht Mayflower, every musician in which was a friend of Calvin; young Military and Naval Aides in white summer uniforms—diplomats, statesmen, high executives—simple friends; sunshine, flowers and everyone rising as the President and Mrs. Coolidge and John entered—pale, calm—she bareheaded, wearing a simple black dress, her left hand on the President's arm, her other through John's. Quietly they took their places near the gray casket where rested the gallant young form.

The services were simple. The voice of Doctor Pierce ringing through the stillness: "Jesus said, Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The Twenty-third Psalm, two hymns; a poem by James Whitcomb Riley beautifully recited by Doctor Pierce, and a few short prayers.

That was all.

In all that great East Room, there were few who did not weep. But the President and Mrs. Coolidge and John were dry-eyed. Their dignity and courage never broke—never even wavered. They commanded the loving admiration and respect of everyone there.

That night by special train they left for Northampton, where on the morning of July 10 another service was held at the Edwards Memorial Chapel. With them went the President's Military and Naval Aides. A detachment of Marines continued to act as guard of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns and Mr. and Mrs. Clark—the faithful friends who had stood close to them through so many crises—did not fall them now.

On the afternoon of July 10 they left Northampton for Plymouth, Vermont, where Calvin's body was laid to rest in the Coolidge family burial plot, near the grave of the President's mother.

Although in times past I may have felt that my work was heavy, it had been as nothing compared with the deluge of mail, telegrams—communications of all sorts which now flooded the White House. Beside my desk there stood a soda, and every day I found it piled high with packages, so large that they had to be bound with strong twine.

Day after day, from nine in the morning until late afternoon, the Military Aide helping me for hours together, I opened and classified these letters, whose numbers soon mounted into the thousands. I seemed to be turning a treadmill.

The whole staff of the Social Bureau was busy with the same task, but it was long before we found it possible even to begin to send out the replies indicated by the President and Mrs. Coolidge.

Never have I known so sincere and touching an outpouring of sympathy. People seemed to forget entirely the White House and the Presidency—everything but the fact that there was another father and mother with hearts torn and bleeding, who needed comfort. The same words came from high and low, rich and poor, all over the world: "I lost a boy . . . just the age of yours . . ."

This close touch with others who had suffered was a comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. To many they wrote personally. At their direction, other letters were

answered by me; still others by a simple form engraved upon a plain white card.

Some messages I shall always remember; especially one from Mrs. Harding to Mrs. Coolidge—"No matter how many loving hands may be stretched out to help us, some paths we tread alone."

But not altogether alone—for it seemed to me that God went with them, and I have never seen a truer submission to the Divine will. I never heard them question it, or cry out against it.

Whenever I turned to look out of the windows over the great front door, my eyes fell upon a long bed of white phlox. It was in full bloom just after Calvin went away. It still blooms—in the same place—every year; and always it seems to me as though the shining Spirit of the child come back for a little while to the White House garden.

There is no privacy for those in public life, neither is there rest. So the Coolidges returned immediately from Plymouth.

With them came the President's father, Colonel John Coolidge, a lifelong resident of the small town nestled among the green hills of Vermont. Tall, sinewy, erect, observant of all that went on about him, Colonel Coolidge's appearance belied his years.

Although his interests and the mode of life he preferred had kept him for the greater part of his time in a remote village, he was possessed of as much dignity, tact and poise as any great statesman I have ever known.

Without affectation, direct and courteous, Colonel Coolidge would have done us credit in any post where he might have represented his country.

He occupied rooms not far from my desk, and it was my privilege to see him and to hear him during his visit. Often in the afternoon, he would come to sit for a while on the sofa near me, and after we had chatted for a few moments, he would doze a little.

There was a great deal of mail for the Colonel as well as for the other members of the family, and I remember with gratitude one instance of the innate sweetness of his character.

Of course it was my intention to hand him his letters unopened. But one day, in the great hurry of slitting hundreds of envelopes, I was horrified to find that I had inadvertently opened one addressed to him.

Taking it to him at once, I said: "Colonel Coolidge, I owe you an apology. I have opened this letter. I hope you will excuse me."

He assured me that it made no difference, but Mrs. Coolidge, who loved to tease me, said: "Now then, Father! You had better be careful! She is going to open all your love letters!"

Colonel Coolidge laughed, good-naturedly; nevertheless I could not help feeling embarrassed. In a short time, the old gentleman appeared at my desk, and laying the letter in question before me, said: "Miss Randolph, would you have the kindness to answer this letter for me?"

I replied that I would be only too glad to, and asked him if he would outline what he wished to say, or whether he would prefer that I should make a form and submit it to him.

"Not at all, not at all," said he, "Anything that you may write will be entirely acceptable to me. I do not even wish to see your reply. Please sign it yourself, and send it off."

Certainly no ambassador could have done more to put at ease a person who was distressed over having made a mistake.

His presence in the White House was

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the greatest help to the President and Mrs. Coolidge and John, and their one thought was to do everything for his comfort. They tried to invent excuses to keep him as long as they could; for after the first few days he began to be restless. He longed to get away from the inevitable limelight and bewildering, unending complications of White House life.

President Coolidge was a devoted son. Everything that his father could possibly need or want, he procured for him immediately, giving his personal attention to the replenishing of the old gentleman's wardrobe, and making sure that he had all those things which he might require in Washington.

The Colonel was now well on in years and, like most people of his generation, did not set much store by doctors—in fact, he had not been looked over by one for a long time. So the President took this opportunity to see that his father had a thorough physical examination.

The entire household loved the kindly old gentleman. To me, he was like some sturdy tree in an old orchard, whose fruit has been ripened and mellowed by just the right proportions of sun and rain.

But like all old people, changes in his way of living were hard for him. He wanted to go home—back to his farm and his old friends—his own pursuits and surroundings—and soon we were reluctantly obliged to bid him good-by.

The official notification of Mr. Coolidge's nomination to the Presidency, which was to have been made in July, had been postponed until August 15, when the appointed Committee finally came to the White House for that purpose. After the ceremonies, the members of the Committee were shown into the State Dining Room, where they were guests at a large buffet luncheon.

It was a gay and colorful occasion, but the President and Mrs. Coolidge, after greeting the Committee and being photographed with them, lunched quietly together in another part of the house. What an ordeal for both Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge to face the world so soon again! But they faced it bravely, doing all that was required of them—putting aside their private sorrow—not letting it interfere with their public duty.

In the evening, the President delivered his speech of acceptance from the rostrum in Memorial Continental Hall—a strong, earnest speech. Mrs. Coolidge, dressed simply in pure white, heard from the Presidential box where she sat with John, Mr. and Mrs. Stearns and the Honorable William R. Castle, then Assistant Secretary of State, and now Under Secretary of State.

Summer waned, and we were on the eve of "the Tuesday after the first Monday in November."

The night before election, Mr. Coolidge made a remarkable radio speech over a nationwide hook-up.

First the Democratic candidate spoke, and, following the policy pursued throughout his campaign, once more denounced the Republican Administration and all its works, ending upon a solemn note of warning against the Republican Party as a whole. Intoning, after the manner of a high priest, he adjured his unseen listeners to vote the Democratic ticket, stating that only the Democratic Party could save the country from utter ruin.

When he had finished, the quiet drawl of Mr. Coolidge came over the air. Said he in effect: My fellow countrymen, you have before you a grave duty. Tomorrow you will decide whether for the

next four years this country is to have a Democratic or a Republican Administration. I urge you to make every effort to go to the polls and there express your convictions. His closing words were: "To you, and to my father who is listening in at his home in Vermont, I say good night."

I need not dwell upon the outcome—the verdict of the American people is a matter of history.

The elections over, we of the President's Household—the figurative scene-shifters and call boys—rolled up our sleeves and cleared the stage for the next act.

The social program was duly published in October and in this winter of 1934-5 it rolled along without a break.

High spots of the official social season were the dinners given in honor of the President and his wife by the Vice President, the Speaker, and the Cabinet Members, a certain evening being set aside for this purpose.

During the Coolidge Administration, Tuesday was the night chosen, and to these dinners were invited guests from all States in the Union—prominent lawyers, clergymen, writers and college presidents; publishers, Governors of States, philanthropists, lumber kings, automobile and radio manufacturers—railroad magnates, doctors and bankers.

A welcome break in the routine of White House life, these dinners were looked forward to with keen anticipation, and much enjoyed. Sometimes there were a few guests, sometimes many, according to the capacity of the residence of the host.

Occasionally, Mrs. Coolidge, by reason of illness, was not able to fulfill these engagements, and the ranking available Cabinet member was invited to accompany the President.

One evening when a large dinner was to be given, Mrs. Coolidge, suffering from an acute attack of influenza, was forbidden by the doctor to leave her bed.

So a certain charming and beautiful Cabinet Lady was asked to take her place, and as the dinner hour approached, the President's limousine was sent to her residence, with one of his Aides to escort her to the White House.

Arrived there, following custom, she alighted and was conducted into a drawing-room, where I was waiting to receive her. The President was notified of her arrival, and the elevator dispatched to the second floor. When it descended, bearing its distinguished freight, the doors were thrown open, and the Aides bowing low, announced with due formality: "Mr. President, Mrs. ——— awaits you in the Red Drawing Room."

Hat already on, overcoat tightly buttoned high about his chin, hands in pockets, the President proceeded deliberately, but without pause, toward the front door, while over his shoulder came the terse and somewhat nasal command: "Scare her out!"

And "scare her out" they literally had to, dashing to the spot where this graceful lady was seated, and escorting her with all speed to the front door, through which the Presidential coat tails were about to disappear!

There was no intended discourtesy on the President's part; it was simply Calvin Coolidge's passion for promptness—and the dinner hour was at hand! The Cabinet Lady understood him thoroughly—and drove smilingly away beside him.

A great many people came quietly to dine or to lunch at the White House—just a few guests at a time. One day, after a small, informal luncheon, as I was working over the letters, I heard footsteps coming along the corridor—

then voices in animated conversation. Who could it be, at this hour?

Looking up I saw the President, accompanied by a small boy about ten years old who, with his parents, had been lurching at the White House. All by themselves these two made the grand tour of the second floor. Mr. Coolidge, with the kindest look on his face, led the little boy, whose eyes were big with wonder, from one object of interest to another.

They went into the room which President Lincoln had occupied, saw the great bed in which he had slept and the room in which the Emancipation Proclamation was signed—and the portraits of former Presidents then hanging upon the walls of the upstairs corridor.

Mr. Coolidge took the child into his own room, and into his study; he showed him the birds, the goldfish and the dogs. The President loved to be with children of all ages, and in him they found a sympathetic companion.

February came, and through the frosty air rang the sound of saws and hammering, while out on Pennsylvania Avenue, north of the White House, a stand was being built from which the President would view the Inaugural Parade.

Mrs. Coolidge's dress for Inauguration Day was chosen—pale gray cloth, combined with crepe de Chine to match, and lightly embroidered with silver, the coat having a becoming gray fur collar. Gray shoes and stockings and gloves, and a gray straw hat completed the tasteful costume.

"But what shall I do if it is very cold or snowing?" said Mrs. Coolidge, as this pretty spring dress and coat were being fitted. "A fur coat over this would ruin the effect!" And so it would have, but the fates were kind, and on March 4 the sun shone brightly, and the day was warm.

General and Mrs. Dawes were now in Washington, and down from Vermont had come Colonel Coolidge, and from Massachusetts Mrs. Coolidge's mother,

Next Month Mary Randolph tells of the State Dinner given at the White House for a distinguished visitor—Queen Marie of Rumania

Mrs. Goodhue. John and Mr. and Mrs. Stearns had arrived, too, and at the White House everyone was astir early.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge, accompanied by (then) Senator Charles Curtis, drove in an open car from the White House to the Capitol. Arrived there, according to custom, the President-elect was escorted directly to the President's Room. There up to the very last moment before the Inauguration ceremonies, Mr. Coolidge was occupied in affixing his signature to measures which had been passed by the Legislative Bodies. For be it remembered, Calvin Coolidge was at this time not only President-elect, but also President of the United States.

After the Oath of Office had been administered by Chief Justice Taft, himself a former President, President Coolidge made his Inaugural address from a rostrum erected at the top of the east steps of the Capitol.

This speech was characteristically short, characteristically sound—thoroughly American. At its conclusion, with Mrs. Coolidge by his side, the President returned to the White House by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, followed by the Vice President and Mrs. Dawes, at the head of the Inaugural Parade.

Back again in the White House, the Coolidges lunched in private, their only guests being members of the family; and then they walked to the stand outside the north fence to view the parade.

There were also the Vice President and Mrs. Dawes and many other distinguished personages; so much rank, in fact, that the whole stand had to be "seated," like a State dinner, with the same close adherence to the order of precedence. We had worked at it until all about the night before.

Late that afternoon there was a reception at the White House for the Governors of States and their families, and their staffs—and so the long day closed, and Calvin Coolidge's own Administration commenced.

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AUNT EMMY was born in the spring of 1890, makin' her thirty-five year old this comin' Halloween. She has a fascinatin' personality and irresistible smile, and yet there come a time when her husband lost his temper. One day he got so mad: at her that she hit him with a vacuum cleaner and sent him back to his old man.

Repentin' in a moment of weakness, she admitted him to the house again. Well sir, in spite of the interested neighbors, it worked out all right, and I'll tell you why. When her husband gits quarrelsome now Aunt Emmy feeds him a couple of little chocolate tablets. And I would say, jest offhand, there ain't a happier couple in forty mile.

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The Narrow Corner (Continued from page 48)

too old, she ran the estate and looked after things and made both ends meet. She thought Frith a genius. She was a fine woman.

"When she knew she was dying she made Louise promise to look after her. The plantation belongs to Swan. Even now, it brings in enough to keep them all. She was afraid that after she was gone the old man would turn Frith out." Erik hesitated a little. "And she made me promise to look after Louise." It hasn't been easy for her, poor child.

"She is the only child they had?" asked the doctor.

"Catherine was a widow when Frith married her. She had a son by her first husband and a son by Frith, too, but they both died when Louise was a child."

"And has she looked after everything since her mother's death?"

"Yes."

"She's very young."

"Eighteen. She was only a kid when I first came to the island. They sent her to the missionary school here, and then her mother thought she ought to go to Auckland. But when Catherine fell ill they sent for her. It's funny what a year'll do for a girl; when she went away she was a child, and when she came back she was a young woman." He gave the doctor his diffident smile. "I'll tell

you in confidence that we're engaged."

"Oh?"

"Not officially, so I'd sooner you didn't mention it. Old Swan's willing enough, but he says she's too young. I don't mind waiting. I know she's young. That's why I didn't ask her to marry me before. We've got all life before us. It won't be quite the same when we're married. I know it's going to be perfect happiness, but we shall have it, we shan't be looking forward to it. We've got something now that we shall lose."

"Louise is sweet and gentle and tender, and yet there is a sort of aloofness in her. It seems to me very rare and beautiful. I feel that she will lose it when she becomes a wife and a mother; it's something apart and independent. I'm so ashamed that I shall not go to her as pure as she will come to me."

"Don't be so silly," said the doctor.

"Why is it silly? When you love someone like Louise it's horrible to think that you've lain in strange arms. I feel unworthy enough of her as it is. I might at least have brought her a clean body."

"Oh, my dear boy."

Doctor Saunders thought the young man was talking nonsense, but he felt no inclination to argue with him. It was getting late. He finished his drink. "I have never had any sympathy with

over at the other end of the island."

"Fred was looking for you. He wanted to go for a walk."

"I wish I'd known. I'd have taken him with me." He threw himself into a chair and called for beer. "Where is he now?"

"Courtin', I expect," said the skipper.

"Not much chance of that here," said Erik good-naturedly.

"Don't you be too sure. The girls fall for 'im. Between you and me and the gatepost I should 'ave said 'e clicked good and proper last night."

"With whom?"

"That girl up there."

"Louise?" Erik smiled. The idea was preposterous to him.

"Well, I don't know. She come and 'ad a look at the boat with 'im this mornin'. And I know 'e doted 'imself up somethin' fierce tonight."

"Frith was down here this morning," said the doctor. "It may be he asked Fred to have supper there tonight."

"E 'ad supper on the Fenton," said Nichols. He dealt the cards. The players went on with their game. Erik watched them and sipped his beer. After a while he looked at his watch.

"I'll go down to the Fenton. Maybe Fred'd like to come fishing with me tomorrow morning."

"You won't find 'im," said the skipper. "Why not? He wouldn't be at Swan's as late as this."

"Don't you be too sure."

"They go to bed at ten and it's past eleven now."

"Maybe 'e's gone to bed too."

"Rot."

"Well, if you ask me, I think that girl looked as though she knew a thing or two. It wouldn't surprise me if they was tucked up together at this very minute." Erik was standing up. With his great height he towered over the two men seated at the table. His face grew pale and he clenched his fists. For a moment it looked as though he would hit the skipper. The skipper looked at him and grinned. Doctor Saunders saw that he was not in the least frightened. He was a mean skunk, but he had pluck. The doctor saw with what a tremendous effort Erik controlled himself.

"It's not a bad plan to judge others by oneself," he said, his voice trembling, "but not if one's a mangy cur."

"'Ave I said anythin' to offend you?" asked the skipper. "I didn't know the lady was a friend of yours."

Erik stared at him for a moment. His face showed the disgust he felt for the man. He turned on his heel and walked heavily out of the hotel.

"Wanting to commit suicide, skipper?" asked the doctor dryly.

"'Wat was 'e upset about? Sweet on the girl 'imself?"

Doctor Saunders thought it unnecessary to tell him that Erik was engaged to Louise Frith. "Digestion troubling you tonight, skipper?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I ain't exactly comfortable. Mind you, I ain't complainin'. I don't say you ain't done me good. You 'ave. But I got a long way to go yet."

"Well, I've told you, have your teeth taken out."

"I will, the minute I'm through with the cruise. I don't see w'y we can't pop over to Singapore. Sure to be a good dentist there. The kid wants to go to Batavia now."

"Does he?"

"'Es, 'e not a cable this mornin'. 'E's all for stoppin' on 'ere a bit, and then goin' to Batavia."

"How d'you know he got a cable?"

"I found it in the pocket of 'is pants."

'E put on a clean suit to go ashore in

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and 'e left 'is pants lyin' about. The cable was all Greek to me. In cipher."

"I suppose you didn't notice that it was addressed to me?"

"You? No, I can't say I did."

"Well, have another look at it. I just gave it to Fred to decode." The doctor found it highly diverting thus to throw Captain Nichols off the scent.

"Then what's the reason of all this changin' around? 'E was always for keepin' away from big places. Naturally, I thought it was on account of the cops. Anyhow, I mean to get to Singapore or sink the ruddy boat in the attempt."

He walked down to the beach. He was unmoved. He dismissed the skipper's shameless innuendo from his mind, but he chuckled as he thought of its absurdity. He walked along the pier and hailed the Fenton, which was anchored a hundred yards out. He shouted again. There was no answer, but a sleepy voice rose from below him. It was the blackfellow in the dinghy waiting for Captain Nichols.

"Is that the Fenton's dinghy?"

"Ye'. What you want?"

"Just row me on board. I want to see Fred Blake."

"He ain't on board."

"Oh, all right. Good night."

The man settled down again to sleep. Erik walked back along the road. He thought Fred had gone to the bungalow and Frith had kept him talking. He tramped on, hoping to meet the boy.

Erik was reticent about his private affairs, but he made up his mind to tell Fred of his engagement to Louise. He would like him to know. He had a great desire to talk about her.

It was three miles to the plantation, but his thoughts so absorbed him that he did not notice the distance. He was quite surprised when he arrived. It was funny that he had not met Fred. Then it occurred to him that Fred must have gone into the hotel during the time he had gone down to the beach. How stupid of him not to think of that!

Oh, well, there was nothing to be done about it. Now that he was here he might just as well go in and sit down for a bit. Of course they'd all be asleep, but he wouldn't disturb anyone. He often went up to the bungalow after they'd gone to bed and sat there thinking.

There was a chair in the garden, in front of Louise's room, and it reposed him strangely to sit there and look at her window and think of her sleeping peacefully. Once he had seen the shutter open, and Louise had stepped out.

On her bare feet she had walked across the veranda and with her hands on the rail stood looking at the starry night. She wore a sarong round her loins, but the upper part of her body was naked. She raised her hands and shook out her pale hair over her shoulders. Her body was silhouetted in wan silver against the darkness of the house. She was like a spirit-maiden.

Erik had sat very still. He was hidden by the darkness. It was so silent that when she gave a little sigh he heard it as if he held her in his arms. She turned and went back into her room.

Erik walked up toward the house and sat down in the chair that faced Louise's room. The house was dark and silent. Erik gave a sigh of content.

Suddenly the shutter of Louise's room was pushed open. Erik held his breath. If he had been asked what he wanted most in the world he would have said just for one moment to be allowed to see her. She came out on the veranda,

wearing the sarong in which she slept. In the moonlight she looked like a wraith. The night seemed on a sudden to stand still and the silence was like a living thing that listened. She took a step or two and looked up and down the veranda. She wanted to see that no one was about. Erik expected her to come to the rail as she had before and stand there for a while.

She turned around towards the window of her room and beckoned. A man came out. He stopped for an instant as though to take her hand, but she shook her head and pointed to the rail. He went up to it quickly and stepped over. He looked down at the ground, six feet below him, and leaped lightly down. Louise slipped back into her room and closed the shutter behind her.

For a moment Erik was so astonished, so bewildered, that he could not understand. He sat stock-still, and stared and stared. The man landed on his feet, and then sat down on the ground. He appeared to be putting on his shoes.

Suddenly Erik found the use of his limbs. He sprang forward, seized the man by the collar of his coat and dragged him to his feet. The man, startled, opened his mouth to cry out, but Erik put his heavy hand over it. Then he slowly dropped his hand till it encircled the man's throat.

The man was so taken aback that he did not struggle. He stood there stupidly, staring at Erik, powerless in that mighty grasp. Then Erik looked at him. It was Fred Blake.

An hour later, Doctor Saunders, lying awake in bed, heard steps in the passage, and then a scratching on the door.

"Who is it?" he called out.

The light came, and the doctor. It's me, Fred. I want to see you."

The doctor raised the mosquito curtains and padded across the bare floor to the door. When he opened it he saw the night watchman holding a lantern, and behind him Fred Blake.

"Let me in. It's frightfully important."

"Wait till I light the lamp."

By the light the watchman's lantern he found the matches and lighted the lamp. Ah Kay, who slept on a mat on the veranda outside the doctor's room, awoke at the disturbance. Fred gave the watchman a tip and he went away.

"Go to sleep, Ah Kay," said the doctor. "There's nothing for you to get up for."

"You must come to Erik's at once," said Fred. "There's been an accident."

"What d'yow mean?" The doctor saw that the boy was as white as a sheet.

"He's shot himself."

"Good God! How d'yow know?"

"I've just come from there. He's dead."

At Fred's first words the doctor had instinctively begun to busy himself, but at this he stopped short.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite."

"If he's dead, what's the good of my going?"

"He can't be left like that. Come and see. Oh, my God!" The boy's voice broke. "Perhaps you can do something."

"Who's there?"

"Nobody. He's lying there alone. I can't bear it. You must do something!"

"What's that on your hand?"

Fred looked at it. It was smeared with blood. By a natural instinct he started to wipe it on his duck trousers.

"Don't do that!" cried the doctor.

"Come and wash it off."

He led the boy into the bathroom, gave him a pan of water and a piece of soap and told him to wash.

"Have you got any on your clothes?"

"I don't think so."



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startling. Fred sprang to his feet with a bound and his face grew livid.

"Erik? He never told me."
"I suppose he thought it was none of your business."

"She didn't tell me. Oh, God! If I'd known I wouldn't have touched her. You're just saying that. It can't be true."

"He told me so himself."
"Was he awfully in love with her?"

"Awfully."
"Then why didn't he kill me or her instead of himself?"

Doctor Saunders gave a laugh. "Curious, isn't it?"

"Don't laugh. I'm so miserable. I thought nothing worse could happen to me. Really. If I'd only known I wouldn't have thought of fooling about with her. I wouldn't have hurt him for anything in the world. What a beast he must have thought me! He'd been so awfully decent to me. Isn't life foul? You start a thing and you don't think twice about it, and then there's hell to pay. I think there's a curse on me."

He looked at the doctor, his mouth trembling and his fine eyes heavy with woe. He looked so young and weebone the older man could not help being touched.

"You'll get over it, you know," he said. "There's nothing one doesn't get over." "I wish I were dead. My old man said I was no damned good and he was right. I make trouble wherever I go. I swear it's not all my fault. Why didn't that girl leave me alone? Could you imagine that a girl who was engaged to a chap like Erik should take up with the first man she sees? Well, there's one thing, he was well rid of her."

"You're talking rubbish."
"I may be a bad lot, but by heaven, I'm not as bad as she is. I thought I was going to get another chance, and now it's all gone to hell." He hesitated a moment. "You remember that cable I got this morning? It was so extror-
dinary, I couldn't make it out at first. There's a letter for me at Batavia. It's all right for me to go there now. The cable says I died of scarlet fever at the Fever Hospital just outside Sydney."

"I saw what it meant after a bit. Father's rather important in New South Wales. There was a bad epidemic. They rushed someone to the hospital under my name; they had to explain why I didn't go to the office and all that, and when the chap died, I died, too. If I know my old man he was glad to be rid of me."

"Well, there's someone who'll lie nice and cozy in his family grave. Father's a wonderful organizer. It's he who has kept the party in power so long. He wasn't going to take a risk if he could help it, and I expect as long as I was aboveground he never could feel quite safe. The government got in again at the election. Did you see that? A thumping majority. I can see him with

a black band round his arm." He gave a mirthless chuckle.

Doctor Saunders shot a question at him abruptly. "What did you do?"

Fred looked away. He answered in a low, choked voice, "I killed a chap."

"I wouldn't tell too many people if I were you," said the doctor. "Why did you kill him? For fun?"

"A damned lot of fun I got out of it. What I've gone through! I wonder it hasn't turned my hair gray. You see, I brooded over it. I could never forget it. I was afraid to go to sleep sometimes. I used to dream I was going to be hanged. Half a dozen times I've been on the point of slipping overboard at night and just swimming till I drowned."

"If you only knew what a relief it was when I got that cable and understood what it meant! I was safe. You know, I never felt really safe on the lugger, and when we landed anywhere I was always looking for someone to nab me. The first time I saw you, I thought you were a detective and were on my track. D'you know the first thing I thought this morning? Now I shall be able to sleep sound. And then this had to happen. I tell you there's a curse on me."

"Don't talk such rot."

"What am I to do? Where am I to go? Tonight, while that girl and I were lying in each other's arms, I thought, 'Why shouldn't I marry her and settle down here? The boat'll be damned useful.' Nichols could have gone back on the same ship that you're taking. You could have got my letter that's waiting in Batavia. I expect it has a bit of money in it. I thought Erik and I could have gone into partnership."

"You can't do that, but you can still marry Louise."

"Me?" cried Fred. "After what's happened? I hope I never see her again! I'll never forgive her. Never. Never."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"God knows. I don't. I can't go home. I'm dead and buried in the family grave. I haven't anyone in the world now. I'm a pretty good accountant, I suppose. I can get a job as bookkeeper. I don't know where to go. I'm like a lost dog."

"If I were you, I'd go back to the Fenton and try to get a little sleep. You're all in. You'll be able to think better in the morning."

"I can't go back to the boat. I hate it. If you knew how often I've wakened in a cold sweat because I knew the rope was waiting for me! And now Erik's lying there with half his head blown away. My God, how can I sleep!"

"Well, curl up on that chair. I'm going to bed."

"Thanks. Go ahead. Will it disturb you if I smoke?"

"I'll give you something. There's no object in my lying awake."

The doctor got out his hypodermic needle and gave the boy a shot of morphine. Then he put out the lamp and slipped under the mosquito curtain.

Next Month, concluding the story of Doctor Saunders' voyage to Kanda, Somerset Maugham reveals Fred Blake's past

One-Arm Sutton (Continued from page 29)

I received a belated cablegram from a man I had sent to Siberia:

Placer creeks better than reported. Great opportunity for dredging. Political situation improved. Country apparently secure under Whites.

I decided at once to go to Siberia. This meant putting everything I had into what most people would have called a

mad game of chance with all the odds against me, but anything, I felt, was better than stagnation at home. I wired my scout to meet me in San Francisco, where I planned to buy machinery for a gold dredge, and started for America.

My scout arrived in San Francisco almost as late as I. He brought with him the traditional miner's poke, greasy, thumbled, from which he poured a hand-

ful of nuggets and gold dust on the table.

"There's plenty more where this came from. It only wants going after."

It looked like a great chance. A new adventure. A new world. Perhaps a new self.

I spent the first six months of 1919 in San Francisco, erecting and then dismantling the dredge I was to take out to Siberia for use along the northern tributaries of the Amur River. Unfortunately, I was bitten by the idea of becoming a merchant prince. My scout informed me that there was a shortage of all sorts of goods in Russia. He made me believe—or perhaps I convinced myself—that a fortune awaited the trader who had the courage to take a cargo into Russia while conditions were still unsettled.

"Don't wait for reconstruction," he said; "do it now. Take nails, shoes, cloth, clothespins—anything!"

I told myself there was gold in them there hills and rubles in the Russians' pockets. I'd go after them.

I invested everything I had, then, in a proper cargo, nearly a thousand tons of merchandise! For one thing, I bought ten thousand pairs of shoes, a hundred cases of women's shoes and a hundred cases of men's shoes of all sizes! I spent hours with the wholesalers, wrangling over styles and lasts, heels and buckles. I breathed a sigh of relief when the cases were finally made ready for shipment.

I then purchased fifteen thousand barrels of assorted nails, since my scout assured me that nearly all Russian houses were built of wood, and that there was a shortage of nails. I confess the responsibility of disposing of seven hundred tons of them in a strange country staggered me when I thought of it.

A sympathetic friend in San Francisco, alarmed by my depression, induced me to buy fifty tons of horseshoes for luck. He did not know—nor did I—that Siberian horses are seldom shod. I found that out much later. The shoes and the necessary nails were packed for shipment with the rest of my cargo and put aboard the Venezuela.

I took a good stock of clothes: enough to last for several years. I was going into a very cold country, where the thermometer drops to fifty below zero for weeks at a time.

I sailed the end of June for Kobe. The old Venezuela was taking a crowd of tourists to Japan and China. They were a light-hearted, pleasure-seeking crowd, yet I was the most care-free passenger aboard. I was going to a new country. I was headed for adventure, for trouble, for scraps for one's self. One-armed, yes! But I had always felt that I could lick the world with one hand.

We arrived in Kobe at the end of July and landed the cargo. The Japanese stevedores gave it rough treatment. Then I had a long wrangle with ship-owners before I could arrange for a small steamer to take my stuff to Vladivostok, seven days away.

At last I was chartering a ship! The journey reduced my inflated spirits, however. None of the crew spoke English. The food was terrible. The steamer was of wood, and it leaked. We hit a typhoon. In the hold of that ungodly tub my precious cargo crashed from end to end, and back again. Barrels split open and there were two feet of assorted nails in the bottom of the ship.

We arrived at Vladivostok feeling the worse for wear. The whole country, as far as the Urals, was under the White régime—or, rather, the Pink régime, since it was both Red and White.

We anchored in the harbor and I went ashore to arrange for unloading. My first problem was to find someone who could speak English. There were about a thousand American troops in the town, and one British regiment was stationed there. The streets were full of doughboys and tommyes, but they could not help me, since they knew incredibly little about conditions in Russia. I was wandering along the water front when I heard a stevedore cursing fluently in Spanish. He was supervising a gang of roustabouts who obeyed him with alacrity, in spite of the fact that they could not understand his curses.

I could. I talked him in Spanish with delight: "Hey, you, big boy, *habla usted español?*"

"Seguramente, señor, bastante bien." He proved to be a Russian who had spent twelve years driving a locomotive in the Argentine. He knew the lingo well. I engaged him, and we went off, arm in arm.

"First of all, Aleck," I said, "we must have sacks and plenty of them."

"*Harasho, está bien.*" said my stevedore, or words to that effect.

He was irresistible when he translated my bad Spanish into a sketchy interpretation of what he thought I had said, and then turned the whole mess into Russian. The results must have been terrifying. But he got the sacks, and I paid for them.

Then the business of unloading began in earnest. A nightmare. A fantastic dream of confusion and cupidity. The stevedores fell upon the nails like vampires. They stuffed some of them into the sacks. It is true, but their chief concern was to steal as many as possible.

The dredge parts came next. We got the boiler off successfully (none of the roustabouts having taken a fancy to it), but the heavy upper tumbler of the bucket-line fell overboard and sank out of sight. This indeed was a catastrophe.

"I'll have to find a diver," I said to Aleck.

The harbor authorities were apologetic. The only diver in Vladivostok had been executed, shot by mistake, they could not recall why. But they could let me have his suit. I had been down several times to inspect pierheads in the Argentine. I decided to take a chance.

Two Russkies worked a hand pump and I descended into Vladivostok harbor, searching the muddy water for my precious tumbler. The fellows up above were overzealous, and since with one hand I could not easily manage the stop valve, they nearly blew me asunder. I signaled, and they hauled me to the surface, to find me bleeding profusely from the nose and ears.

Twice more I descended, and the third time I got a line around the tumbler by sheer force of desperation. I was more than half dead. Hereafter I shall leave diving to professional divers.

We finally got everything ashore, although I slept on the lighters four or five nights in succession, playing watchdog. It was horrible. The town was full of thieves. Most of them were old men. Aleck was a regular tiger; he knew how to deal with them, verbally and fistically. He was a fierce-looking fellow. His face was crisscrossed by ugly saber cuts.

We were now faced with a seven-hundred-mile journey north to Khabarovsk. We needed two full Russian trains in order to move the cargo.

"Go to Authority," Aleck advised.

"Is there any?"

Aleck shrugged. But he guided me to Authority in the person of a governor, a big Russian with a gray mustache. Having been military attaché to the

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Colon (Canal Zone) Havana (Cuba)

ABOUT Christmas-time, people are getting restless. They're looking southward, to the blue Caribbean, where the sun shines golden in midwinter.

The little French shops of Martinique are fascinating. . . . St. Thomas, Trinidad, La Guayra, and Curacao are full of buccaneering memories . . . at Colon: the canal, Old Panama, the Miramar Club . . . and fair Havana always delights visitors.

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Russian Embassy in London, he spoke English. When I explained my business, he told me politely that the government could not possibly spare forty cars. All the rolling stock was in use for the troops that were repulsing the vicious attacks of bands of Bolsheviks.

It looked like ruin for me, since I was playing against time. If I failed to get my dredge and goods to their destination before the Amur froze, sealing the waterways, a year would be lost.

I thought the game was up, when the governor happened to remark that he was poorly paid—his princely salary in rubles being equivalent to fifty dollars a month. He was trying to build a new house for his family on this pittance. Suddenly I saw a way to his heart.

Excusing myself, I returned to the harbor and instructed Alek to send ten barrels of nails to the governor as a gift. By way of indirect compensation I then distributed bakshesh liberally among the members of his staff. When I again presented myself, I found that the official attitude had changed.

"I can let you have those forty cars, Captain Sutton," the governor said affably.

"I shall want a box car for myself, as well," I said.

"That can be arranged. And when you return to Vladivostok, captain, I hope to have the pleasure of entertaining you in a house built entirely with American nails! Dostoydan?"

We got them, then, two locomotives, forty trucks and a car for ourselves. Alek scoured the interior of our filthy box with disinfectant, while I went off in search of an assistant and a cook, returning in triumph with an old Swedish captain, who spoke a little English, and a morose, oblique-eyed Chinaman.

I found Alek on top of the box car. A crash up there answered my shout and Alek put a hole through the corrugated-iron roof.

"What on earth are you doing?" I demanded.

"Making a vent for the stovepipe."

"But this car is government property!" I said. "You can't punch holes in it to suit yourself, you idiot!"

"Can't I?" said Alek.

He proceeded to cut two windows for ventilation, making a smart job of it, too. Things were soon shipshape for the journey, even to a barricade of sandbags stacked four or five feet high around the inside of the box car.

"We shall be sniped at, going up," Alek explained.

So it was not to be a peaceful journey, after all!

We started loading. I had neglected to give the customs' officials a squeeze, and in retaliation they unpacked all the shoes, scattering them about the customs house, mixing styles and sizes hopelessly. When I came to collect my property, I found sixty pairs of shoes missing, eventually discovering them hidden under the floor boards in the inspector's office! There were many apologies and fantastic explanations. But I got my shoes and the customs' men lost their squeeze.

Just as the end of July, jolting north at a slow pace, the box car bringing up the rear. Smoke and sparks trailed from the cookstove chimney as the morose Chinaman prepared our meals.

We traveled at about ten miles an hour with many incomprehensible pauses, through a sad, brown country flanked by low hills. It was indeed a mean country. The villages were all of a drab sameness. The streets were unpaved; soon they would be knee-deep with icy mud. An occasional farmer working in the fields; an occasional traditional blouse and

visored cap, high boots and loose trousers.

Petty officials—whiskered, self-important, lazy devils—hung around the stations looking for excitement.

Our car attracted attention because of its windows and its belching chimney. Bullets peppered against the sides at night. Even in broad daylight, we were annoyed by snipers taking pot shots at us from the woods. As the dripping of water wears away a stone, so this insistent pat-pat-pat of bullets wore at our nerves. The Chinaman developed a temper, grew surly, disobedient; I woke with a start one morning with the knowledge that something was wrong.

The Chinaman was brandishing a big carving knife, long and bright and sharp. He had backed Alek into a corner. Both were livid with rage. Alek gave me a frantic look. He did not dare call for help, lest the Chinaman put the knife through his throat.

I crawled out of my sleeping bag, grabbed a log of wood and hit the Chinaman a crack on the back of his head. He crumpled, sighed and went down in a sort of huddle.

The train was lumbering along at five miles an hour. I dragged the limp Chinaman to the door and threw him out, pitching his box after him.

I asked Alek how it happened.

"He refused to build a fire, and I wanted tea. So I called him a name I knew in Chinese."

I'll wager it was a potent name!

We arrived at Khabarovsk at the end of seventeen days. I continued to live in the box car while I made arrangements for barges and a tug to take the goods up the Amur to Blagoveshchensk.

All the passengers of Khabarovsk were dusted off into extended. I crossed them with rubles, yen, dollars and gold. Can any whisks, with an eye out for profit, always demanded gold or silver; to them I gave dollars, or else shavings from a gold bar I carried with me. Like a plug of ripe tobacco, this bar was bitten off little by little. It vanished into the greedy maws of officials. I got my barges and a fusky tug, and away we went up the Amur.

We sailed before dawn. I remember the smoky dimness, the city fading into the brown twilight; the river opening up, cool and clean. I thought: "This is marvelous. Life is marvelous." And I looked at the string of barges swimming behind me up the river and reflected that I was indeed a trader. I felt pride and excitement and lively anticipation.

The river broadened as we advanced, and the shore for a time was lost in mist. Then it narrowed again, and the familiar wooden villages reappeared.

On the one hand, to the north, was Russia—a rolling plain against a backdrop of wooded mountains. To the south lay China. Mare Pol's land, dark, uncultivated, sparsely populated.

We had eight hundred miles to go, pushing our way slowly against a five-knot current. The Amur is not easily navigable, as it is full of shifting sandbanks and treacherous narrows.

The weather began to get chilly. There were sudden downpours of rain and stinging sleet storms that swept the river. Thousands of duck and geese passed overhead, honking their way south.

I lived by preference on one of the barges with Alek and two Chinese carpenters, who spoke a little English. The barge master and his three-hundred-pound wife occupied the deck house.

I began to fear that I would lose the race, and progress was so slow. There was time enough for letting my imagination run riot. Here was a country as

big as Canada and as fertile, a country whose vast natural resources were practically untouched, unheeded. I allowed myself to dream a bit, visioning a future for this land, a future in which with luck I might play a part. Perhaps I saw myself—another Cecil Rhodes—creating successful states out of a wilderness, order out of chaos, business out of banditry. A one-eyed man among the blind! I was to discover later that it is not possible to build a ship of state with defective timber. I had not considered the human material, lazy, ambitious, with which I would be forced to deal.

Stops were made each day, now on the Chinese side, now on the Russian, to replenish our fuel supply from great stacks of sawed timber placed at convenient intervals for such river travelers as ourselves. One night—I think we were about five days out of Khabarovsk—the river mists lifted and we decided to keep on until midnight. There was a full moon and the river was beautiful beneath a flood of calm white light. I crawled into my sleeping bag on deck and put my revolver under my pillow.

The two Chinese carpenters, after a whispered singsong, went below. Aleck followed them. The barge master and his wife lowered their lantern in the deck house. I was alone out there with the river and the bright moon. Presently I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a volley of rifle shots, a sudden ungodly shrieking and howling. Bullets splattered around me. Before I could untangle myself from my sleeping bag, or get hold of my revolver, a gang of Chinese bandits leaped from the bank to the deck of the barge and fell on me. There were eight or ten of them, tough, ragged, armed with army rifles. They were on me like leeches—one on my legs, another astride my middle, two on each arm, one on my head.

I struggled up and down the deck, trying to shake them off. I was rolled in my sleeping bag like a wrinkle in its shell and when I finally kicked it off, freeing my legs, one of the bandits downed me with the butt of his rifle.

The tug was in a worse way. They had let a gangplank down and the crew had started ashore when the attack began. More than a hundred of the bandits—Hun-hunters, as they are called in China—were concealed behind the woodpile. They swarmed out, firing at random, and boarded the tug.

I had my own troubles on the deck of the barge. They beat me unmercifully. The harder I fought the tighter they clung. Finding a knife at my throat, I finally surrendered.

They hauled me to my feet, and a pock-marked gentleman, evidently their leader, put a revolver to my head. Why was I, I was this was a nervous business; the revolver was old and decrepit and he had to hold the hammer back with his thumb.

I have never been so interested in a man's thumb! It trembled on the hammer as he wrestled with the notion to kill me. Was I useful alive? Or was I safer dead? His pock-marked face puckered with the stress of his indecision.

"Come along," I said in English, "decide and have it over."

This settled it. He jerked his head at his followers; they held me up-right between them, and we moved off in procession to the deck house. The blow with the rifle butt had certainly knocked the fight out of me. My knees were like jelly and my head felt both enormous and empty. It was a great bubble of air. They had torn my pajamas into ribbons. I was bleeding, too, where the

bandits had jabbed me with their knives.

Very decent about it, they were. The idea was not to kill me. A dead foreigner can be embarrassing even to marauders from the hills, who are sometimes hunted down and punished by soldiers sent out by the provincial governors or by the local war lords. These fellows were probably ex-soldiers themselves.

I was glad when I saw that I had marked a few of them during the fight. One had a torn mouth; another nursed a broken wrist. And a third glared at me through red, swollen eyelids.

They shoved me ahead of them into the deck house. The room was lighted by an oil lamp turned low.

"You'd better let them search you, starik," I said into the shadows, "or you'll be sorry for it."

"Where's the captain?" the barge master whimpered. "Aren't we going to have any help? Are they going to let us die like dogs alone?"

"They're having troubles of their own on the tug," I said.

He tried out from under the table. His fat wife, wrapped in filthy blankets, shrieked suddenly, begging for mercy.

"Shut up, babe!" I said.

The bandits leaped at them with greedy snarls and searched them. They did a thorough job. One of them, the one whose eyes I had blackened, thrust his fingers between the old Russian's lips, pried his teeth apart and gnawed his mouth. They tore at his wife's bodice, ripped off her skirt. All the while she screamed at them. They might have been deaf. There was neither pity nor amusement in their glittering eyes. I struggled, but the pock-marked leader kept his revolver at my temple.

The others continued their search until they had about a hundred rubles—twenty-five cents in good money! This did not satisfy them. They grumbled and complained, poking at the two Russians with their knives, demanding more.

"Give them everything you've got," I said. "They'll kill you."

The woman burst into bloodcurdling howls. "Niet! Niet! Niet!" she shrieked.

At that the strongest of the band seized her, turned her over a barrel, lifted her voluminous petticoats and spanked her with a bamboo, while she kicked and cursed and foamed. It was a Rabelaisian scene. There was something horrible about it. Ridiculous and horrible at the same time. They hit her a dozen stinging cracks, while her husband wept and pleaded.

"Stop them! They are killing her!"

"Shut up, you fool!" I said. "Give them the rest of your money. I'll make it good."

At that he flung himself on his knees beside the bed and began fumbling under the mattress. There was a greasy presence of mind here. He dragged it out and produced three hundred rubles. But this didn't satisfy them, either. The leader's thumb trembled. He motioned to me to lead the way to the hold, where my belongings were.

Aleck had been hiding down there behind a couple of oil barrels. They pulled him out in quick order.

He had made an attempt to conceal my smaller effects. With considerable presence of mind he had succeeded in hiding two rifles and a shotgun behind the cargo. But he had had no time to shift my trunks and dispatch cases.

"Open them," the leader said.

They fell on my belongings. I saw my precious wardrobe divided among them: evening clothes, heavy underwear, ties, vests, overcoats, shirts, mufflers, hats, shoes and socks. I saw my good coats adorning the sharp-bladed

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backs of cadaverous Chinamen who didn't know the meaning of soap and water. My hats sat upon shaggy heads alive with vermin. My golf clubs puzzled but did not attract them.

A fine time was had by all, at my expense, and now they became very friendly. The party was over. They swarmed out of the hold, over the side and ashore. A pleasant good night! A safe journey! And may we meet again!

In return for my possessions, the Hun-hunters had awarded me life, leaving me only a pair of tattered pajamas and a miscellaneous lot of shoes and collars. When dawn came, winter, not sunshine, came with it. A cold, insistent, prying wind blew from the north.

"Winter," Aleck said, squinting at the smudge of light that was the sun. "Soon there will be ice. Then snow. Then darkness. You'd better hurry, Señor, if you want to make Blago before the river freezes!"

I pictured myself arriving at Blago in my pajamas! "I'll have to make a suit for myself," I said.

Aleck and the Chinese carpenter helped me. We made a suit out of tarpaulin and lined it with cotton waste! This was the most terrible suit ever fashioned for a white man, but it served. It had to!

Poor merchant prince! Only yesterday the world had belonged to me. Today, bleary-eyed and beaten, I felt more like a tramp than a potential millionaire!

When the suit was finished, I put it on, aware of the hysterical amusement in Aleck's eyes. He tried not to laugh at me. I was beyond laughing at myself. Buttons and buttonholes there were none, but holes and strings, instead. Considering this extraordinary garment, I was seized with admiration for all tailors.

A depressed crew, we started off again. But Aleck had enough.

"I'm not going the rest of the way, Señor. You can put me off at Raddo and I'll get back some day. The girls in this part of the world are too fat."

So I put him ashore at Raddo, sorry though I was to lose him. He was a decent fellow and a good scrapper. I did not hear from him again for more than a year. Then I learned that he had been conscripted by the Whites at Raddo and put to work. When the Reds swooped down on the place a few days later, they caught him repairing a wire at the top of a telegraph pole, and whereas he had climbed the pole ostensibly a White, he descended it an avowed Red. Aleck was always a diplomatist.

We arrived at Blago as the ice was coming down. There was a thickness in the water, a sort of frozen brown scum that broke like glass crystals against the bow. We tied up at the landing in a sharp stinging shower of frozen sleet. In the morning the ice was running thick and all navigation was closed.

Blago! Blagoveshchensk! Prikolli! We were there! November fifth—Guy Fawkes Day—and I felt myself correctly attired for the date. I went ashore into two things only—to buy a hat and a good cigar!

Blagoveshchensk, or Blago, as I preferred to call it, proved to be a good-sized town. There were a few brick buildings, stores and banks, but most of the houses were built of wood. I considered my cargo of nails and rejoiced.

Outwardly at least, everything was tranquil. The town was in control of the White troops when I arrived, but I am certain that ninety percent of the people living there were Reds at heart.

Blago was going about its business in spite of war and revolution, and the officials were doing their best to maintain law and order. Yet there was an undercurrent of distrust, betrayal, terror.

I spent a week unloading my cargo and storing it in two large sheds. The dredge had to go five hundred miles farther north—to Siliu River, a tributary of the Zeya. Already, the Amur was frozen from bank to bank. Snow began to fall. It was bitterly cold. I realized that I would have to hibernate in Blago for the winter unless I could find some way to move the machinery by sledge. As I had no knowledge of the language, I was at a disadvantage until I happened upon Andrew the Greek, who became my interpreter and who was destined to be my right-hand man for many years.

Andrew came from an island off the coast of Greece, and had always been a wanderer. He had lived in the United States and in Canada, and spoke excellent Americanese. When I found him, he was selling alcohol in Tel-hei-ho, sending it across the Amur to Blago, where it was used in making vodka.

I rented a house in Blago and Andrew and I moved in. Living was cheap, reckoned in rubles. It was almost impossible to spend a dollar a day. We took on one of the Chinese carpenters as house boy. We had a cook, A stove. A car. Plenty of vodka. A bed, for offices, two rooms in the best hotel in town. There remained only the matter of moving the dredge machinery and selling my cargo of shoes and nails. We had to find customers who had money, not rubles.

Feeling myself at a disadvantage with only one hand, I decided to equip myself with a hook. I couldn't walk about the streets carrying a revolving saw. But the business men of Blago might have considered me unduly distrustful. But a six-pound iron hook is a valuable, innocent-looking weapon.

I had worn an artificial hand for some time after the war. It was attached to me by an elaborate system of straps, buckles and strings. In order to open the fingers, I extended my chest; to close them, I breathed out, hard. The thing caused me no end of embarrassment and worry. Once I grasped my hostess' hand at a dinner party and, being short of breath, couldn't let go again. It was frightful for everybody. When I got to San Francisco in 1919, thoroughly fed up with the contraption, I found a way to get rid of it.

Strolling down Market Street one day, I was approached by a man hawk papers. He was minus his left hand.

"Paper. All about the big murder!" "Give me a paper," I said, "and I'll give you a new hand."

"Aw, you're kidding!" "Kidding, am I? I'll show you!"

Rid of the thing, which I, curious, good-natured crowd gathered, I removed my coat and waistcoat and made the newsie a present of my artificial hand. He now has two right hands. And he still sells papers on Market Street. I saw him there a few months ago. He shouted greetings at me, breathing in and out furiously, to prove that the thing still worked. He is welcome to it!

In Blago I needed a weapon, not a temperamental ornament dependent upon breath-control. A local blacksmith riveted a half-inch iron bar into a leather socket which was attached to the stump of my right arm. I had him make the thing three or four inches longer than the hand itself would have been. A few inches' reach won the world's boxing championship, and my life was worth more to me than any ring battle ever fought for a million dollars!

I faced the hazards of life in Siberia with new courage, and determined to move the dredge north at once. We started in January: seventy sledges, two hundred horses, forty workmen, a Russian engineer and myself—quite a procession.

The journey looked easy enough on the map, and the first few miles were smooth going. But farther up the Zeya we encountered ice jams that had to be blasted away with dynamite.

Forty days and forty nights, and we arrived at our destination. I was relieved to find everything as my scout had said it would be. A full summer's dredging seemed certain.

I left the Russian engineer in charge of the construction and returned to Blago. I was anxious about my goods.

As I came toward the city from the hills, I saw that it was burning in a dozen places. Some eight thousand Reds who had been living in the hills had swooped down on the city. They swarmed through the streets, big, whickered fellows, their rifles slung across their backs. All the toughs and renegades swarmed out to join them. The Whites, terrified, fled across the Amur to the Chinese side.

The place was a madhouse. The White troops had retreated. The Japanese had disappeared. The Reds were in control.

Our house, Andrew informed me, had been seized by the Red commander in chief, who had made it his headquarters.

"They have appointed a new governor," Andrew said. "Let's go to him and make a complaint. Some of these fellows are bloodsuckers and some of them are cowards. Let's have a look-see."

The governor received us with affability. We reminded him that we were the only foreigners who had dared to remain in Blago. He told him, too, that we were honest traders; that we had no political affiliations. Then Andrew grew eloquent.

"The Englishman," he said, "has a store of valuable goods. He has, too, a dredge—a modern dredge. Everything he touches turns to gold. If he remains, other foreigners will come. There will be trade, business. I advise you, Your Excellency, to treat him with respect."

THE GOVERNOR ROSE. "Come with me. We will drive through the city. Any house you like, you can have. Any house at all, save your own: that belongs to the commander in chief."

We went outside. He signaled and a car driven by a uniformed chauffeur drew up. The governor invited us to step in.

"But this is my car," I said. Andrew explained, and the governor apologized: "Such things are most embarrassing. But war and revolution are never polite!" I felt the car was lost to me and bowed.

To make the best of it, I smiled and said to Andrew: "Tell him the car belongs to him; I hope he will accept it with my compliments." We drove away. "Pick a good house," Andrew whispered. "A strong house. A brick house!"

We were passing the Russo-Asiatic Bank, the best building in Blago. "How about that?"

Andrew turned to the governor. "The Englishman wants the bank."

"Very well," the governor said. "It is his."

We thanked him and moved in. The bank manager had, of course, escaped to Tel-hei-ho, and we found his apartment upstairs very comfortable.

We soon had an imposing cellar. Bottles and casks crowded the shelves below. And we found ourselves very popular. The Reds had tried to turn Blago into a

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NEIGHBOR

once meant "a near-by farmer"

In Anglo-Saxon each meant "high," "near," and "near" meant "neighbor," "nearby." These two words were combined into Neighbour, meaning, literally, "a near-by neighbor." The word appears in medieval English in the form *neighbour* and in modern English as *neighbor*, its meaning, changing with the evolution of civilization, no longer applying particularly to neighboring farmers, but refers to persons living near each other in apartment houses or suburban estates as well as to those on over-by farms. Even today in the modern world are called "neighbors"—an interesting development of a word that once literally "near-by farmers."

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The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
167 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

bone-dry town. And the Russo-Asiatic Bank was an oasis in the desert.

I am ashamed to confess that the commissars and their friends called on us frequently. Every evening we gave a party for the leading Reds. They came in squads and platoons, big, hairy, noisy fellows with their girls.

But my funds were getting low. I had plenty of shoes and nails to sell, but it was not unlikely that the Reds would confiscate them.

Unfortunately, when we tried some of the shoes on our girl friends, we discovered that the average Russian foot is broad and high-arched. The shoes suited the feet, no matter how we wrestled with the laces, when we had woodcuts made, showing a pretty feminine leg and a small shoe with a two-inch space across the instep.

Andrew and I had a long argument as to where we should advertise. He read the *Amurski-Pravda*. I, of course, could not. Andrew said: "I'm a good friend of the editor. He'll give us space on the first page."

"I can't understand a word that's printed in the rag," I said, "but I notice that you yourself read the second page. What's on the second page?"

"The obituaries," Andrew said, "notices of executions. Everyone reads them. They're good and spicy. Russians tell the truth about their dead."

"Very well," I said, "we'll put our advertisement on the second page, right next to the post-mortems!" And so it appeared:

Latest Correct Fashion from America. Smartest Cut. Positively Authentic Fashion Hint from New York and Paris.

We convinced the ladies! We had heard rumors that there were forty million dollars' worth of gold bars and twenty million dollars' worth of platinum—the vault of the Czarist gold reserves—in the last of the Russian Government Bank. This was good news, if true. So now we wrote a letter listing our goods. Armed with this, we called on the head of the buying department.

He received us in a small office thick with tobacco smoke. Behind him, on a bench against the wall, five or six rough-necks in smocks and boots were watching the activities of the commissar.

He read our letter quickly and slipped it under the blotting pad on his desk. Then, amiably, he conversed with Andrew, not about shoes. Thinking that we had failed, we rose to leave.

Next Month Major-General Sutton concludes the thrilling story of his adventures in Siberia and China

\$14,000,000,000

(Continued from page 17)

of the President of the United States for 233,333 years.

The combined annual cost of our army, navy and air forces equals less than three weeks' tax impositions.

Thirty-six Panama Canals could be built with one year's tax receipts.

One hundred and twelve Rockefeller Centers could be built by one year's tax funds.

The country's total annual furniture bill could be settled thirty-one times over.

The electric-light bill for all families in the land could be paid twenty-two times and more.

All new building construction in the United States last year represented an expenditure of less than one-tenth of tax exactions.

"I will come to see you this evening," the commissar whispered quickly. "Good afternoon."

We had planned to sell the shoes at a small profit for seven dollars a pair; therefore, when our friend the commissar called at nine o'clock we were surprised to hear him say: "Fear up your price list, my friends. We don't pay seven dollars for shoes. We pay fifteen. I will call a meeting at which you will state your price and display samples. All I ask is a little commission of three dollars a pair, to be shared between myself and a few influential friends."

"You understand? Don't be upset if we are a bit rude to you at the meeting. We have to pretend loyalty to our own people. But there will be no difficulty. Do as I say. Here is your list. Make a new one, with the proper prices." He then took his leave.

When I approached the commission in regard to the sale of my shoes, I found twenty commissars seated at a long table. Our friend the buyer acted as chairman. No sooner had I displayed samples of the goods, stating that I asked fifteen dollars a pair for my shoes, than a little dog-faced fellow leaped to his feet, calling us every vile name he could think of.

I was ready to withdraw, abashed, when he winked at me and sat down amid thunders of applause. One after another the twenty commissars added their bit to the general clamor.

Finally the chairman offered me fifteen dollars a pair with a five-percent discount for cash.

To this Andrew objected. "But we will accept," he cried at last, "because we are desirous of helping poor, bleeding Russia in her hour of need!"

Then those twenty honest men and true came with us to the store-sheds, where the seals were broken and a few of the cases opened, inspected and accepted. To our utter amazement, they immediately gave us a check, and miracle of miracles, the check was good! And that evening the thirty thousand-dollar squeeze was divided to everybody's satisfaction.

"Andrew," I said, "we are only at the beginning. Before we are done with Blago we will have a million of that gold reserve for ourselves."

Almost at once we sold the nails at a profit. Then the horseshoes. There remained only the dredge. But the dredge was safe for the moment. And, feeling fresh and exuberant, we looked about for new fields to conquer.

Waterman's

THE HUMAN TEST
CONFIRMS THE
MICROSCOPE TEST



*Each wrote with all
...but all voted for **ONE***



LADY
PATRICIA
\$5

PATRICIA
\$10

\$275 to \$10
PENCILS TO MATCH
\$1 to \$5

FOUNTAIN pens of various makes, including Waterman's, were masked to make their identification impossible. A dozen persons were asked to try them all . . . to indicate the one that wrote with the greatest degree of smoothness.

Without exception, Waterman's was first choice; *the human test confirmed the microscope test*, which proves the superiority and perfection of the Waterman's point.

In addition to perfect writing per-

formance, Waterman's offers beauty of design and a point to exactly suit your style of writing. Whether you are buying a pen for your own use or as a gift, insist upon Waterman's.



L. E. Waterman
Company, New
York, Chicago,
Boston, San
Francisco,
Montreal.

These microscope photos tell the convincing story of Waterman's pen point superiority



Other Make No. 1—Right hand point longer and narrower than left. Tips not symmetrically ground. Note sharp inner points on tips.



Other Make No. 2—Two points flatter than other. Tips not symmetrical. Iridium is rough and pitted—so thin that gold is exposed.



Other Make No. 3—Jagged ink channel which causes interrupted ink flow; irregularly ground tips; flat sides of pen out in ridges on the rough writing surface.



Waterman's—Note symmetry of points, perfect roundness of tips, mirror-smoothness of writing surface, clear ink channel, large area of thick iridium.

WATERMAN'S • PENS • PENCILS • INKS

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November 1932



© 1932, LIGGETT & MITCHELL TOBACCO CO.

In this High-pressure Age smokers want a *Milder Cigarette*

WE LIVE in a fast-moving age. We work harder . . . play harder . . . travel quicker. And we smoke quite a lot more cigarettes.

But there's this about it: They have got to be milder today. In this high-pressure age, smokers don't like strong cigarettes. That's plain.

About four miles of warehouses are filled with mild, ripe Domestic tobaccos, stored away to age for two years to make them mild and mellow for CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes.

To make sure that CHESTERFIELD is a milder cigarette, the greater part of 90 million dollars is

invested in the tobaccos used in CHESTERFIELD. These tobaccos are "Cross-Blended."

This "Welding" together—or "Cross-Blending"—permits every kind of tobacco used in the CHESTERFIELD blend to partake of the best qualities of every other type. Burbank used the same principle in crossing different fruits to make a still better fruit.

CHESTERFIELDS are milder . . . never harsh . . . and that's why, in this high-pressure age, more smokers, both men and women, are changing to CHESTERFIELDS every day.